Jazz

Mark Bowers
St. John Fisher College

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Cover Page Footnote
"First Prize Winner" Appeared in the issue: December 1997.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1998/iss2/2
SUBMISSION GUIDELINES FOR THE ANGLE

The following submission guidelines must be followed for the February 1998 issue. **All pieces must:**

1. be typed (space according to your preference)

2. include a cover letter which contains the author's name, address (campus or off-campus), phone number (home & work), and the title(s) of the piece(s) submitted

3. **not** include the author's name or personal information on any pages of written text

4. contain only **1 piece** per page only if writing a poem

Regrettably, we are unable to accept any piece which does not follow these guidelines. If you have any questions concerning submission guidelines, please contact Editor Heather Ruffalo in the Writing Center (Science 225) at 385-8219. Thank you.

*** Please note: if you would like your submissions returned after the issue is published, please include a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

First Prize Winner

Jazz

I walked outside in mid-October frost
lightly backed by the memories of summer jazz,
my toes were curled up in grass that
almost felt like sand,
fire blazed across my sky and I
was home in suburbia without you,
it's funny how the last time we talked
all I could think about was the
difference between then and than.
it's funny how the last time we talked
you told me that I wrote too much,
that I analyzed and analyzed everything until
it became nothing,
that you wouldn't tell me everything because you didn't
want to be apart of some damn song for the world to hear,
but it's funny cause I can't sing and I don't write songs,
it's life that writes the jazz songs
that I feel too easily,
I can feel the desire and the grace
but when I pick up the instruments
my fingers clumsily slide over the strings,
it's the jazz that lives
improvising new chord changes on stage,
the jazz that seizes its audience, that seizes me,
that changes summer into fall the way you once
changed my writing into song.
if you were here today together we could
escape this coffee-stained jazz bar one last time,
this afternoon we could drive to Oswego
chasing night across this state,
this afternoon I would still follow you
before fire escapes from my sky
defying the scales and the notes of this song.

--Mark Bowers