

# jazz trio at the record store by eric evans

An Ink Publications Broadside

## Jazz Trio At The Record Store

Jazz trio at the record store –

guitar,  
drums,  
and  
trumpet –

and I bet the dude can play  
the fuck out of “Reveille”, not  
so much waking you up as  
extracting you from your  
subconscious, wielding  
his horn like the axe it is,  
splintering your dreams into  
some kind of weirdly perfect  
uncertainty accompanying  
what you think you thought  
you saw and conjuring up  
its well-executed negative,  
note upon note braiding into  
a tightrope walk towards  
whatever the day has in  
store for you.

## For The Cost Of Another Round

Sure, there’s that song about  
the comatose girlfriend, and  
the one worrying impatiently  
about the arrival of now,  
both catchy in their earwormish  
ways, as are plenty of others,  
but once the insufferable  
singer decided to dock the  
flagship and sell it for scrap,  
you lost me with abandon.

After a pint or two at the pub,  
however, my friend Mark, the  
possessor of his share of  
native Britishisms, might try  
to convince me otherwise, but  
I’m telling you now, he’ll have  
the hardest of times gaining  
a sympathetic ear. For the  
cost of another round, though,  
I’m willing to let him try.

## Talk To Me About Dissonance

I’m no enemy of melody and  
have no problem with a tear  
being jerked or a heartstring  
plucked, an earworm nesting  
in my receptive niches or a  
tune that asserts itself surreptitiously.  
But then talk to me about  
dissonance with equal pleasure,  
the rub of sounds supposedly  
never meant to meet, the  
jagged edge of distortion  
serrating the prettified periphery  
with equal measures of abandon  
and control, the saw-toothed  
ying to the hammered and  
chiseled yang.

## Talking Drums Notwithstanding

Tonight we enter the court  
of the crimson king, where  
time is oddly counted and  
pairs are played in threes.

Although a Friday, we’ll  
read from Saturday’s book  
in the majesty’s presence,  
larks tongues and talking  
drums notwithstanding.

We’ll cool beneath a sheltering  
sky as the humid night  
progressively wanes and elephants  
talk in some newfound language

for subjects dizzied from  
the multiply-shifted meters,  
utterances only clear upon  
reflection after another visit  
to the king’s percussive court.

## A Perfect Overwhelm Of The Senses

Is that the sound of the heavens  
ringing in my ear? The whispers  
of angels, the lull of a saintly  
horn, the shimmer of celestial harps?

No. It is, instead, the forever  
echo of a thousand guitars and  
decaying cymbals, too many  
amps turned to the right and  
looping back upon themselves  
to reshape the room and the  
molecules within, a perfect  
overwhelm of the senses

for the cost of the cover charge  
and the bodily damage of one  
encore after another and  
another and I tell you still

that were I handed a ticket  
right now, I would, no doubt,  
be the next in line for a coveted  
spot stagefront.

## The Same Big Thing

The song, like its title,  
has become cumbersome,  
a tune that if you don’t  
know I won’t share because,  
really, it’s better that way,  
its verses, chorus and bridge  
all devised in some antiseptic  
lab, its features so sterile  
that its creators must have  
worn white twill coats each  
day as they punched the  
clock on the way into the  
studio, so determined to  
sound like the same big  
thing that it does, in fact,  
sound like nothing at all.

## Whenever They Inevitably Get The Led Out

If whatever classic rock  
station in your town had  
it together they’d lay off  
*Zeppelin IV* whenever  
they inevitably get the  
Led out at and wander  
a few years down the  
line to *Presence* with  
that weird onyx object  
that shows up in factories  
and fields alike, familiar  
and foreign equally under  
its mysterious sway and  
epics about Achilles and  
misplaced blame, there  
for the taking if only they’d  
stop worrying so much  
about that woman and  
her goddamn stairway...

## A Hidden Coronary Thing

When the singer of a favored  
band dies suddenly of a hidden  
coronary thing, you mourn  
like he was one of your own  
because he was, because  
he sountracked so many  
moments, from long drives and  
quiet, homebound nights to  
whiskeyed-up New Year’s Eves  
on the home stage,  
because  
he seemed to exude goodness  
and graciousness, verified in  
every memorial and remembrance,  
because his kind doesn’t seem  
to come along very often,  
existing in the vastness between  
space station rock star and  
bargain basement careerist,  
because  
when a heart finally  
gives out, the grieving in such  
blindsides is necessary  
and required and damn near  
automatic.

## Tourists And Soldiers Alike

Just across the border sits  
a gang of four Brits waiting  
on the lot of us to arrive,  
tourists and soldiers alike,  
with rubbers in our pockets  
and cheeseburgers on our  
breath, our need for this  
entertainment as great as  
it’s ever been, returning to  
the gift of the communal  
after the goodly damage  
of recent days, the rare  
essence so absent from  
so many of our homebound  
evenings and weekends.