

High School Poetry Contest Winner  
Seth Katz  
Sacramento Country Day School  
Sponsoring teacher: Patricia Fels

Quintet

The strings of the bass are veins.  
For the player, life is nothing without music.  
It's not just something you hear.  
You feel it.  
You could see it in his eyes  
If he took off his sunglasses.  
The drummer, sitting behind them all,  
Is more in it than anyone.  
Quietly tapping triplets on the hi-hat.  
Hours later, he'll still be hearing them  
In his head, walking in rhythm around  
The house, striking walls, the dinner table,  
His leg. The drums are the only instrument  
You can play no matter where you are.  
The piano speaks assertively, but allows room  
To be completed by the guitar.  
Together they create a harmony  
So lovely it makes you want to give up smoking.  
Combined with the other two,  
They form a beauty that speaks  
*Todas las lenguas y nunca muere.*  
If you gotta ask, you'll nevu know.  
Then the horn player enters. A real hep cat.  
The trumpet with the silver hammers of life.  
He floats above the crowd on a wave of A flat.  
He adds a gorgeous dissonance to the arrangement.

Nobody is alone in Rick's Jazz Club.  
The man standing in the back by himself  
Is the sixth player.  
And the lady at the table closest to the stage,  
Waiting for her drink,  
She's up there, too.  
And everyone else in the club who's listening.  
Even the squares.