

Bix

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Bix – Our Bix, our golden boy,
Young man with a horn.
Like a meteor he blazed
Across the twenties sky,
Burning brightly, brilliantly, briefly,
A comet in the firmament of jazz.
“Ain’t none of them play like him yet,”
Satchmo says.
In a Mist, Davenport Blues, Jazz Me Blues,
He played them all.
Honky-tonks, dives, ballrooms,
They heard his horn.
The golden emissaries of his notes
Waft down to us through the decades
Causing us to rejoice, to celebrate,
To dance in the streets.
But also to mourn
For a young life lost.
Our golden boy burned out too soon.
Like the gin-soaked, flapper crazed twenties
He came roaring in,
Feverish, frenetic, a frenzy of jazz,
But then he was gone.
Yet his notes, like the man, linger,
Tugging, enrapturing, holding us captive
To the magic that was his.
For Bix - our Bix, our beautiful, golden
Davenport boy,
The melody lives on.