

Morning Tapestry

Michael Garrigan

River dark, road reaches
across the rust gray lip of night
into the mouth of dawn, its orange
tongue horizon creeps easily into the next
wah wah bass line, a trumpet in the left speaker,
the hypnotic "oooo aaaa oooo aaaa" drives me into the hazy
in-between of night and day, of jazz and psychedelic,
of water and land, of abstract and physical.

Spirituals tapped out on my steering wheel
sing me down dirt roads cleaving the Kittatinny Ridge
falling into freestone streams full of wild trout and cosmic chants.
Here I no longer am I but am we, a cacophony of orchestral
rhythms and ancient mantras. Here we
swim with water shamans, crayfish,
pebbles, mountain laurel, minnow
until we eddy into a wordless
endless harmony.



Don Cherry
"Brown Rice"

Brown Rice

1975

EMI