

Free Form Jazz of Spiritual Harlem

by Michael Tusa

I can still hear the signal
 clicking
 in syncopation with the hum of the city
 It's humidity like the breath of some jungle beast.
 the stop light blinking, endlessly
 The rows of buildings flash trees on their screens and some birds
fat on the crumbs of men strut by.
 I am here. In the alley.
 The doorway creaks open and a girl is standing there.
 She gives me the tour.
 I see gears turning.
 Dials moving. Dancing speckled sprockets riding up and down.
 The levers.
 The pulleys wheeling this way and that.
 Grooves meeting grooves!
 It turning.
 In magic.
 In light.
 Crystalline chemical clocklike perfection.
 Whirling and dazzling and sparkle
 of white light
 flashing silver and brass and gold
 it rolling
 and rollicking free
 and fixed.
 Its jubilation
 it's jeweled opulence shining bright white out
 and casting deep black blanketing shadows far across the city's
scape

and you hear her Hudson kiss the shoreline
as the moon peaks from behind the last few dots of tree left upon
the scalp of American horizon.

The steel steer subway shining bright comes quietly screeching
from out its blue tunnel.

The black coffee smell. The sweet rain smell. The cigarette smell.
It all rising and riding in ribbons.

I see her smiling. Her grain waving in and out, quiet light of fresh
sun shining.

Glistening pearls peer from the water.

The roses bend in.

And the pines weave out.

I can see the day coming home.

At last

we are one.

In white whistling steam and new morning dew
singing and sewing silver golden notes that float down the endless
river

and fly with new blossoming birds on the endless breeze in
harmony

