

Suburban Utopia Projects Presents:



**Weird:Sound\_3**

# ***Track List:***

A\_Nest

B\_Dream #2

C\_Perseverance

D\_Mile Marker

E\_Fight

F\_Glimpse

G\_Weeds

## Nest

As my son lay on his back  
watching an Eagle  
circle on an invisible  
column of air  
I too looked at the sky

Right where blue  
meets and haphazardly  
fills the jagged  
rhizomic tendrils  
of the branches  
I saw the nest  
nestled near  
the top of the tree

I wondered why today  
in this moment  
sanctuary was revealed

Perhaps the  
unspoken annual agreement  
between the birds  
and the trees  
concluded this afternoon

Or maybe the love  
that labored to construct  
this sound shelter  
has migrated

and the babies  
who were rocked  
and cradled  
in the gentle sway  
have grown hungry  
and flown away

Soon the rains  
will loosen woven strands  
and November winds  
will ripple and decay  
what remains

## Dream #2

The atmosphere was  
self-contained in either  
a clamshell or convex mirror

The relative round distortion  
of the globe was revealed  
by the steady stream  
of foreshortened  
travelers passing  
on either side

Looking down at  
the life size scaled  
map of the World  
as represented by Risk  
I discovered that I was  
heading towards the border of Italy  
and seeking entry where fingers  
protrude into the Adriatic

A man, on my right  
with a woman on my left  
materialized before me  
with hands outstretched

He reflexively reached  
and filled my hand  
with a large stack of  
colorful money

She gently placed  
a book of stamps into my palm

They reached out in synchronicity  
to fold my fingers around  
the offerings

Once the weight  
became real in my hands  
they looked me in the eyes  
and said "You will like it here"

## Perseverance

The seeds were purchased in the dead of winter  
as a gesture of hope that the sun would soon return

You, inadvertently landed outside  
the constraints of the  
diaphanous filaments  
that formed surrogate wombs

As the other seeds erupted  
to signal the coming of spring  
your delicate fronds also reached towards  
a dim star that burns in an obscure corner  
of a nondescript galaxy for essence

When the others were planted  
into decorative pots and bowls  
you remained, clinging for life

Almost discarded,  
yet, through a benevolent whim  
you were placed In proximity  
of a patch of sprouting  
nubile greens  
who in their hubris,  
took root as if destined  
to make this plot  
their eminent domain

No one could anticipate the cruelty  
of lingering cold nights, excessive rain  
and the ravenous hunger of the slugs,  
who in subconscious concert  
quickly decimated the idealistic  
yet fragile, young turks

You persisted, and dare I say thrived  
and with each passing day of summer,  
your roots grew deeper  
and your trunk became thicker  
through your force of will  
you made your pot your own

## Mile Marker

In the face of an expansive morning sky  
whose soft growing light gently cradles  
a fading sliver of moon  
along with a radiant morning star

I steadily plod up the hill  
that always makes  
me dig deep to find the breath  
that hides in quivering lungs

I arrive at the point  
where I turn into the grade  
and let gravity fix false wings to my feet

This moment is always  
a celebration of sorts  
no matter how long  
it took me to get here

To signify this point in time  
I reach out to the tree  
planted by conscious design  
on the corner who serves as witness

In passing, panted pleasantries are exchanged  
in Spring I complement budding leaves  
in summer, I gently shake a sturdy branch  
in Fall I remove any errant foliage  
in the dead of Winter I squeeze a limb  
and say out loud "To slumber"

This morning  
at my personal  
six furlong pole  
I reached out  
to discover you  
were gone  
only a sunken  
pile of dirt  
In the manicured lawn  
remained

## Fight

On an unseasonably warm  
early September afternoon  
hot winds  
from the east  
carry the sent of fire  
and lightly sprinkle ash

The trees understand this sign  
and reflexively release  
single winged seeds  
and spent cones  
into the billowing gusts  
so they may spiral  
far away from home

As the winds gather force  
some of the more  
tightly clustered trees  
Take this opportunity  
to air lingering grievances  
over stolen water and sunlight

Rocking back and forth  
like drunken sailors  
in a port of call  
when the bars finally  
close for the night

Jostling trunks swing  
wild limbs akimbo  
occasionally they connect  
with a deep woody resonance  
that echoes through the forest

Lesser branches are shed and  
aimlessly fall to the ground  
as the spectators sway in delight

## Glimpse

As the turgid  
orange sky weeps

A local Karen  
stalks their prey  
through the parking lot  
of a near by shopping center

Waiting to pounce  
her anger is palpable  
before initiating conflict

She wants to let you know  
how your unconscious  
and unintentional action  
inconvenienced them

She also feels compelled  
to inform you, as a result  
of this random interaction  
she has determined  
your mental acuity  
and capacity for participation  
in society Has been deemed  
unfit

I have never have given  
much thought or energy  
to what end times  
would look like

But now with our world  
boiling over  
with rage  
anxiety  
fear and  
desperation  
our current condition  
and possible conclusion  
is becoming clear



## Weeds

Passing a home  
of a self proclaimed bigot  
whose world view is  
signified by their yard signs

Emboldened by hatred  
this snake in the grass  
might of laid low not four years ago  
but now proudly proclaims  
the darkness they harbor in their heart

Angered, I cast aside my regular  
caution, knowing full and well  
that my passing would be ring recorded  
and raised my middle finger

Yet, that gesture was not  
satisfying in the least  
because I am tired  
of the lies and and inequity  
you champion

I know, deep down  
the only way to create change  
to extract weeds like you  
we must dig down deep  
and pull with all of our collective might

So that every root is removed  
and filament yanked clean  
from the dirt that holds  
your hatred in place

and hope cold, heavy  
November Rains  
wash you,  
and the other  
67 million  
despicable others  
away

Written, Composed, Performed and Produced: A\_Non73

Recorded at Normieville Studios  
May - June 2022

Songs Published by Suburban Utopia Publishing  
2022 BMI

Thank You

Prissilla - for your love and support  
Jack - for your honesty and courage  
The Candyman - for renting me your gear



# **SUBURBAN UTOPIA PROJECTS**



## **Suburban Utopia Projects Catalogue:**

- SUP #1 - Forks and Spoons, 2001
- SUP #2 - Land of 1000 Odors, 2002
- SUP #3 - We Watch the Lemons Sing, 2003
- SUP #4 - Minority of One, 2003
- SUP #5 - None of the Above, 2004
- SUP #6 - The Gorilla X Show, 2005
- SUP #7 - Weapons of Mass Frustration, 2016
- SUP #8 - Ego and My Own, 2017
- SUP #9 - Tales from the Panopticon, 2018
- SUP #10 - Gorilla X Plays the Hits, Volume 1, 2019
- SUP #11 - Spectral Semiotic Sound, 2019
- SUP #12 - The John Dewey Experience, 2019
- SUP #13 - Inland Empire, 2020
- SUP #14 - Mutual Aid, 2020
- SUP #15 - Spectacle Inc., 2021
- SUP #16 - Everyday Revolution, 2021
- SUP #17 - Songs and Stories of Enlightened Anger, 2022
- SUP #18 - Movie of My Mind, 2022

SUP\_WS #1 - Word:Sound\_1, 2020

SUP\_WS #2 - Wordy:Sound\_2, 2020

SUP\_WS #3 - Weird:Sound\_3, 2022



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SUP\_WS #3