

# High Notes

*by* Tim 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 unmistakable 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

high notes.

