

Swing Baby, Swing by Max McNally

written by Guest Contributor | January 30, 2018



As Hubbard climbs high and falls –
Icarus in frantic jazz arpeggio,
we follow with punch drunk spirits,
descent a thrilling chaos.

The heart has time to beat twice
as the beat lulls and his trumpet blows a note like time
seemingly eternal yet, in ending – all too short.

The beat resumes and we hurtle onwards,
far above the clouds yet still below the heavens
(from which a profound and glorious silence emanates,
and from which, free from the shackles of the stratosphere,
joy and understanding radiates).

We hang there considering our passing glance of an
alien kingdom for what seems like an age.

Then Hubbard pulls us back to our senses and
with an ecstatic bellow which prompts the song to suddenly accelerate,
all cognitive function within our shared consciousness blurs into one
mass of dream-like reflection on figures behind blue silk curtains
spurring us on and deciding how IT should all happen,
not rolling dice or flipping coins but pulling strings and smiling all the
same.

Now the restless groove shifts key as thunderous drums collide, embracing
the tumbling bass line which guides us back down from our lofty and holy
perch
to where our guide sits rocking back and forth holding his golden child in
broad black arms,
a warm-blooded banshee forced into fatherhood by those behind the blue silk
curtains.

Filled with wine and compassion and no hint of doubt our conductor of
blissful voyages
of the heart and soul and mind is finally quiet, and nodding goodbye, turns
to leave but stops
to say: “Ill-gotten bastard child of Jack or Sal, spurn their woman crazy
teachings and love the world instead!”