

blues poem [1]

fo(r) Mavis Staples

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

what aint de blues if not Pops
Staples & his children singin
Uncloudy Day

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

what aint de blues if not Mavis
& the others beckonin *This*
Train bound for glory our way

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

blues gotta be whatever
mother Oceola was cookin
whenever Dr. King drove into town

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

blues gotta be harmony
over get-right-revival guitar pickin
that [sho-ly] was rock-n-roll down

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

to be a blues is to know
your body aint pillar pos(t)
exclusive to destruction or despair

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

to be a blues u must know
your voice born to tell people
If You're Ready / I'll Take You There

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

Ms Mavis. is blues
bout takin your blessin & spinnin
that voice into a tool fo(r) a greater good

bah-bah-bah-bah bah

blues is Ms. Mavis
jam-monin on de rock
right where Moses stood