

Yellow Peril

Winston Tong

Hunting in the Sea of Japan,
Ambrose left the tourist trail behind him.
So bold with his gun in his hand,
Of his furs there was no need to remind him. Tripping over a Holy Man,
Mind that here you don't choose your friends,
Ambrose asked for a helping hand,
He heaved his chest, and pointed West,
To where the river runs. With Josie back home on his mind,
Brushing off the fruit flies of the season,
And 'Brosie was surely struck blind,
By a sight that defies human reason: On an island of gleaming rock,
Jutting up from the blue lagoon,
A ceremonial music box
And from it flowed, a bright new mode,
That made our hero swoon.
A finer minor from China. The World when the traveler returned,
As you know played out its bloody romances.
But Ambrose he knew what he'd learned,
With his prize in hand he took his chances. Soon the sound that delights the ear,
Blended in with the armies' roar.
When the warriors strained to hear,
This new bebop, this shooting star,
Their guns were bullet-full.
A finer minor from China.
A finer minor from China.
A finer minor from China.

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