

## 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