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Writing Samples

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Overview

Current Catalog Excerpts and Selections from-

Stories:

Excerpts from-
HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH
THE GLARE
SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR
STREETLAMP
CHRYSALIS

Screenplay / Musical Theater:

Excerpts from-
FUZIWINK
THE KING CAN SING
COACH HOUSE (Adaptation of own book – Heaven Here on Earth)
YORGO'S CAFE

Lyrics:

Selections from the catalog of 100+ Musical Theater Lyrics for G. Norian, Houston, including-

ALL TURNED AROUND
6th STREET STYLE
YOU'RE GOANNA DO BIG THINGS
THE FUNNY THING IS
THE WREATH SONG
MEANS SO IT SEEMS
I LIKE HOW THIS FEELS

Poetry:

Selections from collection including-
GHOST DANCING
NOW COMESTHE NORTH WIND
THE OLD COAT
STILL AIR DOES BEST PROVIDE
DAWNS SWEET CHILL GOES GONE
GHOST DANCING

Children Stories:

Selections from 8 Children's stories including-

CARAMBIO
TEREANCE AND THE TELEPHONE POLE
GO HOME DOGGY

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Taglines

HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH / COACH HOUSE
Theater)

(Book and Screenplay for Musical

A love triangle wrapped inside an Icarus Tale.

Love Story of an over ambitious architect who pulls his life off the rails courting the wife of the competitors firm in order to create his immortality in stone and steel.

THE GLARE

(Short Story)

A second chance at forever – or a forever of second chances: A man’s living nightmare involving destiny and predetermination.

A man believes he is trapped in a looping between adulthood and childhood.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR

(Novel)

Coming of age tale of a sheltered and troubled girl.

A young girl is transplanted from an abusive environment to a wealthy Connecticut town where she finds the meaning of family and the truth about her past.

FUZIWINK

(Screenplay for Musical Theater)

A rich and aging man is told the secrets of his past from a boy who cannot speak.

A poor man suddenly acquires means and searches for something more after his bestowing upon himself leaves him unsatisfied. Through sheltering an orphan child he comes to confront his own past.

THE KING CAN SING

(Screenplay for Musical Theater)

An heir is sought amid the airs of intolerance: A sentimental king faces a power struggle and coup from his military.

Under threat of rebellion from the military unless he weds, a king must choose between true love with a commoner or a prearranged marriage.

YORGO’S CAFE

(Screenplay for Musical Theater)

An aging and charismatic immigrant patriarch struggles to keep the family's cafe afloat as old world ideas clash with his growing children's very American ideals.

Tradition means the café will pass to the eldest son even though the daughter has established herself as the superior choice.

-From the Children's Stories Collection-

- CARAMBIO (Children's Story)
A Mouse becomes a prince, and a princess becomes a mouse.
By sacrificing something for each other, each comes to find themselves more whole.
- TERRANCE AND THE TELEPHONE POLE (Children's Story)
A squirrel tries to further his status with the crowd by taking wild chances.
Once afraid of telephone poles, Terrance finds himself scaling the high electric towers.
- GO HOME DOGGY (Children's Story)
A Lonely girl will not befriend a wiling dog.
A girl is mean to a stray not out of cruelty but fear of attachment but the dog is relentless in pursuit of togetherness.
- OUR OTHER ONES (Children's Story)
A boy and girl meet their alter egos who trap them in a false land.
The alter ego boy lies about everything which is eventually used to reveal their escape.
- THE AFTER SCHOOL BOAT (Children's Story)
A boy and girl go on a boat to desolate land where her fears are overcome.
- ELDER AND ADDY (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
Two sisters overcome their tyrant brother captor to reveal self sufficiency and potential.
- TALKING DOG GARDENER (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
A dog is entrusted with keeping the animals out of a girl's garden.
He is commanded to kill a squirrel one day but refuses and utters a few words. He ends up collecting the animals as a team of allies to build the garden better instead.
- AMUSEMENT PARK AMY (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
A girl meets herself in an amusement park of the past.
- EMERALD EYES (not penned) (Children's Story)
Two children venture where they shouldn't.
- THE GRANDFATHER CLOCK (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
An old woman confronts her bitterness.
- COLORFUL WINGS (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
A beautiful bird is mistaken as a misfit.
- A GIRL OBSESSED WITH BLACK (not penned) (Children's Story)
A girl who wastes her life is given a second chance.
- THE RED ICEBOX (oral - not penned) (Children's Story)
An obsolete machine finds purpose.

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Work In Progress Taglines

STREETLAMP

(Novel)

A struggling expatriate writer comes to love a wealthy patron.

A failed writer abroad find employ as personal entertainer for a vulgar wealthy woman where he is introduced to an unattainable woman he comes to love.

LAST STATION

A man on a train home from work falls asleep waking at the end of the line. With no trains back that night, he gets off and wanders around beginning to follow a man like himself.

THE ELMS CAST SHADOW

Farce involving the discrepancy between the plan, and actuality, of a young man's going to a foreign country to win the marriage of a girl he met while she was on a work visa.

TASKMASTER

A suicidal man realizes the executioners hand was to be his own so why not the hated boot camp officer instead. He decides to achieve his goal, the loss of which led to the depression state to begin with, in a grueling and cruel self abuse of enforced discipline not to achieve but to punish.

A SECOND COMING

A first love haunts adulthood and marriage, where at its furthest point a reunion rekindles, but years between results in symmetric unintended irony.

TO GO BACK

Unable to go to a school deemed instrumental to growing up as an adolescent - a place where others family and friends had their rites of passage, the place is visited many times throughout early adulthood. Later in life, although unable to relive the experience itself, the place becomes a permanent home as a teacher.

DEVIL GRAVITY

Moth to a flame tale of foolish love and decadence.

EXPOSITION:

THE GLARE p.39

Lit up by the garden lights, great gobs of snow fell like the gentle erosion of angels.

THE GLARE p.27

Drummond stood with his back to his brother. He gathered glasses and a bottle at the home bar he recently had installed. Part of it was an antique from a church rectory that he'd had fabricated for his purposes. He never considered it blasphemous or sordid. Drummond said it brought him closer to God: the paneling, and the booze.

"What do you know about guns?" Drummond asked over his shoulder, while the crisp retort of cubes falling into crystal rang like some hollow bells signaling his church session had begun.

HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH p.105-106

...he was not to die flopping around violently on the deck, but a slower death, one of eroding ethic and fidelity, a death of spirit and will, not as violent and overt, but very much the same. Her skin felt as he knew it would, and that long beautiful neck exposed by the tight bun of her hair felt as though mink and alabaster combined and glowed warm in the alchemy. Her free hand held his side above the hip, tightly - kneading, as it had done while seated on the wall. If she could pull him closer she would. But that was not possible. The whole time they looked at each other in this new vantage point, closeness, of course one of proximity, but more devastating was nearness they had found each other's dying dreams.

A saxophone played Cupid in a subtle assault, not pointed, but a dark velour wind, winding in and around them like silk ribbon pulled by its player.

Paul assumed infidelity by Hallier was likely expected, welcome, or even a rule, but to his mate, a smashing blow of arrogance and self-centeredness: this moment so enchanted for the young and unpaired, the first lovers, was somewhat tainted and spoiled as he considered this, and so when the music stopped and the two should have kissed, they didn't at his failed lead to, or at his triumphant lead not to, but either way he looked at her only wanting, to but unable to step beyond.

THE GLARE p.1

This was Drummond's swan song, a solo slow dance; he was endlessly alone under some deserted nightclub's barely spinning mirrored ball that cast on him both shimmering, and sullen splotches. Changing spots are after all upon the veneer. Deeper, under jealous hands, his heart however had remained where it had begun - in static repose.

STREETLAMP p.1

Bosc found promise in the orange glow coming off the gaslight street lamps; it was flowing forth like orange brown honey, bathing the channels of the narrow cobble stone walkways into Ville de Vernais, seeping into the dark cracks between the mortar, and washing over him, and his own cracks, in a warm silent steady shower. Evening is not usually analogous to awakening, or typical setting for beginnings, so the irony was inescapable then: that the time of day that doors close quietly and the well worn seek repose, these soft steps Bosc strode through narrow night passages were his first few steps in a new life. He stopped for a moment staring into the grand halo of one lamp knowing the lights were still crisp until at least the fifth scotch. Judging from the size of the soothing circle he'd been through double that amount. The color was as if he held a glass of the stuff between him and a stark white bulb producing a mock second sunset.

.....Through an occasional passage the gentle smells of a stable, and occasional slipping of the boot on something felt, and better not seen, was tolerated; a slipping of the sole of the shoe, after all, was no different than the slipping of the soul of a man on the things left behind by the real animals. The 'real' animals looked more like him than horses...

Bosc, a man of about forty, had realized recently that any tumble, and the mess thereafter, was only to be feared as much as one would fear a shower and a change of clothes, and then it would be as if it never really happened. Part of him would go off to a washer for a while and be bleached back into newness. This is why Bosc had come to accept that the slip of his soul and the resulting tumble into the gutter was fine, last week he'd ship himself off to the laundry and his dirty heart was bleached now, blanched, basking in the orange glow of her, and through the maze of passageways of Vernais, and the corridors of his life, he'd arrived, just now, beneath her apartments own soft glow. Up there from the windows streamed the softness of sunrise- this was the new beginning and dawn in the middle of others night.

THE GLARE p.4-5

The field was not level. It sloped gradually towards its highest point directly across from the entrance, the furthest point away. The forest rose along the grade so that the outline backdrop of the trees was shaped as if one stood at home plate looking out at a great stadium, where the highest point was opposite the entrance: a place of focus for all, where the scoreboard would rise to account for the battle below. It beckoned anyone who came to enter, and it challenged one to make the climb. Drummond had been to old Wrigley Field in Chicago. He'd watched the old style baseball score board where an unseen mans hands became visible while manually turning around the vintage number signs. He associated it with the high trees on the crest of purgatory – he felt an unseen man was in those trees accounting.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.67

.....and gently stroking the canvass. He said nothing to me. I looked at the canvass in awe. He had captured the glistening sun streaks on the water and the leaves of the trees in the background in such clarity of shape and color: the shine of the sun on the white hulls of the boat, gleaming perfect white where their shape not in the direct rays of the sun was portrayed as ever darkening shades of white from grays and perhaps blues and yellows, so subtle that it was still white. I looked at the actual scene and marveled that I'd never really noticed the gradient of color ever before. A white boat is a white boat, but a child paints a white boat with a white crayon, flat and ungraded. The shape and bend emerged through gradient, a slow changing of the subtler hues within the base white, and where the sun shone directly making its glare near the bow- that was pure white. I smiled with a delight like I could taste the color, and it was the finest of confection sugar, and it was true magic what he could do with just a brush. Sketches were form and shape. I knew how to blend one color, my dark grey pencil to fade and give the impression of shape. I think I knew instinctively – perhaps as a figment of my fathers gifts parlayed into my own mind like a bird's inner sense of direction in the fall. But the world is made of a million hues and real life is never black and white and this working with color was intriguing and caught my innermost attention. I spoke to the quite man.

HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH p.95

He liked the heat. He liked the night breeze flowing in through the restaurant area and onto the back areas of the hotel by the pool which was still – glowing as a sapphire stone illuminated from beneath. He like the palm trees and the fronds that bent with the ever present trade winds, and how the lights hidden in the under brush shone up the stalks and into their canopy. But most of all, Paul had come to love the grandeur of the ocean with its limitless quality and unlimited beauty. He walked alone dressed well – for himself only – showered and clean.

The bourbon slid down his throat like a thin honey.

With the setting of the sun, the end of this horrid day, had came the glasses of the brownish amber liquid that traveled down past his own horizon disappearing into his belly. He'd been through 4 doubles. As the once bright sun had fallen, it burned first more orange and then more red, and in the sky he found the colors in a glass of his new friend - a sour mash - a liquid sunset- liquid twilight - bottled patience - poured calm.

Paul had seen a few dreams come true in his relatively short meteoric ascent. He was watching another unfold.

STREETLAMP p.12

He turned to see the chateau considering M. Varlet, without question a first, a rare person who knows not seconds, not slipping, nor sliding backwards, or stepping down a hill, dismissed and foolish. The moon had begun to rise directly behind the chateau since his last backward glance and now it framed it in a gentle milky aura, the backlighting making its feature non discernible, almost black, like a cardboard castle against a stage light. Bosc realized he was exactly where he was meant to be - on stage in a poorly produced sloppy second rate production; it's star.

THE GLARE p.11

For idle words of a madman, or younger dreaming brother, held no force, and could not cause pain nor fury, but these words were not those...these were words draped in a dark cloth, a heavy velvety imposing importance of truth be told.

HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH p.138

Each has now a picture under their arms not able to have the other there. Symbols that can be taken home – simple symbols with meaning that doesn't offend the others whose eyes alit upon, but hold the world of meaning to the initiates: since the beginning of time mankind used symbols to encode the knowledge sacred and secret, the esoteric of the mystery schools, the condensation of so much into a few representative lines, and for both of them – these small paintings did such purpose – such a human endeavor, timeless and fantastic.

from CARAMBIO (Children's Stories)

...Carambio knew the calamity of the horse's hooves, the cruelty of people and poisons, the horrible death of the traps, but he felt compelled as strongly to go as he was once compelled to leave his hole and see who was crying. Mrs. Carambio tried to reason that this was different, that the risks were too high, but he tried to assure her that it was the same: for back then he hadn't known she wouldn't have killed him as he came out of the hole. It was no use. He had made up his mind to go to town to get her something...so she went reluctantly – with great vigilance – with foreboding, cautiously, determined to be aware of the perils, stage coach wheels, hooves, cheese loaded tempting traps, crafty cats, drowning pools of the sewage torrents, and the cages of the curious children who soon grow tired of toys, pets – maybe that was the worst – a slow withering and separation from loved ones in a cage. But sometimes we make our own cages – and to released from them we endure peril.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.140

To not let the last moment pass without significance, I resigned to find a long lost blankness within, not one borne of repression or denial, or even naïveté of truth, but one of calm silence, of knowing, of acceptance of truth, one of receptivity. I wanted to take in one last quiet view into memory before leaving, and one long deep breath of the ocean onshore breeze traveling up the hill, carrying both the complaints of the gulls circling above the shore, and the sweet smell of almonds churned in cinnamon and sugar from the small red and white store near the pier. My eyes embraced the many pastel colored small shops below, and larger white and grey stoned estates to the north that stood out amongst the fertile greenery that thrived at the waterline and thickened towards the higher grounds, and the boats who slowly skated on the sound below: leaning with the wind with full bulging sails and wooden decks; it gave me a certain soothing as if their slow turning paths were gentle fingers on my back and neck.

At least for a short while I was there again both as my older self and what I once was; the years between existed only as a lens that provides more clarity and appreciation for its beauty, its details of line and form, its colors – and as a lens can intensify the rays of the sun, an even greater serenity from knowledge of this place’s significance in my journey into my family’s secrets and their inexorable mark on my destiny – my full circle spectacle.

..... With that thought the spell of years lived long ago crept back where they belong, into my memories, and who I am, who I’ve come to be, took hold: the sun on my bare shoulder became the sun of this morning, not the light of less certain days. I had been away tending to a Manhattan life waiting, building, making then bridges that led back to this scenery so sacred to my particular story. Now here, I could only exist in both worlds of past and present so long, and this realization itself, signaled the end had already occurred.

THE GLARE p.37

....the ineloquence that accompanied the mule kick that made a man’s heel make metal pliable, bending the rear quarter panel into an undersigned ugliness of anger, changing it from one of intentional design and fluidity. Georgie stood erect, quiet, yet incomplete, as if a storm had suddenly found the eye.

In the calm of that eye, Georgie saw only his deeded work. His epitaph upon destiny was not some purposeful change, or meaningful mentoring, not some well reasoned words, or patented philanthropy, just a horrible dent in the car they both loved, a dent in the car he’d chosen to make near perfect and cherish as if his own design. It now stood before him horribly marred, a grotesque bending and folding of a once smooth panel.

THE GLARE p.1

Drummond turned his car onto the lane to relive where it all began. Only recently had he convinced himself he'd changed and was finally able to cast off the shackles of a certain superstition that had kept him from returning to this street of his childhood. With that convincing came conviction. From conviction came forth a claim: an entitlement to one last taste, so he was greedily taking this final drink of a thing so long denied, a quick diversion to what was, a short trip through his place of 'once upons' on his way to nowhere. He had been so certain about this place and what had happened here, but now was certainly a nonbeliever. He was sure there was neither time nor choices remaining, but in fact there was infinity at the end of this road - he'd just talked himself out of it.

Drummond inched his silver sports car along.

The neighborhood now seemed unfamiliar and somehow smaller. Everything was overgrown beyond its original intended bounds. Drummond felt as though he was under an enveloping umbrella, a high canopy woven by far reaching oaks with thousands of little jealous hands reaching skyward, waving and grasping, competing for the sun that strained to touch the living things below, filtering and holding brightness back, so that the sun could only meet the ground in small flickering patches. It made this place and his past seem bathed in a perpetual shaded twilight, as though every growing thing craned for a small taste of the gold glitter falling, and all that was able to thrive there was by necessity that which required less to feed upon. Drummond too was bathed in a certain twilight: the dusk of advancing middle age, covered thickly by the vines of an increasingly pragmatic and troubled maturity, one which led him now to a certain showdown that would not end well.

A man would perish once this road was run.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.2

Her eyes again liberated found now not her likeness, but instead a man's face - a man staring back from a bay window of an apartment across the street directly opposite the stations platform. Her eyes darted away in embarrassment of looking into his world, or of he into hers, but as if sensing certain recognition of familiarity, almost instantly Nicole turned them back to the bay.

It was empty though.

"Damn you daddy" Nicole said in a quiet disappointment.

THE GLARE p.3

He knew one thing: Georgie often talked tough, like about busting a lip and all, but never hurt anyone, was gentle: a boy who concerns himself with impending manhood and

toughness often displays airs contrary to the smooth streams within. Drummond smiled at the baseless bravado, and then for some unknown reason, it almost made him cry.

...It was as if it were a flashbulb, and the ghost images of his life as an adult, immediately intact and accessible, were decaying with an extraordinary half life of milliseconds, and like a flashes impressions, were fading quickly and soon they'd be gone.

...He reached in vain into his mind searching for Georgie's particulars, but as a person waking from a vivid dream tries to hold on to what had just been certainly real, what just was quickly fades to nothingness and is soon forgotten, the impressions like those from the flashing glare momentarily on the inner lids of his eyes were swiftly dissipating.

THE GLARE p.12

His left hand had been below his heart where much pain was. Reaching for the picture with it now, he could see his blue oxford shirt, beneath his beige suit jacket, carried with it a great deal of the fresh bright red blood from his opened stomach - beige and blue: like he wore the shore of sand and sea – the seemingly endless ocean that a gentle bending of the earth made seem go on forever.

Clutching the frame and pulling it closer to his eyes, whose vision began to blur, he looked into her perfect face and then noticed movement: blood from his hand had begun to slowly seep down the ornamental crevices of the frame. His eyes follow the slow stream, lower, till a large drop fell to his lap. Watching it fall, his lids were pulled too low. His winter world of white went dark as he yielded to the velvety curtain of his lids - like curtains closing on a stupid scene.....His last moment felt like a chain slipping from its sprocket.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.52

There was that faint familiar smell of decaying fish and gasoline that was stronger on hot days when the wind barely blew. The harbor water was dark emerald green with the shiny marbled appearance that forms when oil lies atop. In the stifling still air I stared down at the bottom of the dingy at a small fissure, where water very slowly was coming in, and scooped at it with a paper cup, and spilled it back into the harbor thinking it will return, and I will be here. It was odd how the water was so green yet in small amounts on the floor of the boat it looked clear and ordinary.

It was a day that lent itself to dreaming, and idleness, and slow motion movements of body and thought. The wind was nearly calm. Perhaps the sailing crowd was finding other things to do, probably neglected things that need attention, and so I sat with my paper cup and disregarded dreams. The small waves against the side of the dingy, caused by boats far off motoring out, created a gentle rocking and splashing that cooled a little but did more to entrance, and pull one towards sleep.

THE GLARE p.16

A boy once jumped into the future in a moment, while others climbed there day by day. Seasons stacked until 40 years had accumulated. Drummond had made good on his promise to acquire more things. Georgie had followed his own simpler rules and contented himself with the same things he'd liked in earlier years. These things left him devoid of certain status – something which never concerned him. With age most people prized that status though, or the opportunity it brought, or maybe it was the power, and the comfort it bought. There was a growing gap between Georgie and those types over the years. Some thought that status equated to adulthood. Some thought it was freedom. Georgie found freedom in being free - of all that, of the chase, the race, the grind for more.

THE GLARE p.24

Drummond burst into the game room of his home. It was a space often used in the older days, but since the recent erection of the bar in a room that was once Diana's sanctuary, the game room was infrequently used now. It had become a kind of ground floor attic: a place for memories and things that once were.

THE GLARE p.38-39

...had the strangest inkling of significance that of course a young boy knew not its import, just the intuition. He felt as though he had some purpose blinded by the light of the rare sun falling upon... the poor sorry face of a trapped Drummond, trapped in his inferior body, and circumstance, Georgie with a sympathy so grand, a sympathy symphony swelled in the moment unmeasured and timeless, a love so great, a feeling of not knowing why, a rush towards healing and releasing, all without consciously knowing. In that glare, Georgie reached out, reached for the hand sticking out through the window and grabbed it tightly: to connect, to force a bond, to forge a link in a chain, before Drummond had his moment of glare – therefore stealing away his thunder as always – stealing from his brother his purgatory of forever, his parade of sorrows...

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.1

The warning bell began ringing and the brakes bled a loud gasp into the evening air while the wheels began turning slowly; Nicole let out her own nervous gasp in an unconscious sympathy. She stared at her own reflection in the polished aluminum of the New York & Central's train doors as they slid shut, frozen by the fear of arriving at both a new beginning and certain ending, each without at least the tentative surety of a well planned change. Instead, she had stepped off the train into all the flimsy looseness of a last minute impulse inappropriate for life's major crossroads. The fact that the 'impulse' had not been hers made it worse.

As the train picked up speed, its changing surfaces slid by under her reflection which flitted like a projection on a sheet in the wind. In the mirror of the shiny silver skin she saw her own eyes looking back at her, but in them she saw nothing. The certainty of being truly alone for the first time translated into this deer paralysis of her headlight eyes: in them was no bright blaze to bewitch, just a dim but powerful empty vacuum. Her reflection bent and resettled into a same steely blankness. It was as if the cold chameleon cars were the more accurate depiction of who she was rather than the stranger who cast the image on them: a wavering ghost who contemplated not upon herself with any profound realization, but instead with only the simple curiosity of a child's amusement at her fun house self in the corrupted mirror of an unstable past of secrets and denial. Nicole was only a projection on a moving train that had spit her out, on which her hollow life yet hung as an ill defined flickering shadow on quickening cars going somewhere someone else had chosen.

Her right fingers felt nothing in her pocket.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.8

She got up to run down the street and get away from that horrible noise.

She ran with the heavy duffle at her stomach both arms under it like a mother in a war photo with its child.

Calamity placed on another should be the dominion of an enemy, not the product of one's own family; surely this was the friendliest fire.

There was slightly less desperation now the body given its task of speed consumed itself in flight. The rhythm of her feet against the sidewalk on the still of the night and desolate town was all that she was conscious aware of. But after a short while the steady rhythm gave way to a break in beat, a stutter of a stumble and she was aware of the impending smash of the sidewalk rising at her as her right shoe had slipped; the duffle flew forth from her arms as if in slow motion receding away coming to land in the crossing street just ahead while almost immediately another sound, a glaring horn and sound of tires grabbing at the alleyway forced to suddenly swerve. The white convertible avoided the duffle but traversed through some standing water cascading towards Nicole, drenching her and her belongings in a pale grey chocolate milk as she her the inhabitants of the vehicle laughing, and a scream as well; she could not see them in the blur of speed, only hear them, the stop sign disobeyed and the care of a crossing car disregarded; perhaps they knew the streets would be empty, yet they must have shot from the alley at 40 mph right across the main street without the least of care, just excited squeals, and had Nicole not ripped perhaps her life would have ended on the crosswalk.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.11

Mike owned a cleaners and was firmly in the working class, yet this man's appearance was so well maintained that she saw him no different than a well groomed businessman – who'd taken off both his suit jacket and crisp white shirt and tie leaving only his undershirt tucked neatly into his well pressed pants. The only difference was his lineaments attested not to an undercurrent of the pleasantries and charisma so needed by an executive in the business world (that can't suggest offensiveness but must endear, enlist, and sell); but rather his face showed not the lines formed by habitual smiles, but those of a sober and sullen quality: his lines seemed deeply carved by the severity of battle and burden; he was distinguished yet markedly hard. He looked to be a severe man. His size made him imposing. At once he struck her as one of the well groomed Reich officers from the Second World War: menacing, orderly, dark sided, cruel, efficient, stoic, disaffected and detached, chosen for their size and the certain charisma of their attractiveness.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.30

Braeside was so beautiful, so different than what I was accustomed to with its brick layer streets that bowed in the middle tilting toward the curbs, an old gas lights, converted now to electric, lining the streets like stately sentries from which overflowing baskets of small multi-colored flowers hung abundantly. As I headed off down the main boulevard looking for Emmet Ave., the street of my new school, I noticed how the side walks were spotless and how each clean building was seemingly made unique unlike the square stone storefronts of my old town. It was like the builders had an endless creative energy that easily expressed itself in the molding design around the edgework of the walls and the carvings near the roofline, around the windows and even the treatment of the shutters. All these little details created patterns and symmetries that were painstakingly painted in differing complementary colors making them each, in their own way apparent and important, giving each structure individual identity based not only on its shaping but on its primary color and complementary ornamentation. A yellow candle shop with moldings mostly white framed its black shutters was set next to a white Pastry shop with turquoise accents and red begonias in the flower boxes. A red store with black trim had a placard over the doorway with a smiling train engine and the words "Caboose on the Loose".

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p. 5-6

..... Nicole had always liked looking at colors. Night was falling and the street lights had lit there dull sulphur orange initial glow. The sky still held a faint grey blue in the west. It was the prettiest time of evening for her. Calm and without the rush of business, colored still but hues changing, becoming cooler, muting, morphing. Above the sky was cobalt and the white of the triangle building now turned cream like the old fashioned vanilla ice cream – yellow washed almost away by white.

How I dreamt of being a part of his world.... How I stood by the long mirror on the bedroom door and try to stand like Diane and marvel at how asymmetric and weak my natural stance had become. I'd pull the one chair from the main room into the bedroom to see how unsatisfactory I looked sitting. Then I'd throw one leg over the other and an elbow on the back of the chair and try to remember how she'd sat and stood, and the things she say, and I'd say them, one eye on the mirror and the other engaging someone not there. It would be an improvement from what I'd done initially but now instead of being ugly I was average and wrong. Even if the exact angle of her back was attained and the same clothes hung on my skin, and my hands hung on the wrists as hers did and as I talked they moved in tune with her gestures it would be horribly wrong.

I realized there that the emulation did improve some of the very unpleasing habits and postures I'd developed over the years but could never approach the effect created by her. I later realized that a woman with her beauty and natural grace would have imitated my natural stance and it would look somehow gorgeous. She could wear the t-shirt I wore on the bike, that day when I saw the graceful mother and child in the same outfit and wept, and it would now be stylish and people would imitate it. It was a matter of genes in some regard. Her long arms always looked graceful, especially when her slender hands dropped at the wrist as an arm rested on a chair, or knee, or Tye's shoulder as she leaned on him. I'd come to realize that the way she walked could be imitated but it'd just be wrong. Her legs, their length and proportion to her torso and arms were uniquely hers and aesthetically pleasing in some mathematical proportion. The length of her legs and the proportion dictated the stride that was invariably hers. The way she her crossed legs as she sat on the edge of a chair shot out long sleek lines where her crossed her hands over the high knee accented the symmetry as a beautiful bow does on top of a glamorous gift box. No matter what I tried it would be wrong. I usually sat deep into a chair and the flats of my feet wouldn't quite lay flat on the floor below. I'd end up with some asymmetric dangling look. When I tried sitting on the edge of her chair as he did and testing it in the mirror of my room it resulted in a very different appearance. My feet flat on the floor meant that my thighs didn't shoot straight off the chair base as hers did but angled down slightly to the knee whose height was dictated by the rather unsubstantial length of my shin. Genetics and beauty. Mathematics and symmetry. Lines and grace...

Atop was symmetry and grace. Behind was betrayal and bitterness. In front of me was a strong and lovely visage that could support the world on fine shoulders. Ahead was the vast unknown of possibilities, as grand as the ocean stretching before us. Next would be tomorrow, and before that would come our first words today, when we would finally let this spell of simplicity and hope be broken. It would not be me. I was enjoying it and knew in a moment it would pass. I watched the sun dance on the small blond hairs on his neck that moved so slightly with the cool breeze streaming across the patio.

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.138

Why is it that for some families the ocean presents no real threat and that the roughest seas are found at home inside the breakwaters that contain them within?

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p.139

I know of few things more serene than an early morning spring sun shimmering off the waters of the sound bordered by Connecticut and Long Island. The sparkling whitecaps and billowing hills looked to me this morning exactly as I remembered them: soft, true, inviting, and very much alive; it was as though the land and water gave of an air of confidence, as if it knew how polished and attractive it was: so its voice was a gentle understated wind and it adorned itself in only muted unassuming colors.

DIALOG and SPEECHES:

SECRETS AND SAFE HARBOR p. 5-6

“You never told me about my daddy either. How’d my daddy die mamma?”

Nicole asked, but found her answer to remain in billowing curls of bluish smoke slowly rising and turning in the stillness, and where should be a face and words, was only the back of a head with its turning curls of hair died into a color they were no longer.

Nicole opened the door and slid the duffle from the back seat. Nicole leaned into the car wanting to say a pleasant farewell knowing the brokenness had taken its toll, and the last ember in the aging woman was nearly expired. She knew her mother’s chance at keeping it from extinguishing was a flame called Ben, and to him this moth now hastened. Her mother, knowing the moment had come, wanting her to leave, yet called by instinct, regained composure and turned to face Nicole and forced a smile.

“I don’t hate you Nicole. You got his eyes you know.” She said, then pausing to take another long drag and looking out the front window continued, “I just can’t see em anymore.....You got his dreamin you know. We was no good together and I been waiting for you to grow up, and those eyes to change, oh I been waiting for them to change.....but they just set more deeply like his. You got his mouth too. Its shape and its lack of talk. He left me and I tended you, and that was tending him - you see – my jobs done... I’m just ready to leave you all behind. He left US. Now he’s gone and died and left me, you, nothing. It’s my time now - because you are a woman now. It’s your time too, you see? You see I never hated you – I loved you so powerful. I’m doin this for you – you see? Don’t miss your time. Git to that train. Bye bye little girl.”

Her finger fell upon the button for the window which rose and separated them, not nearly as the years had though, and the recent words, and the recent loss. Nicole put her palm upon the cold glass as though it were the casket in which a dead woman rested before her maker.

THE GLARE p.26

“Did he serve you tea?”

“No.”

“Turkish coffee?”

“No. Why?”

“Just wondering what he saw reading your tea leaves. I heard some rather large women in bazaars make a nice living interpreting the smears of residue down an expensive cup of Turkish coffee, you know, for the tourists trying to gain a cheap glimpse into tomorrow.”

“Well you better take notice in case you’re wrong. You been wrong... a lot Drummond. I don’t mean that in a harsh way, but you’re so sure about your wife and you’re dead wrong. You’re wrong about this too.” Georgie said.

The problem is I don’t buy any of this crap anymore. I grew up. I evolved. Georgie, you didn’t grow up. You grew down. No job. You’re devolving, spending time with soothsayers while I was at work. No you’re wrong. Nobody,” Drummond began to scream, “Nobody is goanna tell me what my future is. Nobody but me! In this reality I call the shots!!”

His yelling caused Georgie to miss a easy bank of the eight ball to win.

Drummond took aim while speaking in a menacing tone.

“I call the God damn shots! Not some soothsayer at Auburn, or fat lady in a bazaar – it’s not over till the fat lady sings. I’ll make her sing the song I want to hear god dammit!” Drummond yelled again while forcefully slamming the eight ball to fall into the corner pocket, hitting the cue ball with such force that after imparting its blow, it stood stationary, except for a rather weird rare occurrence – it spun rapidly in place, slowly dying off to motionless.

Both men watched it.

“As the world turns my brother...so above, so below” Georgie said. The instant it stopped, Drummond poked it into the hole after the eight ball. There was the sound of a scream in the distance. Both men looked towards the window.

“Stupid assed crow or something,” Drummond said, adding, “You ever notice how gull’s cries sounds just like a baby?”

STREETLAMP p.16-18

Bosc arm was grabbed in a forceful manner. He was literally pulled from his small entourage. Startled, looking behind him to its origin, he saw a rather large woman in gold and pink dress, it's loudness eclipsed only by her voice which boomed as she opened the thick red painted lips.

”Come hear you, my turn.”

Bosc looked towards M. Varlet, who professionally greeted those at her right instead of progressing towards the broken circle.

"I want to hear all of it come over here. Those people will bore your pants off...not a bad idea! Crazy crap! I might call me over to get that result in a minute."

Then to a server nearby, "You, hey you, yes you, do you see an lady, to Bosc, that's an overstatement, he grinned, a large thing over here whose hands are with beverage. Bring that tray here and then shine those god awful shoes! Really!" She smiled at Bosc. "Crazy Crap! All of it."

She grabbed two glasses off the tray and thrust one at Bosc. He begin to sip immediately not having drunk for an hour and thirsty for many things as the garçon began to recede.

"Hey get back here. Where do you think you're going?"

She chugged the champagne and grabbed another.

"We'll?" Looking at Bosc who did the same. This time he grabbed to more glasses an presented her with one and she downed it to his surprise so he followed. The garçon dared not move.

"You're catching on kid," she said to the garçon, "and you to, again." She grabbed two glasses and they downed them, only two remained on the tray. Bosc grabbed them and said to her-"the springs run dry, let's go easy on these huh."

"My spring never runs dry," she downs the glass and Bosc follows.

"Alright mr. Dull leather, or are those, oh my god! They're plastic good god!"

The garçon blushed and heads, did not turn. Bosc gleaned that the woman was a sort of staple, her loud manner, and people long ago had tuned her out, or turned her out.

"Go the bar boy and get two glasses and a bottle of whiskey. If your not back here in three minutes I'll find you and kick you in the balls in front of everybody- got it?"

"Yes mam."

"Go!"

Bosc laughed and looked at her. She smiled as a child playing and grabbed his crotch. Bosc got serious. She let go.

"I like how that feels down there- crazy crap! All of it."

"I'll say."

"You did. I liked it kid. You got a gift. Wher'd Varlet find you? And where can I get one?"

”Ah, in the kitchen....did you try the kitchen?”

”I will as soon as that kid get back with the bottle. How long do you think it's been?”

”Oh had to be half an hour I suppose.”

She laughed. “I'll kick him in the balls no matter what! Well, after I get the bottle out of his hand cause he'll drop it as he keels over! Crap!”

”Remind me to wear a cup around you.”

”No I got other ideas, smoother softer ideas, for you. What's your name?”

”Bosc.”

”Bosc what the f is that- like a f'ing pear?”

”I guess, but it's more like a German father.”

”German, you guys know how to drink. I'm Constance.”

”You must be German.”

”Hardly, hate schnitzel. You got a cocktail weeny or a grand goussard?”

”We'll,” Interrupting, “it doesn't matter what you say. Men are all talk anyhow. You'll have to show me, not tell me.”

”Do you have a daughter?”

”He'll no. No kids no husband. Why?”

“Never mind.”

The garçon approached with the bottle and two rock glasses on the tray. His other hand was guarding his crotch. Bosc laughed.

”Look at the little weeny” she said to Bosc. “I shook him up - crap, Get over here cocktail sausage. Don't worry I was kidding. Stop touching yourself.”

Bosc grabbed the bottle form the tray and she the two glasses, then she drove her shoe into the young mans groin and he keeled over dropping the tray, the sound of which turned heads.

”Medic!” She screamed laughing as another servant came over picked the tray up and helped the boy away.

”For gods sake woman!” Bosc said. “You really did it.”

”I keep my word mr grand goussard. What's Varlet paying you?”

THE GLARE p.31-32

Drummond crossed his arms and shifted his balance to the other side of the doorway, “Funny, when things get clear big brother, nothing can really cloud em. That’s how I see it. That’s where I’m at. Clear like crystal. Sure as rain.”

“Rain comes from clouds.” Georgie answered quietly.

“Yeah – don’t rain on my parade any more.”

“Parades are celebrations Drummond – like what cocktails are supposed to be for.”

”Look at me” Drummond said.

Georgie looked up from the glossy hood without answering.

“Okay, just needed to check.” Drummond said, “Thought I missed it, you all bent over my car like that. No. I guess not – for a second I thought I see a little white horizontal stripe around your neck tucked into a black collar. Brother, or ‘*Father*’, which is it right now?”

“Brother.”

“Really? Brother? Father?...Wife?. Diana stands like that in the kitchen preaching, except that she’s wiping an already clean counter, so clean she can see herself in it. A kitchen’s got a hood too...hah...I mean... what’s cooking Georgie? No, you’re no woman. Women...they love you. If you were my wife you’d be having an affair. You can’t have an affair with yourself – I think...” Drummond laughed.

“You’re drunk. Give me the keys. That’s the brother talking.” Georgie said.

“Yeah and here’s the other brother replying: stop raining on my parade! You ever goanna stop Georgie? You ever goanna stop getting in between the sun and me? It’s always you a little taller; a little better, a little closer to what should be warming me – shining on me! You...you steal my mornings, noon, and maybe even my nights damn it. You steal my thunder...Stop raining on my parade.”

“You’re not clear. It is a parade D, and you’re the band leader, just march man, its sunny and you don’t know it. Throw me the keys.”

“Throw em? Why? In a little while you’ll just take em. Everything flows to you –or maybe you just take everything and it seems like some kind of flow. Parade? Bandleader? You play too damn loud. You drown every one else out.”

“I’m pretty soft spoken Drummond. With no money, no real job: a pretty weak crescendo. I’m a little fog in a valley and you mistake me for a towering cloud blotting out your Parade of tomorrows.”

“You play a sad song Georgie – My Parade of tomorrows? Its... it’s a parade of sorrows. Hah! That’s what it is, a god damned parade of sorrows.”

“You got a beautiful wife, a beautiful car...and a beautiful day. The music’s pretty sweet drummer boy. Cocktails are clouds old man, not me.”

“Someone’s fucking my wife Georgie, someone close. That’s a fucking parade of sorrows you jerk. I thought it was you – I’m sure its Serge... ‘*Serge*’, ‘*surge*’ – what a stupid name – no wonder women love him – ‘surge’ – so entendre – wonder what his middle name is – probably something equally annoying like... ‘Strontium’. Strontium sounds extra strong and refined in some elegant French accent, oui? *Serge Strontium Villeneaux*. No wonder. I’m Drummond Collander. No match. He’s got a castle, did I tell you?”

“You got a small castle too.” Georgie said as he ran his polishing cloth along the chrome of the passenger rearview mirror, adding with great clarity in his voice, “And you got her... Give me the keys D. She’s inside waiting again. I’ll come in and help you find something you need to find.”

“No. I’ll go in myself and find something I forgot. Something I need to bring.”

“Don’t touch it Drummond.”

“Liquor kills you’ll say, and then add some ‘Georginian’ quip about guns. Its time big brother. Its time for you to leave. Take your goddamn polishing rag, and prophecy, and pious preaching... and your f’ing towering billowing cloud away from my parade.” Drummond said, slamming the door.

Georgie, alone, dusted the car, gently buffing it like a freshly bathed babe’s hair being smoothed on tender skin. He then adjusted his own hair noticing it astray in the sheen of the hood.

She pulled a generous amount of cash from her wallet and paid the driver opening the door and pulling Paul out by the hand. A line of well dressed, predominately upper class locals it appeared, formed at the door awaiting entry.

Iliana walked directly to the front, place a hundred U.S. Dollars in the man's hand and continued not even looking him in the eye or considering his acknowledgment.

Inside she slapped another 100 dollar bill into the greeter's hand while he was in mid sentence to another patron, she ordered him in Spanish – “with a view”.

It was as if she were a queen. She held herself such and men melted into mere minions. They were seated in a two top table overlooking the city lights below. The lights of the cruise ships dotted the areas off shore and the moon now risen 1/3 through the night traced streaks of itself again: on the ocean and her hair.

A waiter appeared and she ordered them something Paul could not understand, making out only the word for water.

When the waiter appeared she told him to wait, picked up her glass, and while looking squarely at Paul, downed the whole thing without stopping.

He was obliged to follow and did. In Spanish she said to the waiter with water carafe in hand- ‘another’. They repeated the challenge.

She told the boy ‘now fill them and leave– thank you’.

“Feeling better?” She said.

“A little.”

“Good – cause were just getting started.”

“How interesting. I haven't done a chug-a-lug since college. But that was beer. An adult version? – A water chugging contest? This is your plan?”

“No you goof.”

“Are we going to beer bong cool water and get silly in Cuba?”

“Looks like were gonna get silly – doesn't it Paul – see – see! – you're coming back to me – That's the Paul,” she caught herself and finished her sentence, “I like.”

“Are you ready?” Iliana asked

“For?”

“Me” she said.

“No”

“Yes you are”

She took him by the hand and led him to the dance floor. It was open aired with strung pink Christmas strands surrounding its perimeters strung up by poles. The band played very slow sweet Bossa Nova. A younger girl sung in Brazilian. A man sung too, but not with words, through the slow flutter of a breathy baritone saxophone. This was a night club for couples and quiet lovers.

They stood at the perimeter of the dance floor and looked over the city below, backs to the slow twirling pairs.

“I like it here.” Paul said.

“I knew you would. I found it by chance driving around one day while Rex did business. I stopped in for a drink. They weren’t open. I talked to the girls setting the tables. I planned to come here again one day. This...is that day.”

“Yes – you taste never falters.”

“I know.”

Paul took a deep breath of evening air as if his body needed to marry it to the substantial water imbibed, marry it with the toxins of the brown red fog to wash them away.

"I don't know what to make of you," Paul said, "or I do and don't want to admit it."

"Maybe you should"

"If I was sure"

"Well if it's bad- you're unsure because you are standing with me here, and if it's good - you are unsure because you can't speak it"

"You are most likely not what you seem" Paul said.

"True"

"You likely made a mistake." Paul said again.

"True."

"I likely made a mistake." He stated.

"That is as yet undecided" Iliana said deliberately.

"I think a heavy ball has been set in motion down a subtle slope," Paul said, " and now it's started it won't stop"

"True"

"Until it hits something and a lot of people are going to get hurt."

"I know at least three, how bout you Iliana? Are you one who's gonna get hurt?"

"I'm almost sure of it. I thought you were going to call me Ily?"

After a long pause Paul said almost under his breath, "You are the most beautiful woman I've ever seen. You have the most beautiful name. Why change a thing about you."

"I'm suddenly less certain- and there is enough in me to change to fill the truck you said could drive through the hole in you."

"So a couple of jousters with a couple of holes- clear through," Paul said, "I'm sorry"

"Paul- you can't think you are the only one with dreams and potential being stamped out. You can't be the only one betting on the long shot- you can't be the only one hurting other people pursuing your crazy pie in the sky."

"I'm not alone"

"No....you're not....I'm with you"

So much being said, Paul thought, and so little being said. Everything so in line and everything so messed up- all in the same pie. Her camisole now caught up all the pink of the Christmas strands and made her as pretty as little sweet on the mirrored pedestals of the chocolatier. He could almost taste her again - this taste of heaven.

"Are you ready then?" She for the second time that night,

"For you?"

"No...to dance"

Paul took her hand and on an evening of being pulled and led he, slowly took her onto the parquet square and put his hand on the small of her back as she took his other and they danced a slow formal stepping spin, a few inches apart, under the stars looking

at each other without any words passing between them – only the smooth Brazilian lyrics rolling by like soft smoke from a fire gone to embers. And though apart like the formal dancers in a childhood social, they had never been so close to touching in all the time they had spent.

The music stopped and they stood, still in the posture of the social dancer, wanting to do what should be next but instead both his and her eyes both making minuscule movements – back and forth – searching – looking for something. They broke and walked off the floor to the table that was by the ledge. They both sat on the ledge with a far drop below, not in the security of the soft chairs, for in them was more distance than could be tolerated, so on to the ledge they alit, next to each other arms touching, legs against one and other.

“I think that blasted bourbon is washed clean don’t you?”

“Yes”

“Then let’s start over. Let’s have a glass of cool crisp champagne to celebrate. Together. Not bourbon in the dark alone.”

“Celebrate what Iliana?”

“Being together...not alone”

“I think that's okay.”

“I know.”

The waiter came and the champagne was poured.

“First you have to try this” she said motioning to the appetizer plate.

“What is it?” Paul asked.

“She leaned over and put her lips by his ear and said, “I don’t know – I’ve never eaten here – so I’m trying to get you to test it in case it’s horrible.”

She came out from behind his ear and saw him smiling. She looked at him and they both laughed.

“Cheers!”

“Cheers!”

“I think Paul – its...well what do you think?”

“I’m thinking what you are”

“What’s that?”

“It’s the cheapest champagne I’ve ever tasted”

“Isn’t it?”

It’s...swill!”

“The swill isn’t swell!

“Swill is Hell!” She laughs and they sit close to each other on the wall.

Iliana animatedly stands up and then straddles the wall facing Paul with her hands on his thigh saying, “You know what?”

“No”

“It’s nice to not wear sunglasses”

Paul tells her “You look good either way”

"I know."

"I know you know"

“Yea but you don’t look good either way Paul - I like seeing you without looking through something”

“I know” Paul says.

“Don’t you dare start stealing my lines! You make your own clever designer – design some”.

“Okay...everything’s a bloody mess”

“Chocolate mess” Iliana adds.

Paul continues his clever lines: “Everything’s a mess..... And....I don’t know what to do about it.”

“That! That’s your lines?”

“Ye-up”

“Ye-up?? Well okay then partner” she says in a Texan accent. "Ye-up it is- good thing you draw things and don't write. No poet has ever wed the inelegance of 'Ye-up' to any other word in sonnet...or song"

"Ye-up," he smiles....and adds...."pup"

Iliana jumps in pretending anger – “Oh wait here’s one poet boy – UP...as in shut up and test that other appetizer- I hope it's undercooked fish"

"Be careful what you wish for"

"I think we seldom are. That's maybe the source of it... The mess...."

“Your turn” Paul says.

"Me- I've been both beauty and brains all night...always....the only eloquence has come from me tonight...and you want more?"

"Ye-up it’s your turn"

“Okay...I came to this place by accident...I knew I liked it...I knew it would be important to me.”

“That is worse Iliana! Because I was joking... and you’re trying!”

“I’m not done!” she says quickly and wildly like a child interrupted with more to say, then pausing and quietly, her hands subconsciously kneading at his thigh, “I...I...came to you by accident....I knew I liked you. I knew you’d be important to me.”

“I know” Paul says just to annoy her and it works.

“You are a fool Paul Steiner!”

"Ye-up"

"I'm going home and leaving you here- got cab fare big shot?"

"Okay enough...okay," Paul concedes, "I don't want you to cry or anything...okay I'm ready to redeem myself with a poem"

"No second chances – the redemption window is closed!"

"No everyone deserves a second chance", Paul says, "so..."

He takes her hand and leads her back to the interlocking parquet squares and soft pink glow, taking again her hand and putting his other in the small of her back, except this time he pulls her into him, there hips flush and her chest against his, the choice of motions over words.

In her hair now were trails of the Christmas lights. His hand slid from her lower back further down to the softness beneath and pulled her even closer into him, than releasing that pressure brought it up beyond the fabric of her camisole to where the skin of her back was exposed- he felt it, that shiny lure that bobbed before him at the supper club, and if it was a lure he put his hand upon it now taking the bait and with it the barbed hook too. Paul was not sure it was. If it wasn't, he was not to die flopping around violently on the deck, but a slower death, one of eroding ethic and fidelity, a death of spirit and will, not as violent and overt, but very much the same ends. Her skin felt as he knew it would and that long beautiful neck exposed by the tight bun of her hair felt as though mink and alabaster combined and glowed warm. Her free hand held his side above the hip, tightly - kneading, as it had done while seated on the wall. If she could pull him closer she would. But that was not possible. The whole time they looked at each other in this new vantage point, closeness, of course one of proximity, but more devastating was nearness they had found each other's near dying dreams.

A saxophone played Cupid in a subtle assault, not pointed, but a dark velour wind, winding in and around them like silk ribbon pulled by its player.

Paul assumed infidelity by Hallier was likely expected, welcome, or even a rule, but to his mate, a smashing blow of arrogance and self-centeredness: this moment so enchanted for the young and unpaired, the first lovers, was somewhat tainted and spoiled as he considered this, and so when the music stopped and the two should have kissed, they didn't at his failed lead to, or at his triumphant lead not to, but either way he looked at her only wanting, to but unable to step beyond.

Iliana was the finest of pink chocolates under a glass, untouched or tasted, their previous

choices capturing at least for this moment, trapping them by the glass of marriages, one on one side, the other...on the other side, and in between, where should the softest and warmest touch should be, was the cool silicate instead.

He did break away but did not let go of her hand. He thought of pulling it up to his mouth and kissing it but if that, why not just the real thing, so just stood holding it there. She lifted both there hands to her face, rubbing the back of his against her cheek while closing her eyes.

"That was nice poem Paul...you've been redeemed, don't you dare ruin this by saying 'I know'."

He said nothing and smiled leading her back to the chairs at the ledge, but instead of sitting she moved past him taking the lead and pulling him out of through the front door to leave.

"It's everything I dreamt it could be, the 'Casa del Promesas' - I can't take another dance. On to another place tonight."

"Iliana, the whole world in one night...we can stop."

"No we can't. Tomorrow you leave. Tomorrow I leave. Paul we never know tomorrow. I've pulled down a rising star and probably can't hold on for long. Come with me to one more place I love in my dream. Now...we will never be here again."

THE GLARE p.5-6

Georgie mock complained with a wide smile enjoying the young attractive girl's body pressed against his. It was her new toy in a way and she loved playing with it. Drummond looked on wondering what that felt like, that softness and curve pressed against him, and if he could even take it.

"Both of you?" Diana asked laughing, "Is my sister coming around without me and pressing herself on you? Janice, are you pressing yourself on this boy?"

Janice blushed and lowered her head so her hair would cover her face.

Looking away sensing her discomfort, and finally setting the chain on the sprocket, Georgie said, "No I mean Dumb-ond. He's weird today - touchy feely like."

"Is that so?" Diana said, turning towards Drummond. She moved towards him slowly, arching her back and pressing her new budding breasts forward into her thin soft sweater, taking one hand to her forehead and brushing her hair back so her elbow pointed skywards. Quietly, towards the younger boy she said suggestively, "You are touchy-feely today?"

Drummond turned the fixed bike over and jumped upon it so no one could see his face – using distance and milkweed in the absence of hair.

THE GLARE p.24-25

Diana took her hands from the triangle of pool balls she'd just racked to embark upon diversion with Georgie. Drummond had walked away from them while they all sat on the patio. He'd been in one of those moods again, once in frequent and now increasingly regular. It was a matter of time till they were constant Diana knew. TV was too passive and would let thoughts ring in. Diana had asked Georgie to play a game of billiards thinking the participation would mask some of her thoughts of frustration that were also becoming a more regular occurrence. The other less obvious component of her choice of diversions was now also lost in frustration. She wanted to let go a little of that pent up misery on the innocent white ball and let it reek its havoc upon the others. Good clean fun. Good clean release. Now she'd have to turn a batter rather aggressively instead, perhaps a good moment for wire whisking some hard peaks.

“Here Drummond,” she said, sliding the rack back and forth positioning the balls and them lifting the form away carefully, adding in sweet tones, “I got it all set up for you, for you and Georgie.” She left the room deferring a white cue for egg whites.

“Only because I opened the door before you had a chance at his balls.” Drummond said. She purposely closed the door without the faintest impression of a slam.

“Watch it old man.” Georgie said, raising his cue towards Drummond's face. “You're liable to get a stick in the eye with talk like that. She closes the door lovingly – that eye offends me, and you know what they say about plucking the offensive. I'm not as gentle.”

“Oh the things often hidden behind the mask of bravado, *old man*”.

“You watch it Drummond. You watch what you say and more importantly what you think. Your wife is yours alone.”

“Someone's dipping into that till – the accounts don't balance. Auditing is such sweet sorrow.”

“The trouble with the audit may be a corrupted calculator. You are out of line. Thinking I have anything to do with your wife shows how corrupted your calculations are.”

“There's this rich guy see. Serge. Serge Villeneuve. Serge – god I hate that name. She used to do work for him, or do work...to him, back when she worked, you know – handsome, exciting, rich – got a god damn castle in the high rent district. He's got her all mixed up. I looked him up on the internet...after seeing his number in her phone.”

“You looked through her phone?”

“Yes, what’s hers is mine.”

“It appears so – including her privacy.”

“What’s to keep private? What’s to hide?”

“Nothing Drummond. I assure you. There is nothing with this Serge Villeneuve guy, except maybe some business.”

“Business is an interesting word, and if not him then someone else. I’m sure of it.”

THE GLARE p.30-31

The sad truth was that Drummond had buried away the memories of that experience. What remained were incoherent outines, and anything that spoke to the esoteric no longer even made a sound for him to hear. Not receiving the expected words that would have interested him, validated him, he sprung up from the sill and declared, “And I a doubter. Doubting Drummond. Show me. Show me I say. Maybe I’ll move to Missouri. Maybe I’ll put my hand in the hole of my own head. You see? You’re a fool Georgie, a foolish kid. You never died! You’re here! I felt you took your life early on. Well here we are! Late on! You’re just a fool...you’re...Something old.” Drummond said, putting his hand on the window.

“Something new.” Georgie retorted and then added. “Something borrowed.”

Drummond closed the window with a sudden unknown wave of sadness upon him and a hint of a tear in his eye, whispered, “Something blue”.

He had the overwhelming compulsion to reach out and hug Georgie. It would have been out of character and so he did not, instead he asked “Are you out of money again?”

“No I’m good.”

“I know you aren’t. Listen. My brakes are squeaking on the Aston. You practically built the damn thing. I need a brake job, Got time? Yeah you got time. \$500 to do it now.”

“I don’t need your charity.”

“You don’t? You love me with your stories of fanciful sci-fi bullshit and I love you with a brake job. I need it. Do it. I’ll be back in about four hours. Here,” He said, reaching for his billfold and peeling off more than \$1000, and folding it tightly so the amount would not be obvious, he slipped it into his brothers pocket, “prepayment – that’s how much I love you.”

From HEAVEN HERE ON EARTH p.45

"Incredible isn't it. Rexy and he get along stupendously. He gave dad the foothold in America he needed. In return dad gave him his ability to go on his own. Rex never looked back. Both my men are empire builders. And you Paul, you chomp at their heels."

"You flatter me. I have done nothing...yet"

"You will."

"Rex and Peter," he began, "tell me of them, are they rivals in business only or is their more"

"More"

"I sensed so much"

"You're a smart man- intuitive...cerebral men are dull, intuitive men often passionate- are you passionate Mr. Steiner"

"About the things important to me"

"And some of you now- what is important to you Mr. Steiner" she said while raising her hand to Julia in a motion with 2 fingers pointing upward.

"Well, potential...form...family....beauty"

"Beauty?" She said standing as Julia appeared with a waste length light blue cotton shirt that Iliana slowly twisted into, buttoning from the bottom, her hands moving slowly upward, button by button until her cleavage where she stopped and sat again. The blue was the kind that anyone looks good in, her exceptional. It was the smooth brushed cotton with a small apparent sheen.

"And color" he added

"Color?"

"Yes- I'm interested in form really, but more than that, it's the integration of line and color, form and function that creates true beauty in nature, in building"

"In women too, I'll suppose"

"Certainly- in life in general. Beauty is after all mathematics. Portraiture is the resolving of the key lines and angles of the face, and those most appealing are in symmetric and certain ratios. Is architecture any different?"

"And what you see across the table from you, are my numbers in line?"

Paul was careful, pausing, smiling, lifting his sunglasses to atop his head, sipping champagne.

"Don't be bashful Mr. Steiner; you came over at our invitation to talk shop. That's what we are doing. I'll break the ice for you. It is not dirty. I love fine things, beautiful things: I see a vase and it is right- I buy it and display it. I see a painting that appeals to me, its beauty, I know nothing of the numbers of what you speak- only that it is attractive. You Mr. Steiner are a beautiful man. I don't know what your numbers are, but you are a classic beauty for a man. I have no shame in sharing that. I'd say the same if Rex was seated here. He'd agree, and make some joke. I enjoy our friendship, new friendship, I hope it continues. I love the painting in my stateroom as well, and marvel at it- is that a threat to anyone?"

"No it is not alive..." Paul answered

"Are you a threat to anyone?"

"No...and I'm very much alive"

"You see!"

"Okay," Paul said, "your numbers are impeccable. Your design not capable by men- a combination only approachable by the divine"

"Paul you are a beautiful man- inside and out" she raised picked up her glass and finished the champagne as Paul replenished it for her while his other hand was raising his glass to his lips finishing it. She returned his glass to full symmetrically, then continued raising hers in toast, "two peas in a pod, I like you Paul Steiner, may we become better friends, I knew the moment I saw you would be my ally"

Paul smiled at the beauty. He could taste her. In her words he felt the real woman somehow coming out from between the bravado, the opulence, the kindred sole in a way, privileged with looks, separated from most by it, constantly showered with attention and fawning, constantly alone because of it. They were both married and yet they shared something that they couldn't with their mates. They understood beauty and its appeal and its curse. Paul looked down into the oink and white crab salad and felt as though he shouldn't have come. How could he ever not think of her after this day? How could he not think of her sexually after seeing her skin, seeing her body? With his fork he inspected the array of colors in the lettuce and delicately slivers of many vegetables, every color on the world seemed to be on his plate.

From GO HOME DOGGY(Children's Stories)

It was Monday. Mrs. Carter left the sink where she was doing dishes to walk out her front door where she'd noticed Leila. Leila had taken up residence this day on Mrs. Carter's porch steps.

"Leila dear, I've seen you sitting here for a while now. Is there something you need? Why are you sitting in front of my house and not yours? Are you waiting for someone? Are you waiting for me? I'm home sweetheart." Mrs. Carter asked. She had once been confronted by Leila's parents about medaling and was now reluctant. Mrs. Carter had seen Leila spend so much time alone and when she'd tried to invite her over before, or even approach her to talk, Leila's mom had snapped at Mrs. Carter - now she was hesitant. But Leila seemed quite sad, maybe even hurt, so Mrs. Carter went outside and meant to help - even if Leila's folks might not approve. No one seemed home again anyhow.

"No Mrs. C. - I'm not waiting for anybody." Leila said

"Well sweetie is there something you need?" asked Mrs. Carter.

"No Mrs. C - I don't need anything."

"Nothing? Not even a fresh baked lovely thanksgiving biscuit - I'm famous for them you__"

"No! " Leila snapped back in a frustrated tone, "I just want him to go away - he's bothering me - he won't leave me alone!"

"Who sweetheart - I can help you - I will help you! - talk to me - who is bothering you - I won't let anyone bother you - EVER!"

Leila didn't answer. Leila was tough as nails but Mrs. Carter could see she was battling back the tears. Leila would not let them fall. She knew she could win the battle and so did Mrs. Carter who continued softly and easily "Who dear.....tell me.....I want you to know you are always safe at my house and I will help you."

Leila looked at her. She was a nice old woman. Leila just felt like she couldn't trust anyone anymore - even if their eyes were old and kind. She didn't need the old ladies help anyhow. She didn't need her porch either so she got up and started to walk away.

"Sweetheart - you are always welcome here I want you to know....."

"I know" Leila said and began to walk down the path to the side walk.

“Leila wait” Mrs. Carter said as she darted into the house for just a second and emerged with a biscuit and than said Leila who’d stopped but kept her back towards Mrs. Carter’s steps, “Here.....I know you don’t need it but.....Its not for you.....its a present from me to your doggy.”

“He’s not MY dog!” Leila yelled as she spun around towards Mrs. Carter who looked very surprised. She had seen the dog sitting in the yard of Leila’s home while she was at school and saw him sitting on Leila’s front steps right now.

“He won’t leave me alone – I wish he’d just go away – he’s bothering me!” Leila yelled with frustration that reddened her face.

“Oh....I see”, said Mrs. Carter. “Oh.....he’s not your dog then?”

Leila snapped back “No he is not – he’s stupid and I don’t trust him. I tell him to go home and he doesn’t listen – he is a dumb dog!”

The dog knew they were talking about him and also saw Leila was upset. He saw the biscuit. He got up from the steps and slowly started walking towards them.

“No!!” She yelled at the dog who stopped, then Leila turned towards the old woman and snapped “Look what you did Mrs. Carter – now he’ll never leave me alone.”

The old woman smiled at Leila and tilted her head a little to the side in a gesture beckoning reconsideration.

“I don’t want a dog –definitely not a stupid one who doesn’t listen – I don’t need a dog, I don’t want him”, then Leila turned to the dog and yelled “You go away from me! Go play with your dog friends or your brother or sister or mom or dad – go anywhere but here – STOP FOLLOWING ME!” and then the battle was lost as her strength was distracted by anger and the controlled tears weren’t so much under her control any more. Her eyes let forth the deluge once bravely restrained. The disappointment and in her realization of her failure to contain spilled her anger as if it was gas upon an already burning blaze and her words exploded: “GO HOME DOGGY!”

Mrs. Carter was right behind her now and her arms closed around the little girl who was shaking in anger and dripping tears all over her pink jacket and little pink gloves. She said to Leila in a soft voice “But sweetheart...he is home.”

Leila turned her face towards the dog that sat there and stared at them. Her face was wet and red and pressed against the old ladies apron. She felt warm and safe in Mrs. Carter's arms and her poor longing friend looked sad as he sat in the grass waiting, his doggy eyes looking up at them from across the street, his tail laid flat on the grass not moving.

Leila thought about how he might go away. If she let him in how he might one day not come back, be at the stairs or under the tree. He might someday. But then again, he might not. He was waiting and staying – even after her salty mean words and harsh acts. She smiled at the doggy – it was her doggy really. His straight tailed began to wave in the grass but he dare not move.

From TERRANCE AND THE TELEPHONE POLE (Children's Stories)

..... Terrance rushed out of the room crushed with guilt. This whole game was of his design now he'd have to go up and try to look for her from above – he was responsible. Leaving the room he realized the glue-stick and rushed back in to grab some thankful he hadn't forgotten in the panic but only a small amount was left in the tube and there wasn't time to look for more. He put the amount, which was about half of what he needed, in his mouth and ran towards the tower catching up with and surpassing the boys. A small crowd had gathered at its base. He took off up and up trying to conserve the glue as best he could spitting small amounts on his hands and reaching the top wondered how great a climber she must be to get up there without that crutch. They said they lost her at about the third tower so not listening to his fears that were shouting in his own head he ran along the wire this time with his eyes closed using only his natural Squirrel instincts. As he sped on the crows that perched on the wire would fly off at the odd sight of racing animal that didn't belong. An old crow who was warmed in the sun and the peaceful safety of the high-wire – for them it was peaceful and comforting instead of dangerous, didn't fly at the sight of Terrance because he didn't see Terrance, nor did Terrance see the old crow. Terrance collided with the bird that was knocked of the wire and flew safely to the tower but Terrance; the glue stick flew from his mouth and tumbled down 180 feet. Terrance instinctively looked at it as it dislodged and for the first time saw the ground below while tumbling over the bird and realized the impact sent him off to the right and with just two of his tiny fingers managed to grab the wire as he fell beneath it.

His own voice was shouting in his head. It was as if many voices shouted in his head. He realized there were many voices; some were coming from the ground. One was Cassie's. He realized she had never come up, nor had she fallen. He saw them all down there, together, wanting a high-wire circus act and getting it, by trickery. Some go to auto races to see the crash, and some the circus for the feats without a net and the chance, the little chance something might go wrong.

LYRICS:

All Turned Around

Boznos Jazz Lyric

Thought it was Monday on a Saturday
The weekend schedules brought no train
Stood dressed for work – in cold empty subway
See – I'm all turned around – because of you

Filled up my cart with things I didn't need
Waited in line for half the day
At the counter: Forgot cash, couldn't pay
See – I'm turned around because of you

Can't keep things straight
Can't be satisfied
You think by now I'd settle in
Clean shaven face
Outwardly gentrified
But can't finish work – can't even begin

So...
Gassed up the car to get far – out of town
I'd go to Florida, or to Maine
Halfway nowhere
I turned around
Because I'm turned around
Over you

I'll get this straight
I'll be satisfied
I'll find you now and settle in
I'll turn around
I'm all turned around
Because of you

6th Street Style ©

Boznos 5-8,9-18

Sixth Street Style on Simmons Isle
Fifth Street miles past their styles cast
The Sixth Street Way to Simmons Bay
And Lighthouse path to Lover's Lane

*Hair down breeze blown camisoles
Short skirts, sunglasses, coffee creamed
Morning off shore wind to bend
Old songs on Boardwalk Radios
Side Band streamed not digital
...5th st. meetings made our...*

Sixth Street Style on Simmons Isle
Fifth Street miles past their styles cast
The Sixth Street Way to Simmons Bay
And Lighthouse path to Lover's Lane

*Sweet sky blue dyed pretty eyes
Worn walk shared on telephones
Locked on lips locked little smiles
Boardwalk's patios so visible
Bands of guys donned Billabong
...5th st. meetings made our...*

Sixth Street Style on Simmons Isle
Fifth Street miles past their styles cast
The Sixth Street Way to Simmons Bay
And Lighthouse path to Lover's Lane

(repeat chorus)

You're Goanna Do Big Things

Boznos

Youre Goanna Do Big Things
Yes You are The Next Big Thing
For Some The Best is Not Enough
Youre Goanna do big things for us

No time for childish things – you've gotta do big things
(going around the room each minion adds his simile):

From Adam and his Rib came Eve
From Henry Ford the Model-T
Like Currie and her Radiation
The Wright Brothers and aviation
How bout Saulk and his vaccination
Or Washington and his boys this nation

You're Goanna Do Big Things
Yes You are The Next Big Thing
Ordinary's no where near enough
You're Goanna do big things - for us

Like Steve Jobs and his Apple Phone
Or Samson swinging old Jawbones
There's Paganini and his Violin
A South pole found by Shakelton
Or Whitney and his cotton Gin
Yes! Hindenburg and his Zeppelin

(everyone and music stops as inappropriate, said by the dweebiest minion...the ensemble all looks at him then altogether return to the last line:)

.....Or Whitney and his cotton Gin

You're Goanna Do Big Things
Yes You are The Next Big Thing
Ordinary's no where near enough
You're Goanna do big things - for us

Like Newton and his gravity
Or Cousteau and the deep blue sea
Guttenberg made a printing press
Coco Chanel the cocktail dress
The Lullaby came to us from Brahms

Like Oppenheimer and the Atom Bombs
(everyone and music stops as a grossly inappropriate example, said again by the
dweebiest minion...the ensemble all looks at him then altogether return to the last line:)

..... The Lullaby came to us from Brahms

You're Goanna Do Big Things
Yes You are The Next Big Thing
Ordinary's no where near enough
You're Goanna do big things - for us

Edison gave us all some light
After Franklin flew up high his kite
Bach fugued from the organ loft
Bill gates built his Microsoft
Eastmen Kodak gave us pictures
Chippendales gave the finest fixtures.....(pause as above)

You mean the buff and shirtless kind?.... (final pause)

No! furniture you dirty mind! (now quickening)

Hey, Otis gave us all a lift
And Wegener - Continetal drift
Shakespeare barded out fine drama
Tibet produced the Dali Lahma
How bout sitcoms from Carl Reiner?
(from the boss) And now destiny visits you PAUL STEINER!

Youre Goanna Do Big Things
Yes You are The Next Big Thing
Ordinary's no where near enough
Youre Goanna do big things - for us!

The Funny Thing Is

Boznos Jazz Lyric

Don't be late
Don't be uncertain
I'm always here to accept your burden
I could be your calm

Don't hesitate
Cast doubts to wind
In arid places I'm your oasis
Come and drink from me

The funny thing is
I've got what you need
And if wants eclipse desire - I'll have a little more
Funny stuff- to have enough

I'll be waiting
My doors open
Wake me if asleep and you need to talk
Or lay next to me

The funny thing is
I know what you'll say
And if we go straight to morning - I'll have a little more
Funny stuff-
I'm far from full of you

Sure I need space
Every person does
But I get mine dear when you're not here
Funny stuff-
I can't get enough ... Of you

The Wreath Song – Boznos / Norian

Hang the wreath upon the door
So all who come will see
The beauty of the simple wreath
That welcomes us to be

Together as we gather here
With friends, and loves, our family
And those we only see but once each year
We come with love and joy to share

Round Wreath, Round
Red, Green & Gold
Our Wreaths like rings
Are lovely things
Once the meanings known
Round Wreath, Round
A circle closed
The end is the beginning
The further round
The closer home

Bend the branches
Bend not break
And then we lay them, weaving one by one to make them strong
While weaving sing this song

Forever we like them entwine
In harmony, joining round so bind
And holding on to others easily bend
Our circle with no start or end

Round Wreath, Round
Red, Green & Gold
Our Wreaths like rings
Are lovely things
Once the meanings known
Round Wreath, Round
A circle closed
The end is the beginning
The further round
The closer home

Hang upon them bows and bells
And all who come will see the splendor
Of our simple wreath
While shaping them we sing

When the ones that we await
Come through our door we'll hear the bells
And know those that we love are home and still
All places at the table filled

Round Wreath, Round
Red, Green & Gold
Our Wreaths like rings
Are lovely things
Once the meanings known
Round Wreath, Round
A circle closed
The end is the beginning
The further round

The closer home
MEANS SO IT SEEMS
Boznos 7-21-15

Structure & Lyrics

10 Different sections for different actions/wants:

Out of the Bank
Thinking of food
Clothing
Traveling the World
Needing a castle
Jewelry
Gifts trinkets baubles
Transportation - horses
Fine dining
Warm bath in hotel, sleep in silk sheets

(COMING OUT OF THE BANK- MONEY FALLING OUT OF HIS POCKETS)

My pockets are lined with much more than a dime
For a stint I reached and felt: nothing – just lint
And I simply confide – much mores left inside
I'm a man of means

(TAKING DEEP BREATHS - SMELLING)

So hungry right now and been always since
Can't remember when meats been on - my list
Now filets and fine wine – yes it's my time to dine
I'm a man of means

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

(NOTICING HIMSELF IN THE BANK BAY WINDOWS)

I see my reflection all tattered in stitches
The first thing I'll buy are pressed shirts - britches
Its time to start living and looking the part
Wait and see the real me

Diamonds what's this is- I'll buy all my wishes
For once its all mine - once taunted - now flaunt it

I'll get me a fine cane, a crutch, and my freedom
I'll have all I've wanted

(DISAPPEARING INTO THE TAILOR SHOP)

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

(EMERGING IN SUIT, TOP HAT, GOLD VEST, SILK TIE, FINE SHOES)

Top hat and silk tie, fine shoes and a gold vest
Who could deny that I'm dressed for – success
And if you think on my own I compiled this
No I bought me a stylist

And atop of this cane are shiny bright diamonds
Shine with a reason, this crutch is my freedom!
Included are glittering gems of all kinds
I couldn't make up my mind

Now that's surely better all clean and unfettered
I've heard often said that: Clothes make – the man
Now out of the shack traveling ill get a rich tan
I'm a man of means

(IN FRONT OF TRAVEL AGENT STORE)

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

I've always wanted to wake on a ship
What could be finer than an – ocean – liner?
These eyes will finally see Monte and Belize
I'm a man of the world now

I'll be called Sir by Monsieurs et Madams
Bow to fine ladies fair - in Times Square
On to climates moister, the world is my oyster
At last Ill walk with class

(IN FRONT OF REAL ESTATE STORE)

After my tour Ill build me a grand home
Curtains with tassels a castle – white stones
When I get back there'll be more than a shack
I'm a man of means

(NOW LOOKING AT JEWELRY AND BUYING RINGS, ETC FROM STREET VEDORS CART)

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

Silver, gold, gemstones shoo away memories that linger
Remembering want –Ill just look at - these fingers
Glittering cufflinks, I need me some fine Mink
More Silver, gold & gemstones

(NOW BUYING GADGETS & GIFTS FROM STREET VEDORS CARTS)

Trinkets and baubles, I'll buy me some gifts
Now I can simply make everyday – Christmas
Who could limit gifts to just one day?
Not a man of means

(GIVING CASH TO PEOPLE TO CARRY HIS THINGS)

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

As a boy we just couldn't afford toys
Now as a man by em all - that's my plan
For help to carry I'll pay those who tarry
I can buy a team

(PAYING A CART VENDOR FOR HIS HORSE, THAN ANOTHER)

And speaking of teams – transportation, and horses
The horse is a man's driving force – of course
On there back I'm not hemmed in by rail tracks
No hills to steep to climb

Jodhpurs, saddles the hunt -country sides,
Take me from here to there - gentlemen - all ride

I'll buy me the fastest and just cause I'm able
I'll buy a whole stable

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

(NOW IN FRONT OF THE RESTAURANT – SEEMING UNFULLFILLED - SMELLING)

You'd think after shopping the wanting be banished
Maybe it's simply that I'm hungry – famished
After a real meal I'll feel really fine
Yes its time to dine!
Each night that restaurant's smells teased me and taunted
Now I will enter and have all – I wanted
No more thrice brewed coffee for me
English cream in fine tea

No more two week old bread, watery stews
Now it beef bourguignon topped by – tira-misu
Sipping and tasting wines gentleman complain
Sherries, ports, and champagne

I have every taste - all the ones that I've long for
Lobster, shrimp, veal of course Chicken Pomo-dor
And when I am done be as in a dream
Yes I'm a man of – see Im a man of – yes it seems – IM A MAN OF MEANS!

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause
Means, so it seems, is not just a dream
Means so it seems, grants me everything
Seems I'm a man of means

(NOW MUSIC ONLY AS HE ENTERS RESTAURANT –

THE STAGE LIGHTING CHANGES AS IF HE'S BEEN IN A WHILE AND NIGHT IS FALLING – WHEN HE EMERGES
HE LOOKS UNSATISFIED AND UNCOMFORTABLE – BELLY BLOATED The music changes to sadness – and
unfulfillment – enough to signal he hasn't found any comfort yet)

I bought boxes, bought baubles
Bought all I was able – bought trinkets and gadgets
Even bought stables
Bought toys, watches, rings and tasted every fine food:
Why is that ...I'm not feeling – so – good?

(NOW IN AN ATTEMPT TO REGAIN THE ORIGINAL MOTIF OF THE SONG IT FALLS WAY SHORT – SUBLIME,
DEFLATED – BUT A SEMBLANCE – SLOWER BUT ORIGINAL MUSICAL STRUCTURE)

Maybe it's slow to leave something that creeps
Surely what I needs a warm bath – and sleep
That's what it is – all clean in silk sheets
I'm ...a man ...of ...means

EXTRA MATERIAL

This is an extended chorus with elongated hook for ramping up to a structural change, or just for the last time, or to break up the form (original chorus form in red):

Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
Tra-la-la, fa-la-la, fa-la-la- tra la la
There's, good reason, for me, to sing
I can now have ev-ver-y thing
Say goodbye to wants and needs, cause

I mean what I say
and I say what I mean

Means, so it seems, is not just a dream

I'll state it so plan - pleading meanings the same, see
I mean what I say
always say what I mean

Means so it seems, grants me everything

Seems I'm a man
A most capable man, a graceful, chase-able, man
A well dressed, top hat and cane-able, man
Seems 'm a man
One of abundances loyalest fans

Seems I'm a man of means

I Like How This Feels

Boznos

Is it a dream?
Is all this real?
Am I asleep?
I like how this feels

You promised the moon
You captured its beams
All this so soon?
Is this a dream?

I fell in love with you
Without expectation, without hesitation
A girl loving her man
The lone revelation
So I asked nothing but to be in your arms
And expected you only to hold me
It was more than enough
But you gave me all this
I wasn't expecting, so much collecting
A man loving her girl
And I'm not objecting

You promised the moon
You captured all its beams
All this so soon?
Is this a dream?

Is it a dream?
Is all this real?
Am I asleep?
I like how this feels

You Wear Them Well

Boznos Jazz Lyric

You wear them well
All the stories that you tell
Convincing and poetic
Detailed and prophetic
All the stories that you tell -You wear them well

You deflect just as a mirror
Excuse runs thin? There's always tears
I suspect – but then regret it
Somehow feel sympathetic
Forget when you're teary eyed - So please don't cry

I feel just like a fool
Thinking your still seeing him
Confidence should be the rule
I've usually thicker skin
My pen ran dry so I went to grab one from your desk
An unfinished page, like us, just wouldn't pass the test
Instead a recent picture placed inside did gently fall
I guess he's really "top drawer" stuff - still with you after all

You wear him well
Oh the stories you must tell
Explaining must be hectic
Your collection's so eclectic
Oh the stories you must tell - You wear him well

A goodbye meant to be
Empty page in front of me
There's not much left to say
Our pens dry anyway
A quiet white page sums it up - So I won't try

I feel just like a fool
Knowing you've been seeing him
Happiness should be the rule
I guess we just wore thin
The difference is he knew about us, maybe all the rest
We lived together after all, that's not much of a guess
So what- you're just a girl who likes to kiss and doesn't tell
With men cut from the same cloth paired.....You wear them well

Now that's its over

Boznos

Here at the station, Anticipation
No one to meet me & she should be here
What is this day for
How is this over
Why did she have to say she would be here

Start making the change
Stop craving our world
Start living without

Was it ever
Will I forever feel

Start erasing time

Fresh clothes I'll Put on
Pleasantries I'll Don
What else can I do now that she's gone

Buried in boxes
I'll put on top this
A tight fitting cover
Pretend its not here

I'll say I'm okay
Pretend I'm not hurt
I'll stand here like steel
And temper in time
I'll erase your stamp
Stop playing our songs
And life will go on

I just need some time
I loved you so strong
I just need some time
I loved you so strong

In time I'll remake me
Till then I'll just fake me
What else can I do, What else can I do, Now that its over today

Broken Promise Diamond Rings

BOZDOS

Is she walking
Is she waiting
Is she holding
Things she's making
Is the light on in her room
Does she think I'll be home soon

From this picture
Has her face changed
Is her hair long
Does she wear bangs
Does she often think of me
Are there pictures that she sees

What a mess I've made of things (hard to believe)
BROKEN PROMISE DIAMOND RINGS (how could it be)
How did life turn out to be

So hard
Tangled up
Balls of yarn
I've made a mess of things

Now I see she's
Extraordinary
Everything not
Ordinary
Things a blind man couldn't miss
What a mess I've made of this

Please forgive me
For what I've been
What I'm doing
What I've become
Climbing chasing always up (*as he takes hold of the ladder once more*)
And now I've made it to the top (*as he reaches the ledge once more*)

There's nothing here but wind!
(sung to modulation bars 9-12—first occurrence was music only last verse – here the wind robs him of the picture which recedes into the sky towards the belt stars)
How could I've been so tricked!
(As he reaches for it and loses balance – right hand on the pole so that he actually pirouettes around it almost falling reaching for the picture) "NO!"

This is all a big mistake (once again)
I'll never get to see her face (if this then)
GOD HELP ME GET OFF THIS LEDGE!
HELP ME DOWN I WANT TO LIVE (*retard*)
HELP ME SO THAT I CAN CHANGE
PLEASE JUST GIVE ME A SECOND CHANCE
(now as he repels the ladder back down)

I'm coming
Down off this
Ledge, down to
Earth, to my
Friends, to my
Girl, to my
Love, to my
Life I once knew

I'LL CHANGE IT ALL TODAY!

Reasons Why

Boznos

I think its how
She looks at me
The soft sweet warm allure
I think its how
She stands up straight
Calm, so self assured
I wonder if that's what's drawn me in,
The things that mean I've fallen for this girl
Yes all these could be
The reasons why

I think its how
She says her words
The lilt and stately vowels
Or maybe it's that smooth strut of hers
When out on the town
I wonder if that's what's drawn me in,
The things that mean I've fallen for this girl
Yes all these could be
The reasons why

Its incredible how her every angle does approach perfection
Profile, up on top, below, no flaws or imperfection
And when she speaks her mind behind bears elegance
So if there is something in error - its hardly relevant

I think its how
She tilts her head
If he can't plainly see
Or how she raises up her chin,
Closed eyes in ecstasy
Maybe its really these that've draw me in,
The subtle smiles
Her sensual ways
Yes they're all part of
The reasons why
And
I think its how I think of her all day

JACK AND JILL

Cries, Cracked Crowns

Tumbling Down

Why'd I bother with this pale?

Who says water's up a hill?

My name is Jack

Tumblin comin back

Shattered Fallen I get down a while

No mans crushed here

And then there's Jill

She's queen of my hill still

Searchin for a little laughter

Poor girl came a tumbling after

We searched above

I guess that's love

Shattered Fallen I get down a while

No mans crushed here

Come on lets play

Bring the brown bags and the vinegar to save the day

On every hill

They will call me Jack so you be Jill

In this whole world

There is no more perfect tumbling girl

POETRY:

Ghost Dancing

6-30-18

Autumn bent reeds blown
hillsides rolled upon tomorrows
single songs like carnivals distant
faded in and out
as an old painted sign's colors
mute in the years of spring showers

There was this tango though
and her thin arms formed elegant angles...
like reaching reeds cast long shadows
while warm breezes catch them
turning, crossing to a subtle rhythm
only in shadows then, twice as long once cast

There was this waltz
on a parquet floor the color of her skin
and asian rug whose print was as her dress
draping across a center line
existing only in a photo and on either's floor
and the three fold pulse was less like Strauss
more like vanishing points paired plus one

And then came a calypso
sultry and sensual as nightfall's horizon
orange where once stood yellows
turning, crossing to a simple tide
only outward towards the moon, twice farther from the coast

But there was this samba
the kind that could be danced alone
voltas and bota fogas in quarter time
sways and weighted steps across some line
latitude, fall, demarcation, or perspective
where quarter beats... are just halves halved again

So most was only simply *idealized* :

***“Autumn bent reeds blown
mute in the years of spring showers
There was this tango though
only in shadows then, twice as long once cast
There was this waltz
more like vanishing points paired plus one
And then came a calypso
only outward towards the moon, twice farther from the coast
But there was this samba
where quarter beats... are just halves halved again”***

and removeable:

“Autumn bent reeds blown where quarter beats... are just halves halved again”

THE OLD COAT poetry

In an old coat
Within a pocket less green
A treasure was found
From days not forgotten

A pearl perched
On a silver circle
Gifted to a girl
Whose hands now've wrinkled

"Remember me"
Words whispered
From my older version
Who now I've become and hear clearly again

From forgotten chest was pulled
This lime green jacket
Once mine, now to another,
My younger version with me now mother

So placed upon
And adorning brightly
Like a new green garden thing
My girl's so growing

I took her hand
Many decades circles closing
"Remember me" I whispered
And she pocketed it after a lovely smile

So off to play attention diverted
With blocks and bears and bikes and playthings
The treasure rested like a child in familiar bedding
In a pocket less green quietly waiting

NOW COMES THE NORTH WIND

Our neighbor's home's bent blue smoke from chimneys
Are friendly boats all under steam
To the one winter sea ahead
Raising our children, friends and allies - we go together
Now Comes One North Wind

Quiet clocks dragging calendar pages
Through seasons gone - now many years
Up into this bright curtained stage
Final acts come soon; I know the lines, a common ending
Now Comes That North Wind

So many fields I meant to visit once
So many books yet stack unread
And all my child's yet to feel
She's still early spring, I need more time, I am late autumn
Now Comes The North Wind

STILL AIR DOES BEST PROVIDE

Wings of orange
Circle markings black with white
Still air does best provide

Brilliant fluttering for a short season
Atop Ruby grass and in the Milkweed refuge
Unstable summer winds will eventually disrupt

Fleeting fancy in early afternoon
Bouncing among soft yellow flowers
So soon sweet summer gives way to August's uncertain shifting

Darkness befriends showing a goddess face and
Harsh waters born in a warring sky release
Magic dust dampens on an amber flag desperately waving

The gift of time is washed away
Flower tops further from reach recede
Gravity once held at bay betrays

Beautiful wings beat now at a gentle puddle briefly
So soon they cease overcome by the deluge

On a tiny tide - His body's one last ride
Carried with the rain to lower ground
A delicate creature becomes the Milkweed now

It's Pollen born by his soft hands
Rain burdened wings
Melt into warm low ground found

At the base of a skyward reaching Hickory
He'll find the air again next season
This time clothed in yellow splendor
His so short season slightly longernext summer

Dawn's sweet chill goes gone 9-23-10

In a moment dawns sweet chill goes gone
As early subtle rays give way to heat full strength
The robin egg sky turns a deep azure

We walk among my fields and gaze upon the lambs that graze
And gaze upon all of our days until the strong midday sun comes burning

In the afternoon becoming weary
Lounge upon the chaise in need of larger pillows
Try as I may good talk drifts dreary
From white birches into weeping willows

My brother's sadness kept to the surface coming
Unending like incessant weeds through concrete cracked
This part of the day when heat was peaking
My words did toil in his soil weeding

Yet the chocking velvet thorny weed did grow
To encircle and entangle my poor brothers soul
I pulled our chaise into the shade to escape
But burning memories followed him there and would not abate

I pulled out soft words of childhood memories and smiles
But saw the same dark in his eye every time I looked again

"Come with me inside its cool there"
My words fell empty as upon a fool
For a moment only I went inside
To draw cool water from the tap
While From the corner of my eye saw squirming
An Uncomfortable boy with a screw in his back

Cold water passed between my lips
So refreshed again to the porch returned
But found two empty chairs as if he and I weren't ever there

So soon thereafter dusk befell
And with it returned the cool airs of dawn
Relief from heat came but now he's gone

The azure ocean above shifted back into a robins shell
In the gentle dusk I placed a pillow from my bed upon his empty chaise
But he was already beyond my fields