

Jazz.

The saxophones were caught the air.
 Its bebop note clung there
 jiggled & shill
 until

the xylophone's ringing merrily note
 seemed & seemed to float
 bouncing the hook.

It shook
 & fell. The air was heaving - bowed,
 it curved & it turned
 with laughter fell.
 "It's swell!"

The debutantes lips smooth with joy
 slipped to a boy.
 He answered, 'Quite
 alright.'

The sun, above the jarring noise
 rose with golden poise
 changing the sight
 of night.

The debutante's Carmine lips said,
 "The skies become red,
 Hell! it's the sun,
 let's run."