

Alana CAMUS HOLLAND

**THERE ARE FURTHER PROOFS
(OFF THE RANGE)**

PAROLES / LYRICS

1	Let's allow life some win	2
2	Don't worry further more	3
3	We can stay united	5
4	Perceptive comforter	7
5	An obvious pilgrimage	9
6	Guena, I heard your voice	10
7	From here to Landerneau	12
8	Relaying that protest.....	14
9	Surrealistic mode.....	16
10	My loving confidence	18
11	Resourced by Guelmeur calm.....	20
I think of you, Daddy		
12	<i>Faithful Peugeot, right shots.....</i>	22
13	<i>To the abbey entrance</i>	24
14	September impressions	26
15	Bitter-sweet moments track	28

1 - Let's allow life some win

Scale: C#m

Part 1

Renting a car seemed to me a waste of time and money, I was wrong.
Several cruises on the highway not only confirmed
your excellent driving. With a compass: the love between us,
they have free'd nerves and mind from recurrent tensions
by gone adventures, blown relationships favoured infiltrations.

Puzzled for a while by the crossroad in the country,
we found however, at the right turn, well disposed, the Essenian curer
and both visits were useful. On the other hand, disappointing proved the answer
the bounded urologist gave to the question asked.
Like every problem, this one has certainly somewhere else a solution.
Before any search, let's allow life some win.

Part 2

Step after step, in the steeple, we have climbed
to the platform near the bells then I let you proceed and film
the panorama from the top. Wonderfully together,
all the way through during the four evasions,
by the lake or the bridge, along the streets where stood the market,
on the castle walls, we could treasure healthy moments.

Harvesting joys and pains, more than ten years are now behind.
If songs probably retained a good deal of the best,
I need more than ever your presence and your face close to mine.
Without surprises left but only rather hostile comments,
the city makes me feel so often as a rejected stranger
while negative facts across the outside world
turn each new day crazier increasing unsteadiness.

I do believe, even stronger, in the Lord's bounty and in yours,
let's allow life some win...

12 September 2014

2 - Don't worry further more

Scale: Gb

Verse 1

Like you, we have felt relieved when, after several months,
the prospection ended.

A little quaint but calm, the flat and the nearby area
looked adapted to your needs.

Large electrical appliances were bought,
electronics, furnishing soon brought in.

Then was made a choice, eliminated from the living room
the plastered of the walls.

Chorus 1

Once filled the cracks, very long took the replacement.

It has delayed for a year the accommodation initially planned.

Singing lessons, melodic boost apparently deserted your concerns
or, to speak better truth, may add some fright.

Please, don't worry further more, I won't insist.

Verse 2

Quotidian rigs on the net, Mister Big Teeth and his magical wheel,
the so called hen panic play their stabilizing roles.

Even Casimir, the placid monster, helps by regular appearances.

When we considered your forthcoming request,
unpleasant defections, indeed, have occurred, first of all,
the solicitor's readiness if doesn't matter
among attestations an imperfect leaf.

Chorus 2

Whatever means: phone, thinking, letters, financial support,
they endear more and more a gentle lady, her son, I often dare to call
faithful members of heart in my family. Aunt Suzanne, standing firm,
completes your effective one. Before 8 p.m,
the rotund café, closing, sent back home
its drunken users, rude teen agers still dine.
Don't worry further more, we'll never be far.

Verse 3

Spontaneous jokes, natural generosity,
always decent if sometimes uncontrolled emotions, a nice body:
Those features distinguish the sole person invited
I kept here, lodged, secured for she deserved the risk
and, avoiding temptations, respected our couple. My strange
beloved cat did not hesitate spending many nights with you...

Coda

... There's already so much affection given, pretty baroness...
don't worry further more, happiness will rule.

24 September 2014

3 - We can stay united

Scale: Am

Verse 1

At 5.30, it was clear, Scotland had voted no.
From this vital point saved, Gordon Brown be thanked for,
all became possible to confront, even the hardest clue.
Horrible murders, repeatedly, were just perpetrated
by the worst fanatics Middle East ever saw.
Why did such gambling fools as Bush junior and Blair
argue that could succeed by the airs, on the ground,
another Vietnam war?

Chorus 1

It's much too late, we know perfectly well
the pretence was a fake, the danger invented.
Neglecting the complex Iraq definition,
the people's history, their expressions of faith,
these men have reopened, like hell, Pandora's box.

Verse 2

In the White House, for sure, mood, analyses changed.
The president does what he can, farewell evil empire
and New Age crusaders. The Earth has not healed yet
last century's damage. European frontiers,
dictators' armed servants violated, the conferences moved,
spoliated from their roots ethnic minorities. Bosnian pupils,
segregated, won't study together. Russia regained Crimean soil,
don't forget the Tatars...

Chorus 2

Revolutions or rather street riots
found relays everywhere through the social medias
but looking afterwards, we sadly discovered
aspirations in all countries concerned have been abused
and the fundamental rights to freedom denied.

Central part

Camp David agreements remain symbolically as a beautiful dream.
I doubt there's still a place for the visionaries.
Instead, profit makers, greedy politicians increase their pollution
like this fallen leader pretending, to recapture voters,
he personalizes recourse and salvation.

Verse 3

Expecting to alleviate Black African measures
against L.G.B.T[1], we have signed petitions,
wrote a few sentences of plea, at least, they defered the ordeals.
What a shame, half muzzled in the States, betraying the Gospel,
wealthy Evangelists contaminate poorer societies.
Their sinister French equivalence, the narrow-minded
spectacled fat woman, contesting republican laws,
has not renounced to spread a message of hate.

Chorus 3

As we keep on learning from each other,
our nations get stronger while enrich their values.
Believers in the mosks, churches and synagogs
have all the right to pray but there's no sin worse than
use of children for targets, through slogans.

Epilogue

It's not under our name the ugly killers act.
This land polls have maintained the good links
justifies the pledge, we can stay united

28 September 2014

[1] L.G.B.T.: lesbians, gays, bisexuals, trans'.

4 - Perceptive comforter

Scale: D/Bm

Part 1

Multicoloured, she came on a Winter day by the wall
circling the garden, ready to play but also
with a terrible miss, the need of tenderness
for she was relying on a man who never suited
a decent owner part if, alone at the time, he provided yet
the food and a place to sleep.

More and more confident, she could not afford, however,
to react occasionally like a panther.
It took three years, several unwanted pregnancies,
full abandonment, neighbours' threat before, satisfying her wish,
together, we agreed on that adoption.

Chorus 1

You'd caught the feline head cold shortly after
phase one of vaccinations. Quite troubling went the signs:
our gentle lion, supposed to be protected,
contracted the same disease. The recovery, as it seemed,
occurred for both and you began to enjoy,
with musical backgrounds, homely certitudes.
In answer, your discreet comfort manifested.

Part 2

When, on the departure site, feeling the loss, you cried of despair,
I understood how... sensitive you have been
during two seasons and a half.
Indeed, unequalled, appetite made you turn like a barrel on feet
but without any real privation, inch by inch, through a well
poised regimen, your weight decreased and stood fine.

It was a pleasure then for you to rediscover
how easy can go your jumps, fast and agile a climb
to the higher branch of a tree. Fortunately, if by surprise,
you seize a bird, he gets a chance, you don't bite the neck.
Every evening, I can't resist giving such eyes a reward:
sliced unsalted butter.

Chorus 2

You have not forgotten that, here from the beginning,
your first hopes' partner was the little leopard.

On the kitchen **table**, there's no dish lain, near this brother of night,
you appreciate our caresses. Very quiet all along the day,
once cleaned the last fish bowl, somewhere between hoot and crow,
a modulation screams. When, after its end,
your slumber is assured, grateful, I wish:
“Have a pleasant dream, perceptive comforter.”

14 October 2014

5 - An obvious pilgrimage

Scale: G#m/B

Like every Sunday morning until 9.30,
on both sides, in the street ranged the cars
then began the Catholic mass, canticles, organ waves.
How can such innocent rites bring me so down?

Rehearsals during the Advent for the Christmas carols
with the modest gentlemen proved a real convergence of good behaviours.
Yet, the strict gender distinctions between tessituras
did not ease my contribution.

Awkward, untimely had come that invitation to rejoin their group.
Just a few days after the funeral, I could not,
even artificially, look rejoiced and serene.
Of all the changes I went through, none was perceived later on
by the Christian mates correctly.

Feelings' concordance, intimate harmonies rather than reflection
explain why, unofficially, I subscribe to the Anglican Confession
but I won't forget that Jesus was also present
with the parish priest and the assistance in the nearby church.

Rolling back, once emptied, the dust bin, I have seen transfigured
by our meeting where, beyond forms, hearts conversed,
Pierre, the wise choir master, we certainly lived there
another kind of communion.

Flowers are renewed on the three graves I care for,
my bones won't probably avoid a sojourn in one of them
but if my soul already flies elsewhere,
I still credit positively passages, light from an obvious pilgrimage.

18 January 2015
Reviewed on 10 February 2015

6 - Guena, I heard your voice

Scale: Gm

Verse 1

Walking home painfully, loaded with bags,
I heard a friendly voice calling me from a car.
It took a few seconds before I recognize the good guy
who, like the little Prince could speak to dogs and cats.
Though he was not really playing of an instrument,
it's mainly for him I wrote, ages ago,
a catchy rolling draught titled "Saturday gig".

Chorus 1

Aboard the ferry, through the Channel
or when Plymouth approached, near Terry the chosen
humorous guitarist, my fogs were cleared,
your smiling truth will guide the rest of the story.

Verse 2

Once the disheartening sensation
of successive bad lucks and forced exile weakened,
it became easier to accept from the Past inspiring lessons.
Technical limits rarely stop a band to express what must count
but egos' frustrations, in the end,
poison or dynamite the necessary questioning.

Chorus 2

I had been informed by your colleague at work
of the private troubles you suffered from.
Having to cope with a daughter's addiction
undoubtedly complicated the tries.

Verse 3

Joking about inopportune characters without any bad intent,
we often managed to de-dramatize formerly deadlocked situations
but on the day your despair went so far,
there was no answering partner close by,
strong held the rope, the neck surrounded, you made the final jump.
How, in a mail, write briefly such a thing when asked for ?

Chorus 3

If my terms have failed, rather frolic,
the next sentences that could link totally missed the point
then broke up re-warming signs
between the shocked Legend[1] and I.

Outro

Awaken in the dark, my head cooled its fire,
a friendly sound whispered, coming out from the stars.
I took a few seconds but, there, I recognized
Guena's voice who, like the little Prince,
argued with dogs and cats.

26 January 2015

[1]The Legend: Terry (Repulse guitar player) was nicknamed by me “the living Legend”.

7 - From here to Landerneau

Scale: Fm

Part 1

12 miles do not represent a very long trip by rail.
Yet, in those early days, it was felt more like a magical journey
when, every sixth month, Mum relaxed, Godmother tense and I,
we took the red on cream omnibus to visit, a few yards upward
the small castle that neighboured the rustic station
our elder kins...

...for their house, Fido the great black pet, colourful rabbits,
hens' devolved ground, the venerable Citroën looked so nicely
out of the computable time. From the quiet hall,
sheltered by its high wooden furniture, the big Comtoise clock
marked a perfect beat, no metronome would equal.

Between the maturing apples, well classified dated magazines,
while voices' dialogues in the kitchen provided
a smooth backtracking, the cosy loft allowed me to reach, at last,
another fifth dimension where barriers an imposed childhood had edified
crumbled without a noise.

Mysterious but also attractive, less lighted, the basement displayed
in a fantastic collection large and small tools.
All the rooms freely communicated, they might be crossed
differentiating the rhythms, what a fine experiment to perform!

Saturnin, the distinguished duck philosophised on the screen,
self denial as always, Tante Dine, pleasantly,
approved my reels and comments, saying: "*You are unique!*"
Benevolent genius, the uncle Claude,
with a jocund deepened tone
gave each moment shared its plain quality.

Scale: Bbm

Part 2

Half resolved, the proud seventies moved forward
when, improper, braked graduation, psychiatric recourse.
These emphatic alibis were no longer needed to justify
an unconventional way of life.
Recent issues, complementary gems: records and their purchase
still unfolded above the sole electric field
an efficient parachut for a cushioned landing.

Scornful, vindictive, the local Ginsbergs had taken their revenge.
On the mend after my own crash despite them
but de-stabilized enough when considered the writing process,
fears roved again. Without the faintest money supply,
even the rocking surrounds were jeopardized.
So, like a shameful beggar in disguise,
one afternoon, I dared to ring the bell of the secular oasis.

Taking hold bravely on her stick, my careful relative
opened the gate, listened, complimented
then she told me how, bitten by a wasp in the throat,
the good shepherd departed. Inside, very little had changed.
If, undoubtedly, the wondering sensation paled,
my eyes retained everything. I came back the wallet
as empty as before, nevertheless enriched.
Such an exchange between us would be the last.

Scale: Cm

Part 3

Unfailing, there on a bench during the three ceremonies
where was paid to my beloved ones the final tribute,
understanding support when, later on the phone, I disclosed
the reality of my nature, this loyal and reserved second cousin
stayed on my mind for almost a decade as the only
family member I agreed about.

Rebuiding turns went so hard, they made me postpone
a steady call, a letter. Awfully late was tempted
the reconnection with the ageing person.
Hearing my voice, she hesitated but reckoned
its genuine concern. January cards to both sides
have brought their comfort since. Then, I evoked,
in ventured lines, the vibrant memory, her parents.
No anger or trouble resulted from that,
she answered our wishes recently.

So, I've let these notes pursue the quest
above the street of sweet briars
and travel through another scale
from here to Landerneau.

5 February 2015

8 - Relaying that protest

Scale: F#m

Part 1

This very devoted Parisian correspondent
having just read my latest narrations
found them tainted by an eventful nostalgia.
In fact, there was none...

Chorus 1

Everywhere at once murmur native sons.
Those placed the references I still rely on
A few major pleas later advocated
but media judgments disdained already
evolutive rocks.

Part 2

Are we losing the fight ? Tamed outlaws, we became
more and more prisoners of an over advanced technology.
Young people would be lost
without their governing smartphones.

The beautiful ideals called democracy,
humanly faced communism, love founded religion
used as pretences for interventions
have again receded, selfishness dominates.

Chorus 2

Every continent mourns while native owns
either hurt by shells, dispossessed, invaded
have no mean to prevent the disappearance
of the stand they built when pleaded evolutive rocks.

Part 3

If negotiating rounds strategically maintained
enough Trident launchers, their high cost patrols only watch
but don't deter Kamikaze recruits, tyrannies
from punishing acts.

Instrumental

Continued part 3

Monitoring fractures, oil and gas prospections
get ready to migrate, they have polluted with the ground
dwellers' resistant spirit.
Do we now regain independent energies ?

Chorus 3

Every statement showed the black mediator
cleverly piloting promises' respect
through a meandered administration
despite the chambers' narrowed tricks
much like evolutive rocks tried before.

Part 4 (and epilogue)

Twenty first century natives, New York tenants, Burt Lancaster fans,
we have noticed how these opponent dynasties
galvanized their camps, the countdown commenced when was reached
the middle of the second mandate.

Sid Griffin, Michael Stipe, Peter Case,
many thanks for your pioneered trend,
I've just relayed that protest...

17 February 2015

9 - Surrealistic mode

Scale: F/Dm

Part 1

On a rainy Thursday morning,
amusement sister, you have seen confirmed
by the tribunal the rightness of this file,
it should work...

From the numerous windows left opened
at the top of the screen soon gather
enigmatic folks who conceived entertaining numbers,
welcome to their circus. Please, let me introduce...

...playing the cymbals, the clown Anatole
and, deploying many charms, the yellow jersey.
Applaud, tuning the celesta, unhairy, rhapsodized,
the transformed King Eric styled fancy dame.

Part 2

Picture yourself near a singular lake
where, exhausting the fire, officiates the blind man.
Over the hill profile three noble faces.

Wild creatures feel safe: predators with guns
and hard strings won't intrude, their blasphemies
against pluralism are forbidden here.
From his airy castle, the count takes...

...what, prudently, the prince heaped, the duke cooled
when the dragon began to sleep: on an easy-going
surrealistic mode, adapted measures, artful, danceable.

Transitional variation

Uninvited, the devil comes, tempting a sardonic move
but, conciliant, he does not insist and makes room.
The retired accordeonist can preside...

Part 3

Back in the wood, once all the wrinkles erased,
the Brazilian witch drives slowly
for, behind, anecdotic vans must also take parts.

Among their customers probably faulted
some day the arrogant bishop but the decent
elephant seniors have no suspicion.
Cornelian, they discuss Gendarmerie matters.

Transitional variation

When on the set travel news, P.C. covers are shut down,
we may prepare for dinner
knowing tomorrow returns at full strength...

...enigmatic folks' surrealistic mode.

In early April, after deliberations,
the tribunal meant a wise decision,
amusement sister, it has worked.

5 march 2015

10 - My loving confidence

Scale: Em/G

Verse 1

If I never seriously considered
that your mind could take more distance
from the question and problems
it has, during the last decades, militated for,
I also fully appreciate as a renewed miracle
your helping hand 's subtle involvements
cleverly placed at every stage.

Chorus 1

Despite all efforts, the music chapters
we had built together, going blunt, sounded almost doomed
but after a walk, near the old chapel,
once again sitten, we have searched, agreeing
on a coherent rescue. Your ponderation did marvels,
it avoided there despair and suicide.

Verse 2

Added several unconcerned reactions,
disruptive sentences pronounced
without the proper clearness through Hi-Fi necessary condition
and the radio figure's paranoiac wanders weighed a lot.
Sickened, I renounced to convince
the rather formatted likings members from that community
armour behind, so have you then.

Chorus 1

With tobacco smell as both rein and goad,
the tossed melodic bets fighting for survival
did not wreck but temper, they will stand.
Rewarding appeasement, from the platform, our fingers crossed
to the planned destination where, on the arrival, awaited your father.
How pleasantly was spent another reunion,
gained the upper bedroom...

Instrumental

Verse 3

If I don't give much meaning to nightmares
but deplore their recrudescence,
the temporary solitude
forced awakenings that ensue sharply update,
I do feel circumstances won't last and impose such restraints.
The side wall must not become a witness
of our physical estrangement.

Chorus 3

Passionate moments have let our bodies,
while unfettered, express by distinctive ways hidden chords.
These later ones, with hope and anchor, found reasons to soar.
Inspired, they still learn how settle for good
in composed structures. No paradise is lost,
we just secured its opening set of keys.

Verse 4

Even from patterned guides, certificates
did monopolize many hours.
I already know every case
will get its due when, meticulous, yet, you manage
to simplify the typings. Few illusions survive,
historical deeds' conveyors can't bring more than sympathy.
Occurent, Spring upholds my loving confidence.

21 March 2015

11 - Resourced by Guelmeur calm

Scale: C#m

Part 1

Indeed, several trees sadly failed
in that struggle for a saving light.
Imprisoned, they have dried, I planted too many...
...but this fast re-establishment of a peaceful green curtain
all around the private scope, as well as making true
a centered arboured chase, was vital, we may still find
some relief there, Arion will stay near by.

Ten months have rolled without
any further kids' organized harassment.
I think about well disposed
neighbours who maintained during half a century
a friendly mood in my portion of street.
All are now deceased but one
and the poor lady won't ever come back.
We saw landlords change, properties modified.
Their revised features, however, don't break the nice
perspective offered when progressing by foot from the bus stop.

Grand chorus 1

My red, your blue: our bright professional plates
have been spared, no tag or scratch did cover.
They plausibly meant for us some kind of middle class
assimilation if such novelties, at first, confounded
gossip tongues, cult regulars' routinism.
How stress curative was the Lord Mayor's smile
and the salute he oriented when passed along his reveries
the tram carriages. Why insist on regrets,
call the cable concept an incongruity?
Votings set the pact, deciders won't listen.
Resourced by Guelmeur calm, let's count with them.

Part 2

Knotty, luxuriant, on a climb
from the bed to the front flight of stairs,
the rose tree flourished and defied
contrary weathers, it looked almost imperishable, what a shock!
Having cut all the dead branches, alleviated the load,
we were not even sure the only shoot alive would persist.
Does that vegetal tragedy also raise for us a signal?

These last thirty two months,
lived as a trio, definitively accelerated sensations,
encouraging analyses, emotions to ally
in a productive flow. They pushed backwards, doing so,
an elder symbiosis artworks realized illustrate.
Like a foretaste of a valid heaven,
passing hours' concertos will never get erased.
Without any false urgency, outside,
between the three memorials,
their influence remains, perceptible.

Evolutionary grand chorus 2

Purple red, deeper violet, black and gold,
I still put on with pleasure dresses bought
in favourable periods. Pictures taken from them testify
mature, preserved, some femininity can keep on.
Since that double hernia's surgical episode,
collections' size increased, tenderness found rarely
occasions to express. A night ritual has settled:
T.V late programs, readings more or less suit your wakes,
Francesca dreams. While, patient, Mina expected
closing words' formula, these bars took shape,
resourced by Guelmeur calm.

26 April 2015

I think of you, Daddy

12 - Faithful Peugeot, right shots

13 - To the abbey entrance

I think of you, daddy**12 - Faithful Peugeot, right shots***Scale: G#m*Part 1

From the directing office, through the ware or wine storehouses,
always optimistic and convinced like before
when, for me, were developed these magic tales,
clear-sighted conductor, without a bow to lean on, you have expressed
in my imagination all the lyric possibilities of a string orchestra.
Driving the black 203, confirmed experience,
one night, you left for that reunion.

Central theme 1

Thundery clouds, inexorable, faster than the car engine,
crowded above the roadstead, challenged your destiny.
During the passage on the bridge, across the sky, a salvo flashed
and one of the lightnings stroke the coachwork, shaking your heart.
Coronaries have fissured, fainting was immediate.
Regaining consciousness, you managed,
pushing the starter to pursue.

Part 2

From Nantes, reached on the next day till that fateful November collapse,
survivor enduring aftershocks' sequences and, by steps,
health degradations, losing ground, Daddy, you saddened.
Yet, while money prop gave my vocals
opportunities to escape their wanders,
around the living room table, for later uses, your feet marked 3/4 signatures.
Omaha beach, Arcachon basin, Pyrenean passes...

Central theme 2

...July travels succeeded. Powerless observer,
confined to the elegant 404 back seat, I learnt there
how distantiate classified images,
recall and safeguard feelings, sanctuaries.
They could deserve, better prepared, future visits
but when, sold at a bargain price, the last great Peugeot,
in tow, moved away, sorting had turned more confused.

Part 3

Undercover funky agents,
the Rolling Stones demonstrated concerns
about the eighties if, by such, a mixed bag
issue concluded their long list of binary finds.

Variation/little chorus 1

It seemed then judicious to retain
a second-hand Polaroid as some Christmas present
for, once framed with the mirror, the tree, the group,
pressed and released the button,
a precious witness took colours.

In that bourgeois library of a London suburb house
where, as soul company, stood
Nelson biography, a pipe, its content,
two years later, I missed you so much.

Vaiation/little chorus 2

Trying to reconnect with a more concrete world
broken dreams, epic potentials, I had no choice
left so was accepted an offer
from this rather vain local instrumentist.
You'd just thanked my repair
on the radio receiver diodes.

13 - To the abbey entrance

Scale:B

Verse 1

Previous selected destinations were too often conditioned
by the person at the wheel, generally a guest
but for three afternoons, we could master and decide.
Ed Milliband, like Neil Kinnock failed,
both disappointments should go behind.
Admitted, they count a little less.
Botanic curiosities, the cloister fragment,
overrated, have not met our expectations.

Grand chorus 1

The disturbing Garden of delights Hyeronimus Bosch painted
and the malefic Peruvian mummy Hergé drew,
strangely associated, brought me back, obsessionally,
to the endangered Renaissance church where, dreadful, was sculpted
Death allegory. After a full restoration, the old building,
like a steady casket, shelters Saint Salomon's jewels
while, greenish, the bogey lost much influence.
I will respire more freely...

Verse 2

Allured by touristic guide-books' recommendations, people,
in order to buy tickets stretched a file below the sun.
Riding away from them, we have postponed the preserved
castles' discovery, opting for a safer involvement.
Empty, the venerable little city market-hall
was, nevertheless, interesting for the beams and its roof.

Grand chorus 2

Along the cliff, going down the stair that joins the rocky platform
where, situated, does welcome the non-parochial consecrated structure,
in the damp but beautiful nave on the other side of the urban area
or during our progression, road after road, to Langonnet,
the defunct hostel, the abbey entrance , appeased, I felt
how parallelism can also imply significant differences.
Impossible without Tom, once left the capitular room,
quick meditation, goodbye prayer, reassumed elevation
steered for blessing , not the end.

Verse 3

Always performing, the Sony amplifier
you had favoured the purchase
allowed me to surmount all the snares,
enhancing faultlessly every style or redefinition.
With Rush albums near the C.D player
and Pentecost fulfilment obtained, I think of you, Daddy.

25 May 2015

14 - September impressions

Scale: Bm

Part 1

Every mobile call you placed during
that stretched itinerary kept me well informed.
I knew it took, later, a good while
to reach by night the destination
but then, worrying, lasted
almost thirty five hours a break of communication.

The iconic LB 04 part entered, as scheduled,
Rosyth dockyard, HMS Prince of Wales' future is now secured
if White Hall skippers once again neglect
Scottish pride, Holyrood's determination.

Syrian refugees have a little chance to find with us
a new settlement as long as we don't annihilate the I.S.
In Asia, the three major military powers
reinforce their programs, Chinese economic boom totters.

Part 2

All the conversations we have shared,
at first from the emergency department
of the South Western hospital then before and after
the crucial surgery you needed,
from a bed to another,
strengthened our feelings even more.

It's true that, unharmed, differed sensibly
about physical troubles' origins respective explanations
but, always agreeing on the rest,
forever sure of each other, hand in hand, we don't affront any fear,
only manageable concerns.

Miraculously preserved when under waters,
salvaged with precaution, both memory bells,
very soon, make, side by side, generations' public aware:
an early valiant free world existed...

Part 3

On the way back from the rental agency
where was negotiated and arranged,
for the vehicle you could not, in such conditions,
assure the repatriation a delay
without charges
while, sitten behind, two students compared
video games' performances, I quickly thought
of what should be saved.

Her Majesty's coronation ceremony had already taken place
when, in this life, adventured my perspectives.
Welcomed like a mate by the French
navy officers, once visited their ships
during the sixties, I appreciated the cordial situation
and how, regarding them,
responded my roots' firm distantiation.

The last sojourn, together in Saint Ouen, has not meant
decline to romantic soar
if nowhere else but there clarified, embellished
and touched heights, unpremeditatedly,
an extending, transfigured
mutual discovery along the weeks.

Part 4

Lumbagos' recurrence, sprains' shackle
and the daily waves of tireness that your digestion,
working as it can, without a gall bladder, still occasion:
it would be foolish for us to minimize such warnings.
No danger presently threatens this home, my elected land
will soon get a better defence.
We must not deviate from priorities
echoed by September impressions.

18 September 2015
Reviewed on 31 August 2016

15 - Bitter-sweet moments track

Scale: Db/Bbm

Part 1

Bounded for almost a week on Sark Island
in a guest house and frightened when outside from there
by so many aspects of an impersonal civilized tourism,
I had come very close to a full inner values scattering.

A little hope went back during the convivial
Sunday celebration at the Methodist church,
like also, a few hours later, near good time fellows
as succeeded, through the local driving show, beautiful horses

but it's only when the Condor return
hydrofoil ferry tied up along Saint Malo jetty
then facing the mirror's answer in the hostel bedroom
that were, with your parting,
consciously admitted mind disconnections and failure,
some repair could be tried.

Part 2

Inspiring source and witness too often questioned,
under the Austrian musical box mechanism,
the key ran in neutral, the turn of the screw had been foiled,
about the same trend sheered my roves.

Once completed the painful removal, found a country helper
who carried away the disconcerted and for ever half crazy dappled cat,
an illustrated sonata, further specified mentions,
six or seven symbolic souvenirs stood as the sole remainders
of the wonderful oasis where you always listened
and enriched my accounts, disentangling enigmas from the Past.

Another ritornello, less significant,
made the recent purchase an unsuitable replacement.
Wisely counselled, Araldite drops,
filling the hole, gave the gentle notes
new opportunities. Like them, I faltered,
you have not let me down...

Scale: Gm

Part 3

Plundered by the 87 hurricane, beheaded afterwards
when railway workers planted, for high speed trains, their pylons,
as invasive brambles won, the almost centenary wood slowly died.
If, while evolving, I've respected All Saints' Day tradition,
more and more, in front of marbles cleaned, shortened
my thoughtful prayers.

Disappointing, the second fight
through petitions in 20 years
proved how static and regressive could define
along the sector the rear part.
Cecilia's turnabout added bluffs.

From the beginning, you have felt
the different states I coped with
and so you sheltered my route, bringing as many
sensitive vibrations as allowed by circumstances.
They compensated the rather
intellectual ascension my mother expected.
Nowadays, I don't think that, from me to you,...

...an intimate confession should tell all the facts.
They had explored already awaiting solutions
and believed the Lord would make a sign.
You've prepared me for such later free right.

Scale: Ab/Fm

Part 4

On a luminous late Spring dominical rest before noon,
arm in arm, we progressed from the tolerable backstreet
to my then less decorated haven, with an effective passport,
your trustful smile. No picture was taken there,
however, I still perceive all the details of this move
towards Eternity...

Three fortnights unrolled, looking very much like the one,
appeased and exposed, an Elder Amerindian does quit,
your body lay at the hospital improvised chapel.
The travel agent I asked for advice
during the mournful August that followed
has retired long ago but the change of scene
her booking announced acted consequentially.

Bitter-sweet moments she favoured the track
were usefully spent to better conceive
what imply the last wills.
Mine won't hesitate, if necessary, Godma,
they'll keep on, updated.

01 September 2016
