

HARVEST JAZZ

Ripe Autumn sky,
combine cuttin' through the corn
like it's Louis Armstrong
and the Hot Five, smokin'
with the horn
making a shambles of
these columns amblin' on
to the Muskrat Ramble
along the banks of shoal creek.

Sycamore, Sycamore, Sycamore,
white trunk shinin' in
late October sun,
sing some more, sing some more, sing some more,
we gonna have some fun
we ain't done yet.

Orange pumpkins
grabbing sunlight with both arms
swing dancing with lit up charms of
punkin trumpet high notes.

The corn is talking scat
in the hopper,
the cobs are flyin' out the back
poppin, with the news
"We ain't got to hold it all together
no more boys,
we been turned loose."

Our lungs are harvesting
the very air
as every minute
opens up fruitful
in these days so rare.
The last of the cornfields;
boys can it be so?
Throw your hat in the air,
fill up the bin again
for another year.