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The Sad Seduction of the Easy Life

Jason Ford

And there it was through the train window bound by straight iron tracks, as the City rose in Arrangements formed in the softest hues that only you can hear, the lush life awaiting you to take its A Train.

Here all the roads, go man go, over lovesome flowers and beneath the shadows cast by glass edifices onto to you.

How does one become Ellington? Ask the quiet diffused, outside the party alone, walking out there amidst the golden horns blaring out as the whole world in the streets sway quietly against you.

Those streets full of hard concrete and gasoline and noise are empty alongside your heavy defiant speeches of silent music. Know now that you must dig not the distraction but rather get on booming with helicon and snare deep and out there. Do not retreat to listen to the notes of those lonely private songs heard from behind the closed doors of your soft brown stone hideout.

Yes Billy, make your way to your escape. Salt yourself out. Exist independent rent and travel; be calm in your true self. Know the muse and her demands. And yes the stray horns will return to you to blow their triumphs in the harmonies of a whole new language.

Go again to Paris. Where only you know how well it was then, in that sweet prison of love with those gentle gilded gold barred windows over patio seventh floor sunset and railway. And only you know how well it could have been then, if not for knowing that nature demands the ebb and flow of all things and there are always looming clouds to hide the sun and drench the sweet breathing muse.

The price of the arches in your city was your cities freedom and now the bags drag low across the ground spilling out the forgotten, lost, sweet swinging sound.

So Billy, forget not Paris. Do not lose her to the Blood Count and martinis, but instead, let it all sustain like the note towering high in the dark sky above the mar-quees' names and the flash bulb stages where Ellington calls you back to him.