

## Black Notes and "You Do Something To Me"

*for Jerry González and The Fort Apache Band*

Jazz

jazzy jass juice,  
just so smooth,  
so be-bop samba blue to sweet bump black.  
So slip slide back to mama black,  
to mamaland base black.  
Don't matter could be bronx born basic street black.  
Or white ivory piano coast negro dunes bembé black.  
Mezclando manos in polyrhythm sync to fingers,  
to keys, to valves, to strings, to sticks,  
to bells, to skins, to YEAH black.  
Bringin' it home black.  
The bad Fort Apache tan olive brown beat black.  
Bringin' it all the way up fast black.  
Flyin' across Miles n Sony,  
across John, Rhasaan 'n Monk's 81,  
across Dizzy blue conga Jerry horn,  
n básico Andy mo-jo black.  
Across Nicky's campana timbaleando tumbao black.  
'n Dalto's multi-octave chords with all those keys black.  
Those multifarious dimensional openings  
playin' loud-soft-hard-cold-slow 'n suavequito black.  
Playin' it runnin' jumpin' cookin' greasin' 'n smokin' black.  
Playin' it mellow, yeah mellow,  
makin' it mean somethin' black.  
Makin' it move, rockin' round black.  
Walk with it, talk with it, wake the dead with it black.  
Turnin' it out, touchin' the sky with it black.  
Shakin' it suave, shakin' it loose,  
shakin' it che-ché-que-re black.  
Season it, sugar it, lingerin', lullaby black.  
Livin' it, ALIVE BLACK!  
Always lovin' it—Yeah!

Jazz.

How I love your sweet soul sounds.

Yeah,

how I love how you love me.

Yeah,

how I love that deep black thang

. . . "You do so well" . . .