All That Jazz

Chords melting in diminished anger
sliding on a neck and strings
in nights of solitude enlightenment
of letting go of all that clings
of all the rut we gather through
the hours when the light is bright
bringing daytime to his knees
salvation of a smoke-filled night

In walking bass and standing note
transgression of an offbeat track
they walked that bass far too far
straddled on a bare blue back
remedy of sorrow known
an antidote from normal lines
when improvised

progression wanders
avoiding anything that it defines

The monk took the train
to know where
as miles blue his head off
every note
the porter hauled his joyful words
that in his hiding place
once wrote
no dukes or counts
were left to count
the treasures they
have left us here
as we are lonely with our records
eyes closed
as
God’s truth we hear

Samurai of Truth

When you move, move swiftly,
when you hide, hide deep.
When it’s time to show your face
your true nature keep.

The samurai of truth is damned
to live a life of pride.
And in that strength
the arrow flies
it’s height is not so wide.

The words of truth
are not allowed
to linger in the stagnant pool.
It’s not a privilege you hold
don’t be that hopeless fool.

The truth is known, but not to me
to no one I have met.
The fate of lies prevails until
you let go of regret.

Be not as soft as stone today,
be not as light as lead.
The water runs deep in your well
it will go to your head.

The strong are not
as brave as you,
the wise hold not the word.
Be what you were meant to be,
not slave and not a lord.

Be true to lies
and bad to good --
they taught you that in school
Your mind is empty as a drum,
your stomach, it is full.

Beware these words
I say today
for they are not the key.
I know not what I’m talking of
and you’re the same as me.
A Japanese flute
sent me back in time today
its lone cry has stirred in me
an old chord of forgotten way
I once knew love and this old world
and in its power learnt to run
in deserts of the lonesome flute
under the scorching sun.

A Japanese flute
over rippled ponds of koi
with long and winding road
through suffering, through joy
reminds me somewhat of that place
in deserts of the olden kingdom
where I grew up ‘neath cement
clutching for their freedom.

As song of flute
cuts through the air
like unseen razor’s truth sublime
I shave the truth in slices thin
of syllables and rhymes.

The Japanese flute
I heard today reminded me
where I came from
the same old flute sings
in the deserts
a place I once called home.
Those deserts I have left
knew how to tell the tale
of joys and hurt
of love and sorrow

of old wind rushing softly more
to rush again tomorrow.

Those deserts let
the flute caress them
in dark nights
underneath the stars
with coffee smell and cigarettes
and stories from afar.

The desert wind is not from here
Its nature’s own deep breath
the flute that cries is just a song
to try and ward off death.

Boaz Zippor, artist, poet, writer and photographer was born in 1972 in Tel Aviv, studied design in Milan where he lived for seven years, and now been a resident of the Kingdom of Thailand since 2003. His work has been exhibited in 14 exhibitions worldwide, 9 of them solo. He has contributed to newspapers and magazines and he now writes a bi-weekly column in the Bangkok Post on ethics and culture. His work can be found at www.boazzippor.net and his personal article reservoir is at www.bucketmoon.com