

***05.05.07 – JONATHAN FREILICH, SKERIK, STANTON MOORE, TODD SICKAFOOSE & MIKE DILLON – CHICKIE WAH WAH, NOLA ***

like percussive

puppeteers, when

drumsticks/when vibraphone
mallets friendly-fire strike/whack
/collide with their skins
and metal bars—some
idea of my body/some
flesh to express a feel,
moves. fond of funk,
jazzed to jam, *I'm the
guy in the moon man
boom box t*, and it's a
pleasure to react ecstatic
to such fusion of N'awlins
cuisine. "Unless you feel it
emotionally," Chickie Wah
Wah's owner said, hand-to-
forehead then brushed over
scalp, "you can't understand."
Shadow of how fast a pedal-
breathing, metallic xylo-like
vibraphone a-bullion treasure
bars, Dillon up—tips of Sick-
afoose acoustic bass: thump
thu-thump ah thump-thump, *thwong*—
coins of black sax pad-cups smooth sailing
thru Skerik vending machine of sweet jazz-kitchen
delights—tongue of "NAKED" Freilich out for charged
guitar-face and author of songbook open on tambourine—
all playing with and against one another somewhere
within the transparent fan of trails created by he
who speaks in strikes of sticks—*Gimme
some Moore!* gimme that whomp of
full moon bass kick and tap
dance a-the

tightest spiders on my eardrums—

for while an old friend who flew into NOLA from L.A.
to be with girl who flew into NOLA from N.Y.
leaves the show early to go get laid, I've come
to N'awlins *for* New Orleans.