Kicks Joy Darkness A Tribute To Jack Kerouac, k

Kerouac yea Kerouac

His words the words so many words just

All brothers of the same horn sisters the saxophone

Notes music words a melody a quote a figure eight a figure

If you listen close to the drummer

It's like a mirror and your invisible

Like your in a back seat

No handles on the doors just a beautiful driver up front

She knows where she's going

Kerouac the observation machine

Caressing the most passing of scenes with photographic love

Passionate photographic love

venerable as anyone knew

His memories pull shades up and down

Doors are not done telegrams arrive

Every morning something extra vivid

Remembering everything like a snatch of melody

A drumbeat remembering mythologizing

So fast all the time moving

The words the words are drumsticks pounding out drum beats

Like a monk like a monk melody

With mistakes yea mistakes and sudden inspirations

Edges corners explosions convections

All fast through a slow motion landscape

Yea fast through a slow motion landscape