

- #1 ?s
- #2 Quotes
- #3 Com.
- #4 Voc.
- #5 Char.

No Time For The Blues

#3 The old man sat quietly, head down, eyes closed,
 so still until the drum's vibration filled the air,
 his foot matched the tempo as his hands patted his legs.
 #3 The sweet sounds of saxophone and the deep voice of bass
 danced on the swirling smoke floating from burnt tobacco.
 Cymbals imitated fried bacon sizzling on the back room grill.
 #1 Piano notes glided through the tables serving melody on the rocks,
 #3 silencing small talk with an intoxicating mixture called jazz.
 #2 The old man raised his head and smiled, eyes still closed.

#2 Miss "Thane" strolled on stage, not bigger than a minute,
 #5 and scatted tunes that sang her to sleep in the cradle.
 #3 Claps of thunder roared approval from small talkers still
 too young to comprehend, as they ordered their next round neat.
 #4 The old man shook his head, as if to say, "Maybe tomorrow".

#2 While the vibes still caressed the air, the old man stood,
 placed the chairs on the tables and slowly swept away
 the memories of this night...
 #1 A crushed rose, a dropped match book
 with a never to be called phone number,
 and many unfulfilled dreams
 #4 casually discarded as yesterday's trash.

#3 The old man sat on the piano stool to rest his gnarled fingers,
 #1 He bowed his head as if praying and with hesitation
 placed his hands on the keys. Once again, notes glided
 through the tables serving melody on the rocks, but this time
 there was no small talk, just that sweet intoxicating mixture called jazz.
 He taught the best...hmm...so long ago, before his hands betrayed him.
 #2 Now, he plays the after set with the ghosts of his past.

#5 After locking up, he climbed the stairs to his room.
 #1 A dusty saxophone case peeked out from behind the dresser while his bass
 steadied itself against an old oak rocker next to his wrought iron bed.
 #3 The old man sat quietly and soaked his aching hands. For a moment,
 he reflected on the image in his mirror, then closed his eyes and whispered,
 "Tomorrow, maybe I'll play the Blues". #1

Jeffrey H. Williams

Students shared their thoughts while reading this poem. Student post-its developed on next page.

For The Blues

...an sat quietly, head down, eyes closed,
...il the drum's vibration filled the air,
...atched the tempo as his hands patted his legs.
...ounds of saxophone and the deep voice of bass
...the swirling smoke floating from burnt tobacco.
...cymbals imitated fried bacon sizzling on the back room grill.
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Miss "Thang" strolled on stage, not bigger than a minute,
and scatted tunes that sang her to sleep in the cradle.
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The old man shook his head, as if to say, "Maybe tomorrow".

While the vibes still caressed the air, the old

#4 caressed
"While vibes still caressed the air, the old man stood..." (1).
Caressed (v) - to touch or stroke in an affectionate or loving manner

#3 "...before his hands betrayed him..." (1).
text to text
This reminds me of An Occurrence on Owl Creek Bridge because Peyton describes his hands as "betraying" him as well when he fumbles with getting the rope off his neck.

#5 "the old man" - had arthritis
"...before his hands betrayed him..." (1).
"The old man sat quietly and soaked his aching hands..." (1).
These two quotes show he might have arthritis

#1 Why is the man closing his eyes and keeping his head down? (1)
I think he is trying to concentrate on the music. He can probably listen more closely when he closes his eyes.

#2 "A crushed rose, a dropped match book with a never to be called phone number, and many unfulfilled dreams casually discarded as yesterday's trash" (1).
Each of these images is sad. I can tell they were all important to someone at one time, but they are not important anymore. It makes me wonder if this man also has "unfulfilled dreams." Maybe he could have been famous, but then quite playing when he developed arthritis.

#1 Why is he waiting until tomorrow to play the blues? (1)
I wonder if he is putting the "blues" off until tomorrow because he is optimistic. Symbolically he is putting off being sad until tomorrow. He is also optimistic about being able to play tomorrow, even though he will still have arthritis.

Jeffrey H. Williams