

Small Things

Nick Hakim

I only know some small things
She was speaking to the saxophone in a intimate way
All because she saw in the saxophone a kindred spirit
The saxophone was old
It played fancy all over for many years
But when it spoke simply she could see its metal neck relax

Any time the saxophone played a few repeating notes
An intervallic twist or just a simple triplet
Repeated some of that over and over
She felt a harmony emerge

I know some medium sized stuff too
But it's the chewable things that I really trust
When you make broad connections I tend to blur
I think it's neurological
And the saxophone said

Dajiba
Dajiba dagiba baba
Dajiba
Dajiba dagiba baba
Dajiba! Dajiba!...

Maybe so, she sighed
Even small stuff is really hard to say