High Notes

by Tim G. Young

It's the jazz of midnight
juke box running off into
the moon behind clouds.

A certain celebration
never announced but
always on the fringe
of the fringe

Jazzy midnights
twisted like DNA
into trumpets, saxophones,
stand up bass,
keyboards transmuted by the soul
of the snake.

Stars spitting out the last
of their light year light
dancing naked in the wide open

Jazz feeling the earth spin
the sway into
the unmistakeable rhythms
of groove like heartbeats.

She said the midnight
is the perfect way to fly
into the perfect elegance.

Then when the juke box
crashed the moon laughed
hitting all the

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