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Saxophone

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SAXOPHONE

By Robert Waldruff

The sweet rhythms of bliss,
that's the ticket, none of this
deserves consideration.
Just listen to the blues.

Lay back dude, everything's cool.
Look to the stars for motivation—
ain't going to worry for nobody.

They appeared without warning,
no jazz in their lives. Get away
people, I'm listening to my life;
don't you feel the jibe?

We mean no harm mister,
but can you see the world
beyond the beauty of sounds?

Not sure what you mean,
you saying the symphony
sings a selfish note.

No, just wishing the angels
of grace will send us some
music.