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COUNSELLING HUMOURS BY A CLOSER RANGE

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1 - November gleams

Waving a sound of frankness to check the distortions' increase...

Verse 1

...well-timed, all the deeds you preserved in the loft tuned,
we overcame the Brahmins' standby dupes.
Becalmed, amused, danced the rainbow's passenger.
Before she fell, hostile to rocking adventures, crystal nights rhythmmed proofs
we have never deviated from.
Can you retranslate the code?

Chorus 1

Hank Marvin drowns, teenage cuties frame.
Papers' archives drift the sporting zooms.
Patrimonial grooves have imposed their standards.
Neo jazz converted the piano man's fugue
and the vintage schooner is almost fitting out
November gleams, Tony Joe minds.

Waging a sound of frankness to cap the distortions' increase...

Verse 2

...racy, all the beats your guitar helmed to skip have confirmed,
like dinners' impromptus, the tarots' prediction and your vibrant sojourn.
Minor tweekages, major charms, mediation:
each member of the trio you fostered gives the lead by its own talent's evolution.
Acting so differently, when re-united,
they won't disparage, compromise or pattern
the original basements where we emboldened our spirits. There was no paradox,
inside looking out, for them, you had made a concrete choice: After-hours.

Chorus 2

Reginald tracks, William Hurley grates,
Georges^[1], naturally, culls the opinions.
“Pin back your ears” claimed the cheated trendsetter.
Placed between classical overtures and high fidelity's mutation,
we often endorse this sound of frankness Arthur Lee dropped...

...fetching the distortions
to heel their draught and sustain the pitch,
November gleams.

First writing: September 1993, reviewed in May 2000.

[1] Georges: Georges Brassens, a songwriter and vocalist whose fame is legendary in France.

2 - When lights are down and out

Verse 1

Behind the flat of desperation, across the solemn bridge, near the shades,
once again, secrets sent an appeal
and its warmth nullified reasons to be afraid.
From the bending where taxis grouped,
lamps cleared a waltz, then vanished.

Encouraged by this prospect, with heart, our hands questioned the deal.
The fooling game shortens, dear dad, you have played the decisive cards.

Chorus 1

Despite the planners' poor design, unattractive but loyal,
the city welcomed winds of chance.
Picturesque encounters revalued with the Past
sentimental journeys' new links to Atlantic folds.
Soon defines the grey, police vans' muffled rounds will submit.
When lights are down and out,
why should harmonies found depreciate?

Verse 2

Piled on the window sill, crumbs of bread satisfied
regular customers, singing entertained the schoolyard's effort.
Above the limes that grew taller every month,
gull's cries reopen the way.
While talking for the brass underneath,
healthy crows and pies improved their parent's offering,
January shore, merciless, twice did us part.
Persuasive friends, you have gone...

If through the camera, few moments imaged,
forever, your passage upholds
in the best of dispositions this ole house.
Shan't we get together some day? the Assumption rose.

Chorus 2

Despite the planners' poor design, unattractive but loyal, the city kept
like an oasis a meaningful borough.
Below the gallery's strain and flight,
parishioners' phrases converged, quite honestly,
public libraries' finer scopes filled the lacks.
In social work, every pain mattered for the lady who tackled the odds.
Soon the coach fares beyond pillars' border.
When lights are down and out,
why should retrospection disaffect?

Verse 3

Snow fluff, icy claw did not stay, hammered toils, sawing pants'
Christmas building race continued,
thus was embellished Julia's accommodation.
Behind the netting of her citadel, before lunch,
away's top at each stage, by fluent whistles, she surmounts
the narrow clipper's disabling. On the next floor, leonine,
food and music lover but also troubled gib,
a strong gentleman has resumed misty purs,
banishment won't shake his life anymore.

Accurate messengers, primroses clad,
the corridor secured failing wands.
Head in the clouds, another priest officiates, children proceeded cleverly.
Unlucky pets re-enjoy the Present as it comes.
Dear Auntie, you still pray for us.

Grand chorus 3

Despite municipal bragging and poor maples' destruction,
loyal, the city has contained blues' excess.
On the mantelpiece where near porcelains,
little santons defied the shocks, the senior tabourer
brought a glint from his late veranda.
Almanacs behind resemblance did not pull a spell,
like Phileas Fogg^[1], resolute, the navigator, ahead of schedule, won the bet.
Posted afterwards, re-arranged hastily, opponent bills soon deteriorate.
When lights are down and out,
why should early motivations hide or wreck?

First writing: June 1997, reviewed in January 2003.

[1] Phileas Fogg: the main character in Jules Verne's "*Le tour du monde en 80 jours*" (Touring the world in 80 days).

3 - Brethren across the Isle

Part 1

Immediately after the suitcase ran, off the jetty, allowing
 Vega[1] to cream fresh and chatty the good tide,
 an unspeakable feeling patronized wills.
 Step by step, against the blight,
 the hotel's rite sheltered deep's root
 Cape Horners have let unharmed.
 Freedom and Legend reconciled lonely aims
 roofed in the sea built church.
 Yet, mystery could remain unprized
 without the observing touch making from a precise mentor
 evocations' friendly colourist.

“Did you know these facts?

*When Pol Aurelian climbed here to visit the count his mate,
 for kennings, a pure lake confided
 and the fountain head's ribbons, Welsh-advised, clearly valanced
 the underground castle. Laid upon the rocks since a stole wrapped its neck,
 the entranced dragon watched
 then raged, pushing the sands, this hurricane.
 The chancel was covered round, dwellers got away
 to concede a new village with the other strand.”*

Chorus 1

Unmatchable partner for worries' oblivion, the western blow records,
 in several perspectives, a latch-key surnamed catalogue numbers' judiciousness 01.
 The beacon exchanged and later obtained as it bloomed
 concerted favours straight on two achievements.
 If all veils disappeared from the throat,
 grandly unglued between Saturday afternoon's liquor
 and the magical sails bag pipe with regal interlaced,
 readorning Quasimodo's boon canticle,
 these four escapes still gathered unsolved questions
 but maintained in research brethren across the Isle.

Part 2

*“Do not fall asleep, drained before listening
 ebb and flow guarantee northings' ternary bars.
 Wheeled from the bed, drumming pebbles stabilize.
 Till some lament occurs,
 well abaft, safe to ween, remember.”*
 Incomplete cycles moaned: *“Have pity on us,
 we had not planned those fates beneath the tropical garden.”*

First came, outside this bower, the guardian reviewing by the dunes
 his scattered collection. Through the eye of a needle, Mary Stuart explored the thread
 she moistened far too long stretching Duncan's effects.
 Derelict armatures, the German bites unchained
 with perished admirers Lorelei's allurements condensed but golden twined
 in the forgotten screw of their old destroyer.

Perceiving among the tares allied emotions, interesting contrasts,
 a brush had retained virtu's grains.
 The palette glorified fields' approach,
 every hue responded, the trawlers have reclined, Tommy approved.
 So how does morning pang manage
 once more to fight the whinny lines of patience?

Part 3

Seven quarters rolled away, I thought you had temporized or inhumed
 raving ballads and their intentions. What you say is true balm,
 with a lesson to spend further springs,
 fifty nine pods bred a fruit discretion already fenced.
 It's on the horizon, we have noticed the progress.

Chorus 2 (and dedication)

Unmatchable partners for worries' oblivion, south wester blows record
 in their mild-tempered sheers a latch-key surnamed
 media criterions' judiciousness 02. The beacon exchanged
 and later obtained as it bloomed
 concerted favours straight on a third full grown achievement.
 If all complaints disappeared from the cliffs, by the ropes,
 grandly untied between Saturday afternoon's liquor and the museful circuit
 impressive walks, fluted stops with low pipes illustrate,
 interpretations varied.
 Gallantly enduring meddled sifters' criticism, an abode, five escapes have resolved
 many problems but maintain in research brethren across the Isle.

First writing: March 1992, reviewed in June 2002.

[1] Vega: (from the star's name) the little ship conveying passengers from Roscoff to the isle of Batz to in northern Brittany at the end of the 80's.

4 - Sweeties of York

Verse 1

Italian perfumes blend inducement with tears
Summer romance swiftly roved, out of gear.
These wasted nerves gave brightness to a spark
whose loving postures emptied your money-bag

Chorus 1

How long are Sweeties persuaders?
Smart advances contented frowned naiads and pools.
Genteel manners, soft greetings, Forbearance delude.
Titters sprinkle proprieties' woof

Verse 2

Portraying sighs and their gloom
like a condoned evasion near the pines
from the pleasant creek, lulls for more
than a half season extended confessions stream by untarnished wakes.
Minerva's introduction as a go between could not avoid the quicksand
hardening peddlers' metal riffs or pub-crawl disguised
but it scored, at any rate...

...your languid chase of cracked enticers,
borrowings, meditation cruelly materialized
belongs to the page cuts have thrown.
Rub and frills, so detailed, recommend
adapted volumes, sorry for that, Tennyson, Keats.
May or July bustling propensions
mask jaded butterflies.

Chorus 2

How long are Sweeties persuaders?
Smart acquirements comforted oiled naiads and booms.
Genteel manners, soft greetings, Forbearance delude.
Titters enlarge proprieties' woof.

Verse 3

Melted awards' flame, whims abandoned
the lodging berth you decked. Even the baby's grant,
by complexion and twin name reproduced,
with a Latin flavour, your fashionable appearance.
A demure slice of heavy cake has not permitted
to better feels understanding.

Nursery rhymes halted, definitively.

Up, beside the armchair, discountenanced, another girl inquired:

“Where have you bent the donjon's key?

*The staves are dimmed, flirting birds swang until
phantoms diverted the alley's consent”.*

Chorus3 (Evolution of the previous ones)

If you still profess near London squares,
don't neglect country-plumed Sweeties of York.

In adult schools graduated remote naiads and roost.

Weaning manners, ripe affairs, foreclosure decoyed.

Farewell notes (Arietta Graziosa)

Bitterness, diary have ceased conjugations.

Please, some fine day, exhume from the pile Grieg albums,

find a turntable that works and let

your sensibleness acquit their purpose as a gift.

They were in expectance, like this humour, innocent of double guessing.

First draught: October 1994, final version in March 2005.

According to the pledge

5 - From Lanás^[1]

Part 1

Hence, what will happen to the discoveries we have met?
If by negative memories, taggers' abuse
and mean transformers' catch-pennies stupefied the dreams,
every night firmed the pace Blackey, the wonderful cat, remodelled.
Near the violin's case, Melancholy assuaged.
When the bell of San Francesco has agreed to alternate
with chirps and the peal just renewals, leaving the tunnel's region...

Part 2

...wanton line, the railway took at a stride ravines
but for the beekeeper's loop, head-men parked the engine.
Mornings saddled the motorbike.
In errantry, young Danes have trained
exhaust and its handle bars. Stronger than queue-ing anecdotes, Central Massif,
would you be also indulgent enough to filtrate sunny effusions?

Part 3

Between shrubberies and hamlets,
non pareil dog, shepherding the van,
Venus, by a look on the trail, has relaxed the ironical lady's stress.
Propitious, Albinoni measured.

Stanch Chorus

Stained-glass windows, beautiful choirs, pancake shops and abbeys solaced
the dominical rendez vous we treasured,
jolly wine too...
Yet, before, in the streets,
under conciliating rain's governance,
my companion expressed his gratitude.
For a brotherhood's dialogue,
words have reshaped,
according to the pledge of Barmouth
you pertinently acknowledged.

First writing: July 1993, reviewed in July 2006.

[1] Lanás: a French village in Ardèche, not far from Aubenas.

6 -Between Prunaret^[1] and Saint Ives

Part 1

Re-actualizing their pact with the moon,
Ayers' string, Wyatt's board ascended, you were right:
pioneers don't change, they evolve. At their request,
obscured heroes' plain agency qualified
the travelling moods of dull seasons and lucky stars.

From the stereo, around the table, near the fire,
the bonny harp played so knightly, Sir Percivale has reordained
like your three stories' residence his chapters.
Considering the next settlement, he should refine,
still doesn't hurry as he knows the king fisher cannot book:
independent sceneries coloured when he dived.

Little chorus 1

Across the woods, on the river banks,
empowering genuine hours and the sane
cadence of his hike, mother nature compensated
every blunder with pat comers.

Part 2

By a pretenceless divertimento where,
against all the dumps, quite experienced, the speedy banjos intervened,
through the glens a genial zither commended noon's invitations.
For the listeners while they bathed or cooked,
finely went the moments.
The delightful themes' compiler then retired to the waves,
consequently the trumpet was blown
and the echo did not expire, it refuted an exiled offer.

Little chorus 2

On the sharp edge, with brighter projects,
March, impellent, suspended hazy chronicles of the mutineers' radio.
Dublin fortunes glided away as unambiguous...

Part 3

...Easter chimes above Merioneth,
Cambridge revealers' free clouds escorted
the parting angel's cognate poetry
whose peculiar tone and insight channelled their vibrations,
tamed with Nausicaa Electricity but preferred
to celebrate Miss Bagheera in pure acoustics.

Little chorus 3

Delivered from the local snares
and nevertheless not very far,
would he object if I ask him to launch
near Saint Ives a counselling breath?

First writing: July 1993, reviewed in January 2003.

[1] Prunaret: a French hamlet in mid-size montain of Ardèche, just above the little city of Burzet.

7 - Improved acknowledgements

Progression 1

To the galaxy where unbound and faithful animals
preceed their biped fellows, floating chords still hang on.
Aikido degrees or rules, Tibet's enlightenment, windsurfers' activity,
whatever yarns in the discourse we have pursued
along the brines, aiming the fort,
behind conditional whiffs, they insulate from
destructive sensations parallel ideas:
your personal humanitarian involvements,
my Belief probative stations inure and validate.

Stanch chorus evolving

Stained-glass windows, beautiful choirs, pancake-shops and abbeys solaced
the dominical rendezvous we treasure,
jolly wine suited the call.
When, by mid October, a severe storm crippled the peach-tree widely branched,
for the sake of its trunk, who had interposed?
Mark the Evangelist or his lion, anyhow...

Progression 2

Surprisingly fast, a stem expanded.
More discreet, a second ply figured
and in Peace they construed:
"According to the pledge, the impossible we can do at once".
Wary, Barmouth added:
"Miracles take longer".
Relentlessly, a sly gale, whirling,
tore this higher shoot. The tiny one withstood the attack
but over aged, the sap renounced.
If the Almighty has reshaped the best words,
you will pertinently acknowledge.

First writing: July 1993, reviewed in June 2002.

Stay closer and shield (authentic views)

8 - On the way

First movement

Angles' carriage modified speeds out of Victoria,
 cues overloaded the train with
 blunting likes and exhausted characters.
 Icenians' guide raised aboard to umpire leniently,
 Dover patrols curtained.
 Stern after bow, in the ferry, ramps have shut.

Second movement

Thank you very much for the smile
 and those abridged formalities, Dunkirk Joe, they reduced the pressure.
 Paris network followed, exertions were pulling through.
 Abased, Winter resigned. Vernal contrivance joined the tight kitchen
 where stood the Family. Caring for the sheet-anchor,
 the great albatross shook the Weird.

Third movement

Moderate, white pussy, scratches on the door.
 Since confused materials revolved under
 your Hebraic touch from the bed, schizophrenia broke away.
 The affectionate Carthusian paled his fur.
 Time bounds, Mummy awakes.

Fourth movement

Handy kinds' neighbour, the carolling graced,
 seventy four weights re-appoint the unfading Community.
 Phoned exhortations, letters' scarcity
 heterogeneously confined down the branch green days' flowering.
 An ulterior suit was mellowed
 about the Orient's platform.

Reflective chorus

Farewell, illusions' desires, it's so strange if absurd
 English natters keep on tinselling to build
 artificially a law ruling your cram.
 Reliable stead, the mill-pond enfranchised tapers' durance,
 wishes have been heard, already...
 ...the vanguards assume their role.
 Less fragile, partnerships are esteemed:
 the Blue Peters defend
 shapeliness off the studios. When, by mockery, do sting the remarks,
 stay, closer and shield, authentic views.

9 - Reverses

Part 1

Reefers' putting out
lent some coherence to the embayed privateers
whose high grounds commercing were underpropped by episodic labours' cure.
Clumsily shot through the gate, bangs of the rifle implied
a mortifying custody.

Harmonica duets counterpoise the witch-craft on its flashing scale.
Heart-felt soli curtail the powder's wry influences.

Chorus 1

Danny boy, the wolf in you has survived,
admit the price of chambered months to descant
but don't look back..., ugly octopus, the Front grasped regional preys.

Part 2

With an emblem derived from Benito's and as a grim temptation,
his wight feelers' bounce to Roma,
the bull-frogs outrages amplified,
subjugating envious folks, mingled parts.
Obsolete festivals, utopian disarmings paved the road where illapse
brown shirts' plague, glued skin-heads' contagion.

Dictatorial impunities flicker occasionally.
Falklanders' gained latitude proportions
the marginal result parades, storming Bagdad, registered.

Chorus 2

Sixty nine long years have bathed, imploring:
*“Don't accredit the fraudulent scene, palliate fragmentations,
we'll constrain the Hydra if you set forth,
vigilant on that crux.”*

Part 3

Ages supplied, the cattle trooped
after eating savoured grass in the leas. At the farm, salubrious,
fodders provided a convenient rest.
Won't somebody there explain us
why should all that be suppressed?

*“It's our duty to report, we don't hesitate, expecting
your disengagement from basics and their policy or archaism.
Efficient breeding can't afford any more to depend
on the traditional country side. The nation you served brilliantly
must fulfil once again several commitments.*

*Universal trade signifies Export as a priority.
When sections in the previous budgets overstretched the necessities,
procurements were revised.*

Chorus 3

*Critical theatres are now under control.
Take, for instance, the Balkans where, from brigades,
every battalion demonstrated thoroughly capacities of adaptation,
owing you great lores in such determining factors.”*

Part 4

This formal eulogy, supposed to relieve veteran crosses
hardly convinced them, however...
Sea Kings' ballet faded away.
Isolating fanned consumers with gauged omens,
proudly, the speaker admonished:

*“Nostalgic rank, medium expression, sorry for the gap, deeply moved,
chartering the distance, we appreciated your concerns,
they've become irrelevant.*

*Like the oil spill and every nightmare,
encircled, the decease unconditionally surrendered.*

Chorus 4

*Find realistic procedures in our site on the web.
Have you suspected nigh enough the ozone layer?
Foresee the rent but keep quiet and let departments,
by virtual concept, normalize the tributes.”*

First writing: April 1992, reviewed in December 2002.

10 - Fair issue

Part 1

The die is cast, fairweather bands have recalled
their well situated emphasis. Belfast heralds negotiate,
chaps deposit some anger.

While on the back bench, Sir John's
outgoing pains diminished, the courageous Samaritan pleaded
to get for his people at least a decent Home rule.

Part 2

Progressively sensed between junctions by the wit
soldiers' account and return after leave phased, off the beaten track,
deadened perceptions react, cancelling poisoned meanders, prejudications.
Until, operant catalyst, an early prime elects the venerable compartment,
disanimating the rancour, Elgar's plenitude, Britten's impulsion
rallied through further climes shanties' mood,
interwars' legacy tempi harboured where styluses grooved.

Part 3

If at the arrival, in the museum of emotional rescuers,
dated, labelled and filled, many opuses have cocooned,
a few, passing from grave to gay, never decommissioned.
F-M brackets don't impair Procol steerage, R-E-M's buoyancy
tranquillized the rabbit Emily's clone depressed.
Whatever dominion tenants do switch their thought,
Muswell bricks and lot can regard nineties' jump
as daring movements' upright transition.

Grand Chorus

Maturing comrades, how busy you are...
Non plussed sometimes, yet featured,
England's retinue stopped, analysing.
To support regularly the periled swans,
the air above the mill certified tapers' relay, wishes have been heard:
esteemed partakers reembarked, the Blue Peters convoyed
shapeliness from the studios, already, Sir Geraint showed an issue
but prudent, Scots reserved near bulwarks, beyond plates,
the reel of acceptation. So when, making for the whirrs
on the Ocean a new thrill, the last video gems recruit,
stay, closer and shield, authentic views.

First writing: April 1992, reviewed in January 2003.

In Hope, with proper means

11 - Three years have rolled

Part 1

As we positioned after dawning, across the street to avoid
buses' awkward intrusion, no one among us could imagine
such following and upheaval in the protected area.

Too much tiredness while carefully collecting
overwhelmed the poor Holy Joe and blew his mind.
A few months shackled, all nerves paralyzed,
the little lady's special fun took its ultimate flight,
another mansion has been sold.

When at the corner house, built like an impregnable fortress,
a fairy domain reassembled laced dolls, embroideries, steady curios,
incredible records and films by hundreds, Luciano Pavarotti sang
more directly for Antoinette's heart,
her vivid soul repulsed darkening torments.

So many times, you have called me to repair
wires' connection, heads in the cassette players.
The equipment functioned, we could extend
fruitful conversations, working out troubles.

Chorus 1

For the last New Year's eve of importance, I don't regret aiding you,
the drunken fool was hauled along, why should he then
damage with your bed the free path where solitudes
may confide everything? I only caught a glimpse
of your crucifixion lane but your voice, quite often very close,
keeps saying to my worried sense:
“you must carry on, in Hope, with proper means.”

Part 2

Behind the church road, almost empty,
the ghost line daily runs through
and three years, inexorable, have bounded
Left bank users' defending society to episodic stands
for members of its valiant board.

Yet, with a little beam from their truth,
held up in every circumstance, on friendly points, near John the wanderer
or enhanced by the prompt detachments against teenage rascals,
unfailing, nightward, sister watch, Cecilia drove,
my intimate wish and energy' stretch
could battle all the hits that turned wrong
since a disastrous February afternoon
whence, Mother, your life tumbled down.

Trying to abate this terrible slide
from the initial miscarriage of anesthesia in the clinic,
along every hospital unit where only a few stakes appeared outside
as a derisive brake, what else have we saved but your dignity...

...and later at home a delay when, devoted, the medical team
maintained glimmering your splendid conscience the charlatans mutilated.

(widening) Chorus 2

The oxygen pump's rhythmic pulsations occupied the hall,
forbad any peaceful attempt, the Autumn sky went thundery,
the musical odyssees were suitably metamorphosed.
By sweet clothing, pleasures not transient, my body requested
an enjoyable revelation, sheer panty hoses gave it.
Rather crimson than prune, nicely short, adjusted my December dress.
Beyond the wheel chair, you seemed to appreciate
simple presents' choice and also why we must carry on,
in Hope, with proper means.

Part 3

Soon after the fifth blood transfusion,
while city council challengers vainly argued,
the slight improvement in your health and comprehension wasted away.
Renouncing completely to feed you by the mouth, I have let
nurses manage the awful probe, the garden revival started there...

Quarters, miscellaneously, succeeded,
solitary or settled near the wall, new trees get accustomed.
Porto, dinners fortified waking hours and invited Sooth
as the longed mirror approved lovely items,
already filling the wardrobes.

With the syringe, I added proteined substitute, you lay out of reach.
Depilatory hurts, transgender moults' worldly fakes
deflected a little more summer trims
from applied attentions until September shocks.

Massud's agony, the Towers' decay apparently struck also
a chord inside your brain and we all began once again to expect:
your eyes searched again for the TV, had they questioned the pictures?
Test results were quite encouraging, wounds on the skin,
even the deepest, cicatrized. However, when the vet's diagnosis
offered nothing but a brief remission to the gentle puma,
your lack of reaction made me cry:
"it's not him who should leave the first". I didn't think for a second
a common fever could end so quickly
your passive resistance, the doctor was stunned.

Chorus 3 (in the form of an elegy)

Respecting as much as possible the texture we had prepared on the previous day,
deaconesses conducted the ceremony where, if a restraint cooled the organist,
uncondemned by the liturgy, my own melodic salute,
the waltz, the nocturn and the flags combined expressively such emotions,
every member of the audience perceived
someone extraordinary, first in this town against Nazi oppression,
at further periods, smiling, always helpful,
with an equivalent self denial,
her prodigious task on the Earth accomplished, has moved ahead...

Completed in January 2003.

12 - Two more alleviated

Part 1

So huge went the silence in the place
that over the hill, cars' evening accelerations
and twilight hubub from the docks conquered,
several weeks through, the empty space...

...but then, whatever the chinks or painting failures,
down on each side, one after one, all the rooms,
finding spread for their wings and respective blossoms have infused
a providential remedy to attain by magic carpets
with the most considerate British Short Hair still alive
another sign of candid Amazons,
feminine dues' clarification.
Near the garlands, between the ships' merry horns, across the dial
when, concerting, dulcified warbles and the keys...

...we forgot cellular defects, sure like a dam,
the announcement was yet unreleased.
How inspiring have sounded your terms, fully felt.
Though it makes, henceforth a great while,
messages reaffirmed absolute our sincerities,
no further ground allowed to frame a joint exercise.

Large chorus 1

If a birthday can sort lapsed from weavers,
champagne did the perfect job.
Two high speed ventures split up the assets,
drew a blank, a scar, freaks occurred
for private practice and inspection.
They only count as declassified B movies' foggy subjects.
Hitchcock, Mann or Fleischer would reject, John Wayne shut off these pale editions.
Targeted, all the scenes were re-rushed, lessening the disappointments.
Groznyï tottered, Arafat bent, the brave circular number 8, round by round,
has erased prolongations' strife, accidental mates' resentment
but preserved opportune communications and a sane itinerary.

Part 2

Fearing, while unfeathered, with darkness, oversight,
despite, near her belongings, an increase of the boiler's strength,
disheartened, fainting, drowned, the magpie, when I begged the Lord,
to my caress twinkled and I thought she would do more than survive.

Upstairs, heedful as ever, by will and love,
his doughty weapons to refrain the bloody cancer,
till the first bet from March, the magnificent warrior persevered.
Then, after less than two weeks where his voice had become
a miserable kitten's plaint, certainties
in our re-built world did collapse.
Near the resting cushion, along the white rail that surrounds
a russet memorial, under the red azalea, walks Sandy,
a good giant whose acts already meant
how marvellously were transmitted for his domain instructions.

Unavoidable, haunting, venomous, fleers, nasty scooters
wore their bite on the strange, tall but honest girl
my reserved aspect showed.
Harassing, the recent adoption half excused, a thirty six hours'
interval was concealed... When, sorry, I unlatched the bolt,
garrulous enchantress, the shrivelled remains
of the little bird you might also be, on the hay, touched my hand.

Chorus 2 (variation from the previous one)

If no plumage can equal the one you started to grow,
I've chosen its content for the barrier, the basin, the new oak.
Cleaned, decorated, both cellars, the garage feel so quiet and reminiscent,
a wild cousin, sometimes in her throat imitates your prelude notes.
With August return, alleviating the pain, the Holy Virgin has answered.
Eventful seasons and dreams suggested rather than implied
beautifying alternatives, practically untenable
in a strict condition, property, external shape deserved
some calculated part of heritage. Thirsty, plants would require
more dedication, angels don't always pass.

Part 3

Obviously forsaken, this very small creature,
quite nimble, also mewed. Like the dolphins, charmed,
the big pal accepted, having found,
to play the lick and his games, a fellow named Arion.

Will hormones drift thru' the veins?,
itching, spots have decreased.
So, in velvet pants, cleverly powdered, picking tights, skirt and shoes,
it never takes long before, stepping out, once again, I happen to ring...

...twice for sound and real, ninety three earlier celebrations
made its permanence just a little closer,
Heaven is at the door of the blessed person who has insisted
regularly and said by the receiver, between the sitted talks,
this temporary conclusion:

Final Theme

“There's no easy suffering, vanquished, hairs rarefy.

To my eyes your face looks alright, duetting, cats and their lives

wait aside yours, let me help, feed them well, keep that youth rather handsome

but don't forget after your single meal.

Suppers, like scores and arrangements, need consistence.

You must carry on, in Hope, with proper means.”

August 29th 2003.
