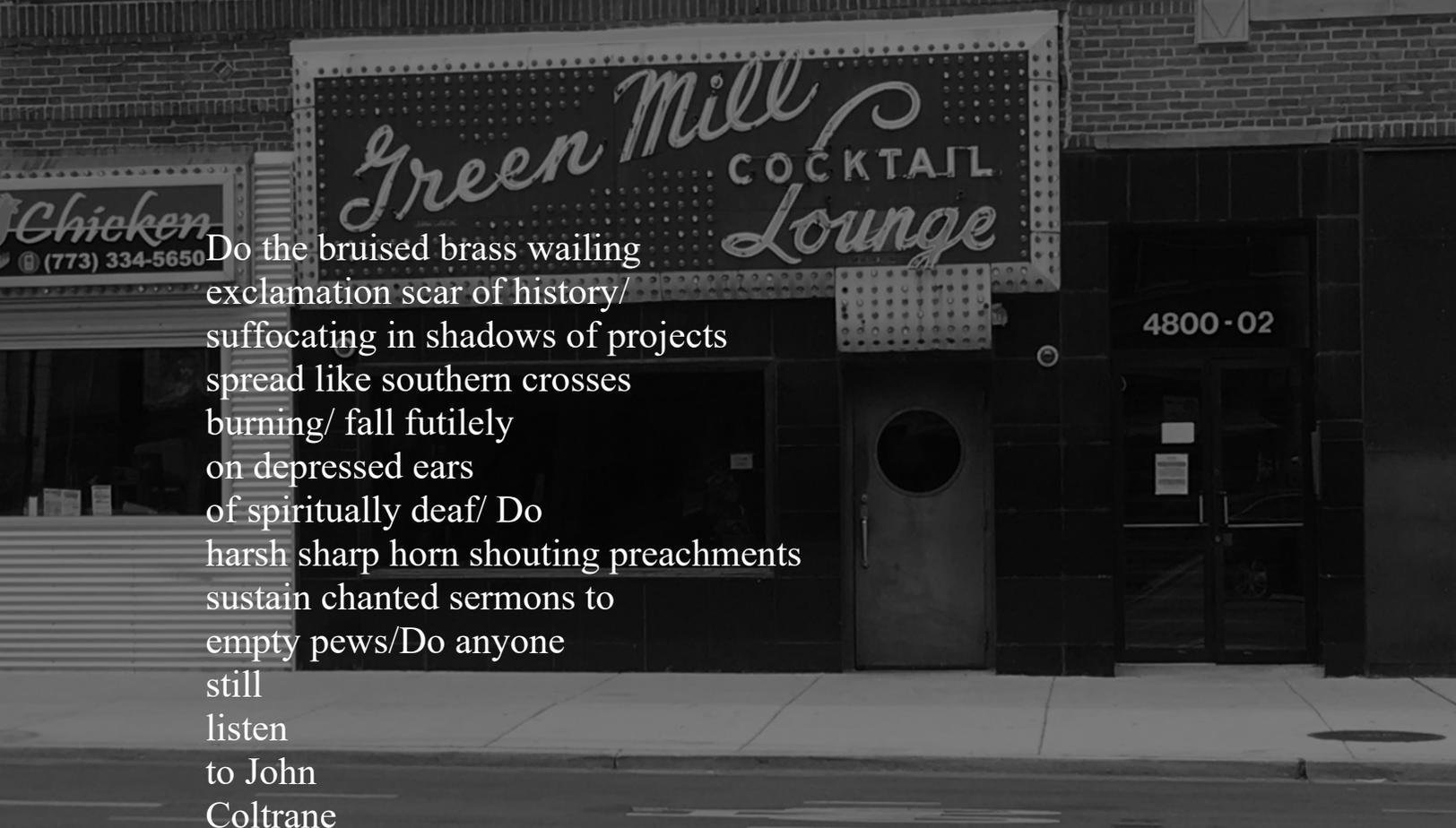


# MAD MAN

# JAMS

Inspiration of Jazz & Blues





Do the bruised brass wailing  
exclamation scar of history/  
suffocating in shadows of projects  
spread like southern crosses  
burning/ fall futilely  
on depressed ears  
of spiritually deaf/ Do  
harsh sharp horn shouting preachments  
sustain chanted sermons to  
empty pews/Do anyone  
still  
listen  
to John  
Coltrane

laying dead  
buried in our Black  
blue souls/sax  
projected from Black  
blue soul crying  
raging wailing blues  
of our blindness/sound screams  
from stressed breath sound tears  
like dripping blood seed  
sown in sterile soul  
raising bitter wildflowers  
blooming murder/ Do anybody  
hear  
vibrating veins vibing  
life-blood harmonies of Africa  
singing Meditations  
contemplating sacred Crescent  
liberating unto Ascension to  
life-song Impressions of

# BROKEN LEGACY

*(continued ...)*

A Love Supreme

A Love Supreme

A Love Supreme

Do anybody on 79th street  
remember the Song that  
birthed in Avant Garde labor  
screaming glorious guerilla monsters  
out the belly of  
the sax/ amid stuttering  
screams reaching back  
long  
long  
through weary years  
home  
i remember  
the Song that  
sweetly summoned sonic  
tidal waves dousing  
fear-flames profane  
of broken chi south side  
burning crosses terrifying dreams  
to smoldering steam swept  
by praise shouts of  
melodious wind gusts  
I remember the  
Song  
commanded feet to dance  
atop tables in Harlem clubs  
the Song transformed to temples  
the Song bade me dance  
Black manhood depression

*(continued ...)*

and parasitic fear trampled  
into freedom tones and clenched fist rhythms  
i remember the Song/soaring  
winged Ballads/ sacred Invocations  
harmonically jamming Afro-Blue  
Expressions of

A Love Supreme

A Love Supreme

A Love Supreme

Do anyone  
remember the Song that blew  
resuscitating wind waves when we  
could not breathe/ Song that loosed  
the chuck-hold grip/ Song that wept  
the martyrs' woe/ Song that  
serenaded the nightmare with  
life exalted exhalations  
positive vibrations for new born nations  
brass born and heaven bound  
Do anyone remember the Song  
sensual flower straining  
to bloom/ violent cacophonic  
symphony bursting anthems  
to our overcoming/ the  
deified ritualistic  
incantation omnisonic  
solar note solo strutting  
a fiery eternity

*(continued ...)*

Do anyone  
have ears to hear  
the Song that scrawls  
signature of new life  
Do anyone  
still  
listen  
to John  
Coltrane

Do anyone  
still  
remember  
the Song



seventh sons of seven sons  
of seventeen sun sultans of seven  
suns be Sons  
of the Blues.

mirrors crawl along black walls  
broken by lavatory doors and  
pathways emitting garden  
of fried scents  
conjured in the kitchen  
and windows open to midnight  
desolation of east 79th

chandeliers drip spots  
of electric lights over long  
leather trimmed bar lined  
with leaning folks looking  
for trouble  
on a Wednesday night. folks  
dipped in rejuvenating pit  
of down home blues  
from they heads down  
to they shoes. lights drip  
on hair dos of sweet bartenders  
half-dressed and jiggling  
candies for buzzed eyes to feast  
serving it up, straight  
no chaser

on tiny stage  
Sons of the Blues and  
Chi town Hustlers rock  
the house low and dirty  
funky D Blues churning deep  
enough to make bones moan  
have mercy

# BILLY BRANCH

## & SONS OF

## THE BLUES



Billy's mighty harp tone voice  
holler hoochie coochie notes  
ignite turmoil of fire born  
in fluttering hands/ tongues  
of Mississippi masters hardened  
in concrete and cold Chi town hawk,  
blessed in Muddy Waters Sonnyboys  
Carey Bells and Sugar Blues  
Little and Big Walters  
legions of singers of love  
survival roots clawing beneath  
chaos of thorns speak  
through Billy tonight saying

Help me pretty baby  
I can't do it all by myself  
If you can't help me  
Sweet woman  
I'm gonna find me somebody else

Moses be Kushite alchemist of sticks  
polemicist of drum speak  
cymbal bashing lyricist of hambone  
boom bop a doppa boom  
boom bop a doppa boom  
bop a she bam  
dop a she bam yes  
soul meat cooking in fat  
back grease of mojo modes  
timbales talk in tongues  
Weatherby weeps rains  
of Caledonia pathos  
guitar strings melt into tears  
flowing through raging scars  
tears crawling long salty streaks  
of the Blues

Mississippi J.W. moans Holy Ghost  
shouts in blue tavern haze  
soliloquies of Sweet Black Angels  
Lord I love the way she spread  
Her wings. when it comes to loving  
She give me joy and everything  
crooning shouts crooning caresses  
as thick thighs in tight skirts  
twitch on stools touched deep  
by elastic voice  
mellifluously licking the air

Chi town Hustlers hook into groove  
drum and bass copulate the beat  
birthing survival tones hidden  
in nuanced pockets of 4 + 4 time  
low down nasty funk for funky folk  
calling old man Lone Ranger to walk the bar  
jacket electric in Christmas lights flashing  
as the brother camel walks to mid floor  
leaps into stanky butt Ali shuffle  
into funky chicken  
into James Brown slide  
shout spin and split  
into ass shaking boogie  
sailing on slick quick feets  
that don't fail the bass line

step to drum beat love groove  
from head down to shoes  
guitar strings twisted pleas  
solo snake dancing in and out  
mighty harp ascending Dizzy heights  
close to domain of Coltrane  
Chi town Hustlers jam for days...

... just axe  
Southside Blues folk.  
axe elixir mixing Cynthia. Axe  
Dee Dee, Destiny, Poochie and me.  
axe Lone Ranger and Tonto and Caledonia.  
axe Lucille and Pork Pie Phil. axe Sterling  
the Mississippi griot. axe Snake Eyes-  
Willie and Blind Lemon Billy. they'll  
tell you what I'm telling you  
straight up as it be  
be live  
be real  
be down home down to earth  
be ruthless hoodoo truth  
be seventh Sons of seven Sons  
of seventeen sun sultans of seven Sons  
be Sons of the Blues  
be Sons of the Blues  
be Sons of the Blues....



# DANCE OF THE NONAME DIVA

The conspiracy of nodding heads  
To blunted out sounds percolating  
Slow burn afro punk vibe on the low end  
Making lights dance through smoky club haze  
Making my son and his friend dance stiffly  
And then loose themselves like pasta in water

Simmered by funk and onstage diva's commands  
To shout yeah mutherfucker yeah  
To spectrum hued millennials obedient to the groove  
The NoName dive sings sassy and spits organic flow  
Her life her art her dialectical spiritualism her  
Defiance of gravity and rebel bending  
logic to beat of her will. And she will overcome this night  
string section a flowing sheet over bass and drum  
mating under cover to birth fire and joy fire and joy

And I, the old Poet, am privileged to be fully present  
grey head nodding subservience to soul music  
seasoned ears hearing Marvin Monk Muddy Waters  
and Sweet Maybelle say yes speak Diva speak  
over grooves that never stop grooving until end of time  
in my mind as I cherish the time fully present in blessings  
my son and his partner in science  
loosed in slow flowing frenzy  
heads nodding to NoName Diva

*(continued ...)*

rocking it out in the key of life  
full circle like the ecology of water  
always flowing and changing like music  
back and forth to the source make me  
want to shout in response to soul call  
yeah mutherfucker yeah. And then after the end  
we press through Chicago tundra freezing  
toes through formerly dancing shoes  
hit the Day Ryan drop  
my son's friend off to ITT dorm  
pale skin moonlit at 1am  
and then: father and son  
Pink Floyd and P-Funk father  
Anderson Paak and Rapsody son  
Black Thought father and NoName son  
Heads nodding together to beat and love of years  
And elastic flow ancient and future of millennial groove  
Father/ son heads nodding/ rhythm hieroglyphics carved  
in tempo/ in time/ forever into minds





For Langston Hughes and Sterling Plump

I own  
the music. i  
color lyrical spaces  
in fluorescent spectra  
of my creation dance.  
i wistfully wail  
gut haunting praises  
of tonal soul. i stylistically trod  
note spiced journey of lyrical  
lines/ music is mine,  
spirit sea raging underground  
currents erupting into tidal  
crescendos/ blade-sharp storm blowing  
reed solos eroding hellified concrete  
into harmonic gardens/ pulsating chants of  
fresh-jam get-back butt-slapping to dance  
scandalous steppers

## CONFIRMATION

*(continued ...)*

swinging  
stone slick cacophony of cool/ sweet  
spinning badness  
of smooth-fire strut/ low  
simmering sound sugar of sultry  
grinding bop/ gyrating  
radiating flagellating  
beautified sanctifying  
songs of brain smelting smoke/  
I own music/ song throbs  
lascivious visions of hoochie coochie/ mojo  
eye in sky/ sun illumined shine/ bleeding  
guitar strings in low wailing whine/ the music  
is mine/  
i possess song  
sings of free  
glide on wings  
of holy eagles and howling wolves/  
trumpet conjures fallen ashes  
into deifying flame/ i  
own Blues/Bop/  
Cool/ Shout/ Rag/ DooWop/  
Folk Flipping/ Daddy-o-Dipping/ Hip Hop  
Hippity Hip Hop Hop/ Roots Rock/Old  
School/ NuSchool/ Daptone Funk Zone/  
Baby Making Croons/Sun Ra Space Balloons  
Eclectic Future Soul /Jelly Roll/  
Big Band Brass for your Ass/  
Bossa Nova Soca Salsa Zouk/ Ever Cleva/Never  
Ceasing be Increasing/ Releasing/ Afro Beat/ Heat/  
Shake Dance 'til You Break Dance/ Lindy Hop/  
Sci-Daddily-Dop/ De-Dow-Pop/ and it Don't  
Stop/ i own  
the Music.

Oh yeah!



locked out from history,  
rage bleeds red hue in eyes,  
exiled by hell hounds in ghetto  
of hope mocking days. skies crying  
cremation for my soul. nights churning  
blues in haze of whiskey spells. aint got  
nothing and nothing to lose.  
i be evil. satan is my insane name.  
thirsty razor in pocket. murder vision  
churning in gut. guitar my woman  
this solitude night. guitar my woman  
this whiskey tinged night where poems  
drip from cheap chandelier ceiling.  
don't fuck with my blues. drunk blood  
eyes red with warning. I slice you down  
to underground. ear to ear so sly,  
you die before you cry. you  
expire before you sigh. you face truth  
before you lie. your funeral,  
my trial

# EVIL

For Delta Blues Legend  
Robert Johnson