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Two Poems · *Ray Grant*

SYEEDA'S SONG FLUTE (COLTRANE 1959)

She must have danced on the piano.
The lovely white piano in the parlor.
She must have danced.
Or on the porcelain in the kitchen, blue birds
and orchids.
She must have danced.
Tipped then, tapped.
She must have danced.
Can't you hear her? Bass.
What's a child doing bass for?
She must have danced.
Can't you hear her? Bass thump.
Must be her daddy then. Or the band then.
Can't you hear?
She must have danced.
Because I know I hear a thump.
How about those bubbles?
Bursting, Ivory, Joy, Cheer.
How about those bubbles, thump, thump.
She must have.
Could have been anybody's song then.
But he planned it for ten years.
So he named it for Syeeda.
It was daddy's happy
child's song.
She must've been doing something
to her daddy.
She must have been doing cymbals
Rashin', and thrashin', shhhhhow nuff.
With the brush baby.
She must be a love song.
Or maybe Syeeda's gone.