

**Alana CAMUS HOLLAND**

**THIRTEEN BLOOMS HAVE CONVENED  
(FROM THE LASTING RANGE)**

- 01 Why have you done that?**
- 02 Habershon Street**
- 03 E mail sister**
- 04 Captain Paz**
- 05 Near Oscar, you'll be there**
- 06 Positive facts and worries**
- 07 Beware of manipulators**
- 08 In the style of Steve Nicol**
- 09 February log**
- 10 Godfather's legacy**
- 11 This attempt should succeed**
- 12 Some drags, a wise touch**
- 13 At the end of the course**

## 1 - Why have you done that?

### Verse 1

Was the glimpse of humour in your eyes such a motivation  
for this crazy climb from the backyard  
to the second windowed range and the ensuing fall?  
Too much cognac, extreme nervous tension, sleepless nights  
better than uncertain love could explain the mistaken road.

### Chorus 1

Gathering presupposed talented musicians  
behind my overdue vocals' appeal, convincing  
administrators' committee to allow the free use  
of their old cinema for our electrical rides,  
both purposes were achieved.

### (Evolutive) verse 2

L.S.D considered as the only go-between left to communicate  
functioned without excessive damage,  
the drummer's mad cap winds and I found a way.  
Unreliable jams, disruptive breaks' prolonged chats under smoke  
marked the limitations the well renowned soloist could not hide.

### (Extended) chorus 2

A resolute briefing was vital, it has shown  
that the band's nucleus deserved to go on. Verifying at first  
on the familiar stage through a song in medium beat  
the possible tightness, for the building of a good set, temporarily,  
we chose then to turn fully acoustic.

### (From a central part to a kind of verse 3)

Sudden was your disappearance when Summer ended.  
Probably more and more disillusioned while bored in Paris  
by the odd shaken partner, you have resurfaced...

...on the other side of the coverlet, pitiful,  
psychedelic arguments did not stand my remarks' irony.  
The jubilant dealer sheered from there, leaving us alone.  
After the garments tried, the confidences made...

### (Evolutive) chorus 3

...once the Ricard bottle emptied, cooled the cabs' rotations,  
have you, for a moment, imagined I would  
sexually perform like a man? The frustration if so was complete.  
A few caresses, your name whispered, my very soul  
and own girlie trend thus expressed. Your cold anger about them  
just revealed how divergent we became...

Part 4

...but these were all my options you condemned.  
Terribly long proved the repair, it seemed an ocean to cross.  
You had destroyed along the fortnight I spent  
in a mental clinic the artistic trust and accord  
we should call "*Stairway to the stars*".

The snow whitened Senghenydd terrace  
when, for the first time, thinking of the Past, I felt relieved.  
The offence, indeed, was forgiven, I simply wondered:  
why have you done that?

10 February 2013.

---

## 2 - Habershon Street

### Part 1

So restricted looked the perspective  
offered by this flat under the roof,  
hardly inconvenient the toilets below that even  
tea and posters, records, reefers' ballet could not palliate  
hours' weakness any more. It left no other choice  
but to rent for the three rocking sounds' explorers  
we were in those days rather quickly, accepting the risk,  
half a house in some disfavoured area.

Despite a recurrent noise from the cracked engine,  
the Morris Minor van did the job required transporting  
regularly all the gear to the large Cardiff hospital  
relaxing room where attuned practices.  
A very nice lady pledged for the first composed experiments  
Spring growth, management. Could a bet  
so early placed succeed? At least, memory lanes  
have given Splott rhythms and feelings their right sense.

Described like almost built as were specified  
terms for the rent, the bathroom never materialized  
but pretending to elevate its walls,  
Ahmed, the dubious Pakistenese landlord justified,  
each time he unlatched the front door, his morning intrusions.

### Part 2

What a disappointment during the blind test  
of this radio program... so unfair was the comment,  
harsh the criticism made about Rick Nelson's brand new work  
by the twangin' Love Sculpture hero; however, we found later  
some relief learning our dedicated Molly, at last,  
just received from him the caring phone call  
she expected for years. Alas, the night before, in despair she took  
a tablet of dangerous pills and, with short delay, they acted.

Sunny started the next day until that knock...  
Wan, broken hearted, Dave Lock, the obscured guitar man  
we enjoyed quite often the jocund presence  
brought us the tragic confirmation, we had not  
intervened soon enough, the fairy tale was over.  
A few weeks sufficed, Alec, the never mind bass player  
decided to quit the band then broke a water pipe running through  
the upper floor. Uncontrolled, the flow made the ceiling crash near my bed.

It probably saved more an idea than roots when we organized  
sessions in the living, there got better framed the basic cuts.  
Four out of five step within a strange jacket becoming  
an extended play. Collectors' interest, three decades after,  
helped me to clear fogs and preserve the spirit  
left by wakes from number one, Habershon Street.

3 February 2013.

---

### 3 - E mail sister

#### Verse 1

Locking the door to wear for just a while  
nice clothes proved insufficient.  
In search of an answer, you have placed a call  
asking for help and on that solitary day, hazards  
were not ambushed, I took the phone,  
Francesca, tell me more about you, we'll understand each other.

#### Chorus 1

Despite these terrible school times' oppression,  
the damaging glamour and spell  
of the esoteric enchantress, the low-minded  
forum's evil creatures, their cramps,  
your fundamental desire and good will can together express.  
Evolutive pictures warrant the truth they share,  
E mail sister, you already make it.

#### Extended verse 2

Anxiously awaited as a point of no return,  
the April coming out discountenanced your Mum.  
Sheltered behind conventional decorum  
and prayer books, she remains, upset by the idea  
that, from an ageing child she knew not so well,  
a girl could finally materialize.  
We are not responsible if, often, people build mentally,  
when seeing us day after day, false images.

#### Grand chorus 2

Probably less fantastic than they pretend,  
post transitional pin-ups still want or try to convince  
troubled readers of their previous cleverness,  
it does not work very long, you are safe, my dear...  
Richard Sinclair, Gary Brooker, Kansas for years lightening waits,  
maintained high your spirit, the recent political change  
confirmed how tenacity can succeed.  
Let's remember this heartening moment,  
E mail sister, we both contributed.

#### Explicit verse 3

Indeed, when rays from the laser hit the skin,  
direct sensations turn painful, ensuing marks don't regress easily.  
Alas, this hard process is unavoidable, pity, I can't take  
part of hurts down on me but you have agreed  
to pay some price for a later niceness,  
we'll enjoy step by step the regular progress.  
A little like Alice in Wonderland, you don't really forget the Past,  
only soften the angles' sharpness and expect a better restart.

Reflective grand chorus 3

Before another sleep where dreams should resolve  
creatively endless queries and contradictions,  
between a reductive job, near the elder ones vocal pertinence,  
the beginning of hair growth, energetic rocks' frankness,  
even more than yesterday, you feel through all your body  
as a feminine attunement the gentle drift that always existed.  
Forty seven years, half hidden, won't prevent at last a positive bloom.  
Please allow a well-intentioned fairy's experience to confirm  
by words the clues, E mail sister, for ever I love  
your beautiful smile's expression.

8 May 2012.

---

## 4 - Captain Paz

### Part 1

On a day of July, six years ago, we met the first time,  
I'd heard and appreciated your earlier remarks  
about HMS York's duties.

Your daughter had refused to find some refreshment in the garden,  
preferring the car's protection.

Was it my appearance in a short Summer dress  
that drew on her lips, in her eyes  
disapproving signs and a slight touch of contempt?  
Preparing the change, a few hours later,...

you went for several weeks to Portugal with both children  
but before, I offered, confidently, my then recorded albums.  
When you came back, our friendship was assured,  
comforted even more by every supper,  
it never ceased to grow during months.

### Chorus 1

You set forms prettily well, Captain Paz,  
the little boy's teacher understood, at least, we expected so,  
the rude fisher man's mockings were absurd.  
Illusive, the Ferrari cruise has not counterpoised  
the so called trans' lover's bite when it managed to hurt.

### Part 2

Home made, precise warships, on their shelves, have obtained,  
after each commissioning, your congratulations  
and songs when practiced warm support. The monstrous plot...

these envious characters, King Kong shaped woman, teenage boxing girl,  
sly couple planned in some private talks,  
helped by a square minded judge, unfortunately has functioned,  
you lost just a round not the fight. In a few years,  
your son should remember  
who sincerely loved him, the fine stories' writer.

If through ages, my senses did not exactly succeed  
turning me as a potential lesbian, I can see and also feel  
how fascinating, curve after aim, becomes Maria the swimming youngster  
while the admiralty precious finds with her  
for technical reviews bright comments.

Chorus 2

You set forms prettily well, Captain Paz,  
the old catobar mercenary has been finally worn away,  
the Harrier jets sold at a bargain price  
but the prophecy, to some extent, actualized:  
spellbound, the city remains, unchained for good, your body waves.

Part 3

Efficient, logical, this course gave probably the best answer to critics,  
however, briefly, I depressed when, last Autumn, your impatient wish  
proved how, in contrast, my present definition  
will never fully know such relief;  
there's no harm, yet, a true friend can't share, you did it.

On the bed of convalescence, your quiet certitude was radiant.  
I wondered hearing you inform us with humour  
during the next visit that, for the birthday occasion,  
the brand new possibility already welcomed,  
then, we clinked our glasses.

Chorus 3

You set forms prettily well, Captain Paz,  
it was all along a pleasure near them to rhyme,  
let's hope the scale, melody and rhythm cleverly synchronize.  
In the hall, useless coathangers disappeared, making the frame available.  
Nice models were added but your agreement  
about them, with us, had become distant.

18 June 2012.

Reviewed on 11 January 2014.

---

## 5 - Near Oscar, you'll be there

### Part 1

Have the company and politicians remembered  
all the petitions we signed fourteen years ago?  
On each side of the street, under the old name since June,  
stops were re-implanted, unfortunately,  
you can't enjoy them anymore.

### Chorus 1

My poor mother was gone, you had just left  
the cherished pavilion rest for a rather gloomy flat  
behind the other end of the bridge but while Christmas approached,  
I felt glad having helped your long time wish to become  
a reality; now and ever walks near John his confident,  
Oscar, the lovely dwarf poodle.

### Part 2

Once my own secret revealed to every local acquaintance,  
our successive heart deceptions alleviated,  
by all means available, we have tried to build and progress.  
The benevolent white haired vice president shared  
during so many bus occasions, happy or sad,  
a part of the load these questions let.  
Was a fatal hit responsible? Too early began her crossing.

The non license car you expected some loaning for the purchase  
proved an inaccessible option, by contrast,...  
the portable computer did good work when installed.  
If another platonic flame, through mobile communications' excess,  
increased your debt problems, birthdays and New Years,  
with their meals, made us reunite.  
Downstairs, as agreed, the sheets that were retained  
awaited the transit chime. Instead, last December,  
pathetic, you have sent a distressful message...

### Chorus 2

Throughout a single night, the miracle  
faded, the gentle dog, exhausted, could not stay longer.  
You sounded resigned, yet promised to hold on, may be  
comforted then by grandchildren and daughters; indeed,  
there were reasons to worry concerning your health but, at least,  
the pacemaker should resolve a chapter.

Part 3

Very soon after, Spring has settled, a new album defined.  
When, following a second tour in the polls, the intronized  
government's colour was confirmed, your next coming looked imminent.  
Extensively praised, the tram circuit's inauguration,  
the so called July thunders vanished, further on  
Richelieu pavements, shelters like stakes drew your favourite course.  
This seventieth anniversary deserved a special mark, so we mailed  
an inviting card, you did not answer.

(Extended) chorus 3

The mayorship office cooled my fears, you were still  
mentioned on the electoral list and present on Earth.  
September brought a relief, from a clinical bed,  
your muffled voice expressed; Hope remained  
until the fatidic paper's announcement, it left no space for a doubt.  
Respectful people collected their thoughts in that funeral parlour  
whence a large video screen backed your face as flowed my tears.

Part 4 and coda

A few weeks later, Tom has inserted carefully  
at the right place on the site a vibrant picture testifying  
of the beautiful moments we spent together.  
The feeling won't weaken, I'm not afraid,  
whether here or beyond, if my temporary luck breaks down,  
lighting the way, near Oscar, you'll be there.

18 November 2012.

---

## 6 - Positive facts and worries

### Part 1

When, in late August, you arrived by the train,  
anxiety persisted, nevertheless, affection, reliance went stronger.  
We didn't think yet this sojourn could give enough span  
to the wings you might spread; three months were rightly used  
for a quiet metamorphosis, you already fly very well,  
just request while hovering some advice,  
be sure I appreciate.

### Chorus 1

Disgraceful shades of pilosity have set back notably,  
nicer and organized, curls situate hair revival.  
Mellow mediums, higher range sometimes, keep on valuing  
your specific tones, their modulations.  
Whatever the need or the contents, this long journey was necessary  
like the visit we paid to predictable but honest family moods.  
Don't renounce if your songs in evolution are delayed,  
they will complete as scheduled.

### Part 2

Watchful, decided a little more each day,  
often with a map, you explore the city, find the shopping centres' positions.  
This fight inch by inch for a life reconquest  
had started when you dared, several weeks before,  
going out alone, to face the wind, walk and buy...

...at the bakery the bread you taste buttered.  
Star academies' puppet show, flaunty pseudo trans' sectarian grooves,  
hours where slumber can't exist won't influence  
the sincere diary you write. If my defined  
consultations change a few words,  
I always respect the sense,  
worried about a different land scape.

Very hard to stand even now, cuts from the Tories  
have not condemned with yards the gigantic hulls  
Caledonian strain, Scot workers assembled skilfully.  
What a waste, short-sighted menders  
sealed the doom of the Ark Royal, it should not imply, however,  
that the Great Island's tomorrows could fragment.

Part 3

Running through the shelves for vinyls' approbation,  
we obtained not only the certitude our Internet orders'  
full list was correct but also a strange impression:  
the world and shapers who conceived ageless pop rock treasures  
look over dated. Meanwhile strong,  
incentive mountings do still provide the ideal take off decks  
to lyrical fitness. Without any copied lines' temptation,  
the story gets by, thank you, mystical West...

(Tense) chorus 2

Hormonal rates' unexplained variations destabilized the gains  
your consenting body had stocked and carefully began to distribute,  
they should be soon rectified. Handling that problem together, we make sure  
of its coherent solution. Still hesitating, your guileless Mummy dares  
at last to pronounce and retain when she prays  
the sweeter name you've chosen, months ago, to bear.  
Arion selects a bed for the night, Mina fills the nacelle.  
Adopted by both cats, you may so join us in réveillons.

7 December 2012.

Reviewed on 4 December 2013.

---

## 7 - Beware of manipulators

*This song is more specially dedicated to Ange (Angel) Perrot, leading rate (engineering mechanic) in the battleship Bretagne on July 3rd 1940, at the time my mother's fiancé. Like many, he stayed then as a prisoner of the capsized ship when his own wish was to rejoin his allied comrades and keep on fighting with them the Nazis.*

### Part 1

After the blitzkrieg's launch, with the Stukas and Guderians' s divisions progressing further West, on the roads, panic overset French populations whose Atlantic fleet, despite a rather vain high command, from its harbourage, had escaped intact to the Med. Gibraltar's rock was not yet, regarding African distress, immigrants' door if already against tyranny and fanaticism Freedom's sentinel.

Diplomats were recalled, strategic experts rallied round, very few supposed that the Caudillo was going to preserve Spain's neutrality. So, respecting their earlier mates as constructive allies, through an operation coded Catapult, in Force H were gathered several impeccable warships.

### Chorus 1

Sturdy, slightly old fashioned like both marked out the region she received the name from and, on the ocean waves, her contingent, almost natural, fighting partner, the Resolution, the venerable pride of Brittany, through victimized for sure, at first was betrayed by the crafty boaster in a senior white uniform and the sinisterly faced captain's false gallantry about death. Deliberately forsaken, some boiler rooms' sailors have withstood, crawling across the capsized hull's compartments. As the air rarefied, before praying, they shouted, no rescuer tried to board.

### Part 2

The anachronic marshall's oriented propaganda immediately took advantage of the facts, omitting as insufficient the former context, positive options, dilemma and from the keel the strange knocking. You can cry inside of heartbreak without showing a tear, just put black a dress. Only superficial minds judged it a lukewarm reaction, useful became, however, for networks these people, their secret limitations appeared with age.

If solemn vows were not allowed to confirm engagement, convictions, there's no doubt that the angel who protected the young lady during her dangerous missions could have been, otherwise, by all means, a sincere partaker.

Chorus 2

Poignant went the citations read by the president in the graveyard,  
 often on a cold December day, they honoured shadows' patriots  
 who never came back then every year, convivial, succeeded for effective members  
 general assembly and lunch. Fully practised was there the ideal  
 republican motto caste thinking officers openly denied. Retentive pep,  
 by marrying Father, Mum has found the same fervour  
 with humourous pledges. Algerian self determination, Dallas, polls' replies...  
 Vietnam bombs, psychedelia, street riots, hastily the world  
 relegated to the annex manipulators' resurgence, so did I.

Part 3

In the night club where got entangled, months before, my previous outfits'  
 elements of line up, faster than custom and police,  
 rolled the sticks on the drums, built the chords. It felt fine to adopt  
 from these Hot Rods the speed without any gender lock.  
 Productive roots were items collected, inspiring source the Valley,  
 James Callaghan defined terms... Rehearsals' patterns, nautical bills,  
 smart dressing hardly justified a premature concert.  
 Rockabilly boost, Chuck Berry' s trails, dark stories...  
 tracks through the recorder could not either represent or right,  
 dear J.P, our sane relationship that tottered.

When, in Stanley, the small garrison was reduced, Thatcher didn't object.  
 Presumably later has she studied Churchill' s lessons and retained  
 his attitude during both conflicts towards intruders, it was troubling, anyway, to notice  
 how a socialist government sold a fascist power arms  
 while including a minor Milice adept whose peacetime career  
 stayed dubious as minister for defence.

Chorus 3

Discharged from their key positions after the silly pirates' dive  
 raiding Auckland waters, responsible fronts, guilty wacks  
 let the foxy director accommodate snap and fuzz.  
 With a sole guidance, Jesus' liberating love, a modern apostle welcomed at his centre  
 all the persons who dared to live socially their difference,  
 was this forerunner knowing so much?  
 Departments took no risk, guiles plotted Joseph Doucé' s murder.  
 Anxiolytics had cushioned, perennial trees were doomed when, in that lounge, I got strength  
 finding trust between elder Veracity partisans.  
 Before they withdrew, one by one, upon torturers passed  
 a few sentences, underhand, meanwhile, re-writers processed.

Coda

Pulled out from the wreck, toppled down, trapped sailors' remains,  
 mingled, lost tags, thus were inhumed. The ossuary,  
 today, is used as a symbol through the web by evil associates.  
 If often songs relax, they can also  
 give warnings' signs: beware of manipulators.

## Some further analysing notes:

### Chorus 1:

#### **The crafty boaster in a senior white uniform**

Marcel Gensoul, the senior officer (vice admiral) in charge of the French fleet (previously called Raid Force and, until there, based in Brest) on that day, 3 July 1940 in Mers-El-Kebir waters, the military harbour next to Oran.

#### **The sinisterly faced captain's false gallantry about death**

Louis Le Pivain, captain of *Bretagne*, nicknamed by his company "*Fooling Death*" for his sinister face, a liar to his crew and to the course of History as well as a coward who abandoned his ship saving his own self (when he distinctly knew the *Bretagne* had turned over, without the pretended major explosion, after a hasty flooding of the magazines ordered by the commander shortly before X turret ejection). Le Pivain could easily understand that a large number of men locked inside were going to survive several days before dying, yet no attempt of salvage regarding them was considered. Various Le Pivain generations defended the same extreme right convictions: Louis' son, also a navy officer, member of *O.A.S.* in Algeria, killed by accomplices, his grandson, once again a navy officer, founding member of the *New Order* (pre *National Front*) in the North West of France.

### Coda:

#### **Pulled out from the wreck, toppled down, trapped sailors' remains mingled, lost tags, thus were inhumed**

In the years that followed the 2nd World War, in accordance with the request of some families, coffins of Mers-El-Kebir victims (about 200 of them) were repatriated and buried individually in France. Only stayed in the French military cemetery of Oran the bodies of "forgotten ones" (no living family left) or those voluntarily let by their kins. But for the unfortunate trapped in the capsized hull of *Bretagne*, the story is quite different: many (about 800) were "pulled out" as soon as 1941 with the help of professional divers, bodies were almost intact. It's only from 1952 to 1954 that took place a partial salvage/re-flooding of the wreck with consecutive scrap. This very discreet but rather disrespectful work led to mingle what was left of the sailors having been locked near the keel, scattering identification tags. Bones were then placed in the ossuary where already piled most of the poor guys' remains who have stayed there from the 1941 pulling out. One can only deplore the presence in the same cemetery of another burial place, the one of François Darlan, a restricted admiral, nasty opportunist and notorious fascist, at a time Pétain's first minister who, from the beginning, put in action the anti Jews' laws of Vichy power. This man was not there and had no direct part on 3 July 1940 as took place the Mers-El-Kebir tragedy. Quite rightly, the mention "*Died for France*" (to give him such honour was an insult to martyrs and heroes) has nowadays disappeared from his grave.

#### **The ossuary, today, is used as a symbol by evil associates**

It's difficult not to think about an association called *Anciens de Mers-El-Kébir* (elder of Mers-El-Kebir) where can mainly be found pro Vichy sailors and officers' children and grandchildren. Their main purpose would be to bring back with much pomp "*the glorious remains of Mers-El-Kebir cemetery*" to "*save them from Moslems*" and bury them in Brest (Kerfautras cemetery) and/or at Saint Mathew's point (a site at the extreme West of the continent facing the ocean) as "symbols". There's little sign of Christian compassion in such a will! Rather a shocking fetichism...

## 8 - In the style of Steve Nicol

### Part 1

Your letter of condolence was well-intentioned, undoubtedly,  
but once again, it caused in me the need for an explanation  
as did the reproaching one you sent on a distant Autumn,  
preparing your skins' Londonian actualization.  
Even if the matters evoked differed sensibly, their hurting powers  
were equally strong and forced me  
to plead not guilty, hoping to bend your judgment.

With hesitation, I have tried to turn simple words explicit  
in a painful diary, was it so wrong? Eloquent lines,  
organ matured, the shaping bars' ableness defined  
a coherent piece of anthology. Resituating some facts were added  
a few non aggressive, I thought necessary, realistic pictures.  
They probably failed, creating only muffled sneers.

Among the scenes my crowded mind had retained,  
indelible, stood your East Side main room  
and symphony-like decorated walls, your strange resemblance there  
with the late Admiral Phillips while insisted to keep their brilliance  
the driving bounds earlier your kit  
combined with snare and crash in the style of Steve Nicol.

### Part 2

I found the guys your arms played with  
kindly superficial, musically ectoplasmic,  
haven't we heard this cross between the Standells, Question Mark  
and the Zombies already duplicated by a previous revival?  
In those troubled waters' period, it was almost impossible  
to come and applaud such a gig: marshmallow strings,  
fierce eyes, empty smiles, neat jackets...

I have discovered recently on the net  
your registered participation to more distributed numbers,  
they surely move faster. Your irresistible daughters  
are both adult by now. Regularly,  
football's dynamic tournaments  
from Australia to Finistère goals invite  
the junior teams you coach. Accurate translations,  
epic gems' packaging make your life a success.

Please, don't regard mine as a waste,  
happiness, belief, transmission  
not only cohabit, they have winged products.  
I assume inward and outside, much improved,  
both carried far dreams, scores, analyses.  
From the lasting range, free talents' effort never dimmed,  
so, finely companied, my pleas go, remembering Swansea.  
To you, my lost friend, I'll add a thought:  
can't we, for a while, admit the way  
each other sincerely has sailed  
in the style of Steve Nicol?

18 February 2013.  
Reviewed on 4 December 2013.

---

## 9 - February log

### Part 1

Too prominent rounded for you the larynx cartilage  
named Adam's apple, this is why  
in that hospital, we have awaited a surgeon's advice  
about its levelling. The requested man did not like  
our stand by your side and on the pretext of evaluations  
tried to dissociate you from us while recommending  
vocal reeducation as a process a fellow female  
practician duly mastered, what a find!

Every consultation demonstrated how unfit was  
the approach she applied to the subject,  
you were destabilized but did not alter aims,  
retaining from nearby options the available scalpel act.

It took just a night, the change was obvious:  
the sweet orange charmer suddenly had lost with appetite  
all his concerns for life, worst, he kept on hiding like did earlier  
several cherished pets when they realized  
the departure should come. We knew our prayers were listened  
and soon answered, it has not yet prevented some fear,  
such devastating symptoms had already occurred.

Pleasant went the prompt taxi drivers and the lady vet on duty  
during that weekend. Less competent, money grubbing has followed  
her downtown egomaniac colleague.

### Part 2

There was no tangible health improvement till a more  
valuable specialist through decent echographies confirmed  
liver, kidneys then heart's wisdom.  
It left as responsible an infection  
near the cushioned part of a leg, our kitty could recover.  
He has immediately recognized, on another Saturday evening,  
always fluent, rather cute and relaxed,  
his usual late December caressing globetrotter.

In good harmony at the front has sitten near her our protégée.  
From the backseat, twice afternoon farers, with a slight sensation  
of déjà vu, we took fine trips along the coast.

Very rusted and less convincing outlived on the loch  
the withdrawn hulls' cemetary, the new half circular  
shrouded bridge was crossed. A few miles after,  
bifurcating not far from the nuclear  
submarine base, we stopped and our original quartet  
made in a local pub a strong impression  
then we have reached the Spanish Head's fantastic watch over the Roads.

Grey without excess, sometimes luminous, the sky  
provided an ideal casket. Moving jewels, lights positioned  
the little mine hunter' s serene track.  
Let's forget shots' defect, together we wrote this February log.

2 March 2013.

Reviewed on 4 December 2013.

---

## 10 - Godfather's legacy

### Part 1

Will you, Godfather, give me your approval for the building of this nostalgic chapter? I guess you don't fear any more my reactions and don't either hold it against me to have scattered old relics.

I miss so very much your inimitable distinguished pronunciation, especially when it evoked, with their stories, the trapped warships that later reappeared as models.

Let's hope USS Maryland soon profiles on her shelf.

After the golden wedding of my beloved companion's parents, it was great to marvel about iconic miniatures:

Hillman Minx, Jaguars, Austin Farina, Sunbeam Rapier or Talbot, every item purchased found its proper place in the rooms.

### Chorus 1

Few pieces were added to the venerable furniture you have known. Your daughter, son-in-law and sneaky grandchild won't distort the communication we managed to re-establish and improve navigating far from their tentacular grips.

Sadly grey, like the overall I was often forced to wear, seemed the primary school and yard. The nearby teacher house looked better. On that distant holiday, I remember too, with the green 4 HP Renault car, the happy order of crayfish for the feast you were planning.

### Part 2

Born in the same part of Vendée, my daddy's long time friend, a talented joiner, owned a nice shaded property and near the little she-dog, with his wife, could regularly provide some critical views on the way you were treated. We knew already you had financially participated to many more expenses than those the three flattering vultures admitted.

For the bright Simca 1000, the cosy mansion, its garden, you entirely paid but from that branch, the voracity was yet unsatisfied.

Chorus 2

My good Auntie was learning how to cope without Uncle John' s support.  
Kennedy' s assassination left a terrible gap.  
We all discovered the Fab Four. I enjoyed  
at least some respect from the kids  
topping through every subject the classification.  
However, in previous July, once visited Saint Gilles, when I moved forward  
to kiss your cheeks, you shrank away, terrorized.  
Indeed, I never really was a youngster and a boy  
but did not become, meanwhile, a monster.  
Let' s soften all arguments, dear, so fast went your agony.

Part 3

Behind the black hearse pulled by solemn horses along streets,  
heading the funeral march, we walked like brothers in pain,  
the shaken lad and I, it has stood until the last shovelling.  
Adult explanations that ensued cut the ties.  
A few months after took place the first delighted whisper in a feminine cloth  
then music gently ruled, it always does since.  
I couldn' t say all and include strange visions but feel  
foxtrot, piano, brass and woods probably where the best allies  
to retribute humourously, Godfather, more aspects of your legacy.

18 April 2013.

---

## 11 - This attempt should succeed

### Part 1

Retiring from everyday pressure, at the end of the alley,  
I found near the old pear-trees' alignment, helped by  
exotic blends some relief then climbed to me,  
marvellously confident after a deep surgery,  
the black and white she-cat  
with her innocent comfort underneath the stars.  
In that fateful osier-cage, moved when so bad,  
you stayed far too long, forgive an awkwardness  
years can't erase, appease my heart...

### Part 2

Once verified Youtube display, Amazon availabilities,  
I realized the item which contains *Fervor* bids was not easy to find  
but it was featured on Ebay list for an honest price.  
Just before the dispatch, a few thanks, several mails afterwards  
made me know and appreciate Emilio Paolo  
whose independent soul, wind's colour and Italian quavers  
enlighten the moving poetry that turned  
a little less lonely night hours of retrospect.

### Part 3

Will either the given electronic keyboard or the travelled books  
preserved from any dust in the small room  
add later some hue that could join the chords?  
If all the way flat rolled the farewell mass,  
mediating above the area, still matters the elder devoted lady.  
Very distant by thoughts but rather near  
when looking our place, the left minded ex bass player's wife  
enjoyed her new public relation job with the cabin cruisers company.  
There probably won't ever be a concert she may organize.

### Part 4

Meanwhile, sincere pluck, between the kitchen, the garden, the streets,  
accepting the temporarily warm radiance, you have adapted.  
Constructive minds, we faced  
tough kinds of vicissitudes, many are now vanquished.  
So, like expected Laurent when he came,  
why shouldn't we, for each other's talent, keep,  
unaltered sights and, meriting, obtain  
with good comments, real upgrade?

22 August 2013.

---

## 12 - Some drags, a wise touch

### Part 1

Quite dated and useless have sounded at first these bars, their lyrics.  
Rather soon, behind the early frame, the chorus, came off another scene.  
Drowned in absurd phantasmagorias and Bible verses  
that his broken mind disordered, confused by the mix of rhythms  
he stubbornly grew as intros, the once relevant fingerpicks' driver  
reached burn out status, exit Mark...

From the promising orchestrated work the poor chap conducted, I'd retained  
the tightness and brio expressed during rehearsals by Gulf Stream,  
that's how they've chosen to be called, a new member took the drums.  
She then integrated well the riffs' succession, catchy trails moved on.

Inside a big chest were stored various sheets of French rhymes  
the curly formation leader more and more exhumed  
after midnight for rough intents.  
Pruned, relegated to a first part training role,  
my six selected songs but one stagnated.

### Part 2

Were all these later disparate supports, artistic gambles and purgatory  
unavoidable stop gaps or experiences to learn from?  
Complacent folk wizard, bombastic cousin, double faced trumpet blow,  
keyboards jailer, I don't miss you.  
Like the aftermath of a tsunami, the rescue attempt from that voyage  
beyond my brain through Time barrier, helped by Providence, left enough  
scaled rungs to breathe and climb again.

Almost free'd, I tested the clearness  
of a Schoeppe's microphone in the peaceful studio  
and appreciated an already very good pal's clever technical comments.  
Such holds apparently meant  
no turning back could happen, one did so...

### Part 3 (evolving from part 1)

Hermetic and baroque had sounded the tapes, depressing when perceived,  
Yet, unspoilt, behind the gelatinous yoke, all the themes could be saved.  
On the express serving the small station or during the long walk  
starting along the church, its calvary then by country roads  
to the farm where, understanding, prepared for breakfast  
Eric's smile and his family, through flashes, I felt tossed  
between the pages of an unconcluded chapter.

In the damaging barn of yester whims, the drunken trombonist  
did not frighten any more. A little stoned and desacralized,  
an elder Pandora was dancing. Slightly reggae turned moved the twist,  
she personified briefly echoed fates.

Unimaginative but powerful steamroller, from heavy Southern rock  
to hard post punk self-induced stuff, till dawn, the punishment lasted.  
Hostage on a chair, I endured,  
deploring that the concordance, ignored by the guys, between  
the Plimsouls' deal of luck and the "My oh my" burden faints, unexploited.

Part 4 (evolving from part 2)

The fresh guitar licks were more than flowers laid on a freak monument.  
Beside, contingent, formerly enhancing, the piled midi waves' punctuations  
revived no flame. Many tides, up and down, had to phase before  
clarified, frequencies may return soarings their dynamics.  
Al Gore admitted the count, a diversion, slackening the coach, allowed  
to give the question composed sanity, transition pleasures did ask  
a revealing answer: they can suit without break.

Jealousy, rancour, calomny frequently ally and sting.  
Was there any fault to confess? I know my heart  
will never reject the loyal mate whose respecting touch, for me,  
put stakes through the mist along the salvation path.

14 March 2013.

Reviewed on 11 February 2014.

---

## 13 - At the end of the course

### Part 1

In front of the old theatre was standing a long haired gentleman.  
It took several minutes before I correctly identify him as the one  
able to save my endangered opuses. At his home, we began to ponder,  
with an Eastern blues approach, encouraging tries...

...then the miracle acted: pre and post Iron Curtain waitings,  
Perestroika answers had found a refuge in the three  
stories they inspired. Dvořák, Smetana, Mussorgski but also  
Ivan Rebroff cared all the way through  
til the defined movements speak by their owns.

### Grand chorus (in two elements)

Unforgettable, creative, the thread that weaved  
fine textures went beyond writing hours.  
Even the mid day pause, relaxation and wine  
near the Odet, behind the cathedral,  
from a restaurant to another, eased later flights.

Made by bus or by foot, along the window paned office  
where thrones the pink Fiat 500, the ascending route that keeps on  
after the secondary schools became a well known channel  
and the street of swallows trial trip and issue for many hopes  
during twenty years. If the thrill now declines,  
durably, good works were put on tracks.

### Part 2

Existentialism brought me no cure when,  
disgusted by Nietzschean theories, dropout in despair,  
I deserted University ranks to find, at the record shop, safe hearing  
and build from my little room a distinctive world.  
Lou Reed's dark lyricism, Ray Manzarek's chords,  
Moon dances by Kevin, from Van prevented confinements, transmitted  
right indications, it only lacked some elevation  
between voice and soul to bear fruit  
but took forms signs of germination.

Surrealistic novation, with appealing names and colours,  
Mercedes buses that circled by the streets  
looked rather more passenger ships than vehicles.  
Old ladies' regular support helped me to replace, after the drift,  
a conscient mind near their grounds.

If, elsewhere, glam tramps mutated, down here, an elfin went stronger:  
On the stage in 76 had expressed, flamboyant, incentive,  
Oora's lead singer. This friend saw then his fluence peak  
while, still shaky, grouped my terms.

Part 3 (including at first Grand chorus elements' variation)

For the weird Orphean kiosk pressing, laborious went the sales.  
Those pursued might favour an escape  
from the downgraded harbour. When such a move,  
much delayed, concretized, well disposed British connections were lost  
but at the Christian Alliance Centre, the nostalgic piano  
struck in my head locks ready to open.

Evocations' approvals, strange visits by the characters an overstrained  
imagination introduced left intact, anchored new facets.  
Lighted memories, strong feelings, knowledge,  
pitch, language and throat have convened from there.

Four times, symbiosis was attained,  
mix and computer's incertitude resolved.  
We don't live, as often expected, on a better planet  
if this one, damaged, can be saved.  
Loving cares, faithful melodic rocks  
gave to my testimony firm backings. Less hurt in depth  
than the attentive Lancelot, I'm not alone  
bearing the fifth development at the end of the course.

6 December 2013.

Reviewed on 18 February and on 17 September 2014.

---