

Kickdrum Heart

Lance Dean

- sweet children
it's premeditated spontaneity
finger poppin'
jive talkin
hip rocking
wall to wall floor me horns:

Jazz -
dirty and slick
sliding like a
raw wood talcumed cue stick
shooting my balls
click - click/click
rolling down felt
let me tell you how it felt
sinking into pockets
making me ring
making my nerve endings scat sing
- jazz.

Now,
let me just
stretch this metaphor
like a bass string
and thump on it
for a while...

I mean
you and me
shaking out a rhythm
w/ sweaty slick skin
slap-slapping together
and the Gods themselves
pounding out a backbeat
on thunder drums;

Reach into my soul -
grab my blues by the bone
and drag it out
all boogie buns
in smoky clubs
w/ whiskey voiced gospel
and tribal drums
as saxophones
cry w/ the voice of the damned;
- I mean screaming Coltrane
swinging a wild cat by the tail
smelling all sweat
sex and scorched sax
but rising clear as Gabriel's trumpet
clear-eyed Machiavellian innocence
howling brass serendipity
kicking like a stripper in a titty saloon -
I mean a shiver shake-shaking
jones for you baby,

-Jazzz.

In cognito shades
chewing razor blades
drinking bathtub gin
and snake oil tonic
in a dusty Chevrolet-
parked in back of a madman's jook
shooting craps w/ Mephistopheles
- sharing smokes and trading jokes with
and his Succubustin' prick tease;
farting sulphur and
laughing midnight w/
a sickle-like gold tooth gleam
and a black silk tuxedo
w/ Robert Johnson's soul
pinned to his lapel like a corsage.

I blow on the dice
and rattle them twice-
sweet children let me hear them sing
- jazz.