

Miles Davis: The Horn, The Iris, and The Sorcerer

Woo the Prince of Darkness
with voices he can hear
when love resists the darkness
of one black man's fear

*fill us with your spirit breathless
let us go
brass bruises blameless
let us go*

love notes hum down the middle knuckles know it when I hit
the body trembles to my lips too high these Harlem stars come
settle the city my extra sensory perception experience my hands
against your body dig our love an existential experiment

crown the Blue Prince
dance for his tears
pose on the l.p.
clean him for a year

*Wait
I waited
I waited all this time
To cast that spell back on you
Now you're mine
mine
mine*

spellbound muted nothing left
brought you my cross-
road and disappeared
into the ether

fill us breathless spirit let us go