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[Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place]

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[Thy black is fairest in my judgment's place]

*Pray inquire after & secure my Negresse. She is certainly
at The Swan.*

—*Denis Edwards, 1602*

Feels *mmm-good*,
being looked for my dear,
my nothing,
 my diddy-wah-diddy. What's that?
That we don't none of us, *diddy-wah,*
 know our own words for things
wah-diddy is anymore.
Maybe we can signify them back,
 fall out, and pray,
 and inquire after
 that jazzy dig, that sweet and low,
 that scat and jive, that endless flow—
been went to The Swan.
Juke joint up the road.