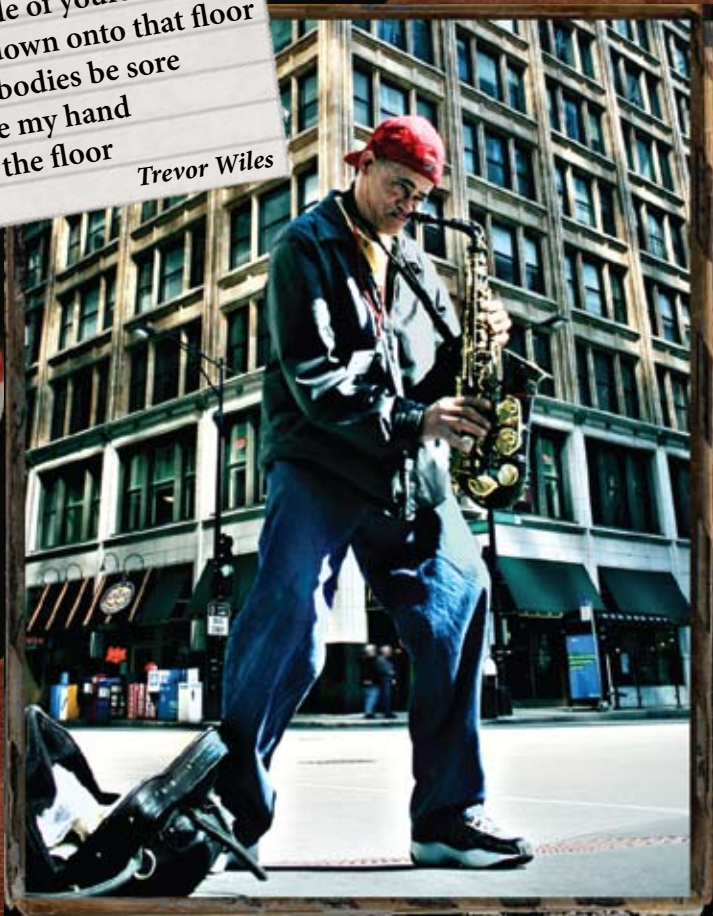


# Symphony

Oh baby, my gin's on the rocks  
And my feet are a tappin'  
The jazz is goin' and the floor's a livin'  
So, baby, let's get goin'

Drop that smile of yours  
And let's get down onto that floor  
Go until our bodies be sore  
Oh baby, take my hand  
And let's hit the floor

Trevor Wiles



Chicago Blues, Natalie Moore, Photograph

Let us dance through the sound barrier  
Voices sing sweet melodies  
Lungs give out from the screams  
Eyes cry out notes long past due  
Music is the sound

Heartbeats slow to a standstill  
Stomach sick with butterflies  
Sweat dropping from temperature  
increase  
Blood pumps excitement in every vein  
The sickly sweet color of your tune

Pain is like ice cutting through  
The fidgets of fingers snapping a beat  
Muffled shrills of the lifeless body  
grow  
Feet keep tapping your nerves out  
Song of the life

Breathing quickens in pace  
Body sways to the movement  
All the lies are thrown through the wall  
Mind is intertwined with every cord  
This is your beautiful symphony

Jacqueline Kenny