

# Hail! Madam Jazz

Worship, hold her a moment in thought,  
Femme fatale, she shapes another face,  
unveils an idol. O Never-To-Be-Caught,

Minx beyond this mind's embrace,  
Hider-Go-Seeker, Miss Unfathomable,  
Demurring Lady playing at the chase.

As stars or atoms we turn, fall  
towards each other's gravity. I spin  
In your love's nexus, Mistress All.

Once a child of Newton's  
Fallen apple, I'd the measure of your ways.  
My stars my atoms, are we one?

Mischievous Strategy, Madam Jazz!  
Old tunes die in metamorphosis.  
Rise, fall, reawakening. I praise.

*Micheal O'Siadhail*





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