

A KIND OF BLUE

WRITTEN TO MILES DAVIS' "SO WHAT,"

RELEASED AUGUST 17, 1959, COLUMBIA RECORDS

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Hurry up, so what, hurry up.
Walk fast, no cracks, no sips

Of air. Take it forward as days go by
Take it back, and s'why, move new.

Don't stop, wave it forward, take it half.
Take it now and then take it past.

As you turn and twist, don't
Pause or praise the sky. The air, is moving

Through your breath like sound into a great
Sea. Skip now, skip anew. Then hop. No one

Can get in your way to the forest. Twist those crumbs
As they turn and spin too. Stop. Jump at a game

Of hopscotch, dose it back and do it forward.
Throw the pebbles and the penny.

Just in one, in line, same time, next in and next out
In blue time. Keep pressing forward, be light, be right,
Be chocolate cake with a cherry on top. Be Cinderella

Dressed in bright yellah. Be jumpy and light with
And have a good at the robbers that come in the night.

At the door. Don't stop to think. Just glide up that
Haystack and into the story. Keep pressing forward

Like a train, pick up your pennies and spin on a dime
To where you want to be. Grab fire and pick up the metal

Jacks before the fall of the rubber ball bounces.
And don't come back til that some day when your prince

Comes along like a beanstalk and a giant peach, birthed
Out of the air like cool intermittent silence.