He and She
Wynton Marsalis

(What cause country bluesmen to claim
a man and a woman is a dangerous game)

Every schoolboy knows
1+1=2
and boys know less than girls do

A man forgets what the boy knew,
remembers what he's used to
'till you
crashed a cacophonous procession of cruel hard fun,
shook my remembering
with a blinding glance

(What songs do mystic bluesmen sing
'bout memory being more powerful than the real real thing)

Here-There the sun
O! the moon
the sun the moon and you,
only you

You are Northern Lights
searing midnight skies with
sassy splashes of unruly satin

I see only you.

My heart is a swallow
swooping down to taunt
the arrogant, lovestruck coward who dares approach you
disguised as a man

(What passions could cosmic bluesmen blame
if a man too scared to ask a woman her name)

You are the razor rim of some
sudden primal chasm
best broached boldly
(if at all)
Well,
I will ride the rim bare
(if need be) because
I seek only you,
you and only you.

Once I saw the setting sun
facing the red red moon
'cross the big big sky
made small by them looking
so hard at each other
(so hard)

much much majesty
just waiting and watching and...
(waiting and watching)
it was Everything and Nothing
all at once

The sun and the moon
O! the impassive sky
1+1=2
like you and me
before becoming we.

Then that glorious sun was gone...

There the moon
O! the midnight sky
the moon, the desolate sky and the road
Only the road and what has passed
or is passed by.

(What tales do wily bluesman weave
'bout a man and a woman when that woman leave)

Every schoolboy knows
1+0=1
'cept if you're the one gone
like me remembering me without you.
1+0=0

A man forgets what the boy knew
for true.
'Till you halted an awkward parade of
silly grownup games and stone cold jolly
with the devastating presentness of 'yes'.
Jumpstart my sputtering heart

I RIDES THE RIM

The barest breeze brings you on the wind
reminds me of first things:
first day of school
first crush
first slow dance
first kiss
first time you let me know what it feels like to be you

(What madness makes mocking bluesmen rhyme,
a man and a woman for another 'last time')

You remember you told me I said something I didn't say or mean to say that you thought
meant something about you and me but it wasn't true that I said it or that you had even
heard what I actually did say or really mean to say at all?

You and me together,
Us going through things
and coming out on the other side
still together

That's what I was saying that you misunderstood, baby.
1+1=3
you, me, and you and me

(What folly do sophic bluesmen find
when a man think he know a woman mind)

Then she: you're the one misunderstood.
I was talking about Everything and Nothing,
Baby.
no you-no me
1+1=1
us+us=us

Then he: 1+1=1  Damn!
I bet there's not a schoolboy in the whole world knows that.
Girls.
They born knowing all kinds of stuff a man ain' never ever gon' even ever learn.

Here-There the sun,
O! the moon
the sun and the moon
the sun the moon and the big big sky
O! the moon the midnight sky and the road
only the road and what has passed
or is passed by.
Truly Nothing.....
and Everything

All the tears the pious have wept
'bout a man gone and a woman kept
All the wrongs the righteous assail
'bout a two-timing woman and a man in jail
All the songs country bluesmen sing
'bout everlovin' love and a one-night fling.
'bout how a woman can take more'n a man can ever bring
Oh yes!
a man and a woman is a dangerous thing.

a train,
a banjo,
and a chicken wing.