A Course in Sax Education

Created decades after all the rest,
Rogue instrument and uninvited guest,
The saxophone, as in the lyric, has
“A right to sing the blues,” and not in jazz
Alone. It is the last low tech new sound.
The cutting edge today is to be found
In synthesizers. Woodwind in design
But more a sounding brass, an androgyne
Allowed in symphonies on sufferance,
A solo sound in any circumstance,
Inflection paralleling human speech,
As if the verbal were itself in reach.
So, just as electronic music skips
All intervention of the reed and lips,
And, although digital, of fingers; just
As jazz has no notation, all the dust
Of previous tradition Adolphe Sax
Blew quite away, and what his patent lacks
In subtlety it gains as prototype
Of music presently more Pan than pipe,
Always betokening its origin,
The Tenderloin it was created in.
Alderman Story, Earl and Blaze, poor street
Musician playing daily on your feet,
The sax for you is eminent domain
Between Parnassus and Lake Pontchartrain.