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## Jive

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# Jive

## Chloe Miller-Bess

Sing that sin. Sing that life,  
jazz that girl til her heart beats  
out her chest.

Sing that horn, stroke that ivory  
til you forget the woman who  
stuck a knife under your chin.

Oh yeah, I knew that woman,  
gave up her life in the middle  
of the street for a little baby boy.

She didn't know how to temper  
her passion in the waves of a bright  
alto. The solid fingers plucking a  
rhythm like a pulse under the skin.

Decades lost to a new kind of  
sin sung all over town. They  
don't know that dirty money in  
their shoes under the sole came  
from the beautiful anger flowing  
from my lips.

We laid the red bricks and  
brownstones with our own hands.  
Our soul soaked in the rock like a  
long forgotten ghost.

Yeah I knew that girl, giving up  
her life to fly away from the low  
hole she calls home. She don't  
know a head full of hair straight from  
The Congo was once frowned on.

The men who walk slow with a  
crooked step talkin' that nonsense  
like they know. Like they know the  
life inside of them. The deep rivers  
we all once spoke. They pump joy  
into their veins like our blues meant

nothing.

So I sing life, sing sin all over this  
Town. Jazz June til there's nothing  
left but the heart beating out her chest.  
The rhythm our enduring legacy