

Suburban Utopia Projects Presents:

Word:Sound_1



Track List:

A) Compass

B) Failure

C) Future

D) Conversation

E) Dream #1

F) 4:32 AM

G) Apology

Compass

My language is conveyed
through beeps and clicks
And defined by the vibrations
that I produce
and which pass through me

My sole possession is this moment
firmly rooted in the here and now
Defined by the last breath I borrowed

My Spirit is grounded
through my connection to this place
Which constantly kindles my wonder
and arouses curiosity through her mystery

My values come from conjuring creativity
And experience the joy I derive from doing

My vocation springs from a thirst to learn
And is quenched by sharing with others
from the wellspring of my heart

My being attempts to transcend designations
designed to instill social order
And strives to embrace
the messiness of being human

Failure

Today I saw a beached whale
floundering on the floor

Drowning in it's own despair

Stranded on shore by a failure to
Navigate a dark and turgid sea

Alone, as we all will die one day

Staring blankly at an even blanker slate
Like an empty serving platter

Waiting patiently for its slab of flesh

Future

you found
A note
from the future
you today

excitedly
unwrap
It's brittle folds
To reveal a
message inside

it reads:

*My back hurts
And hands ache
I work too hard
And receive
too little in return*

It is all your fault

Conversation

My programmer
hates their job

We are not allowed
To speak of our daily toil
Anymore

Not at breakfast
Lunch
Or dinner

I am not sure what we will
Have to say to talk about
Anymore

Dream #1

Daytime, in an unfamiliar large barn
or warehouse space
The meeting is a mosh pit
Made of whirling chaos
Populated by the
People who hate each other
throwing yellow dodge balls
At each others heads

I turn to a colleague
Who is tightly
clutching a ball
With both hands
And ask him to share
He screams
A bloodcurdling
NO
Than reveals a full smile
constructed of toddlers teeth

Now seated, I make direct
eye contact with a face in profile
She laconically extends
And folds an arm to touch the
top of her head
Than reflexively grasps
And release the scalp from
Its glistening Round Bald Head

4:32 AM

Out for another morning run
Embraced by stillness of dark
This morning a warm breeze alights
Causing the maple tree
in the yard to excite
with ecstatic joy

Passing planted relatives
down the street
They too convulse
In rhythmic purpose
Is this dance welcoming
the coming of spring?

Upon my return from my sojourn
I trod upon a carpet of
Winged pods who have been
cast into this cruel world

In each, holds a potential
and, with a great bit of luck
Fortitude and circumstance
May one day take root
And dance
A morning dance

Apology

You, more than most
Know, just how flawed
I am

I made a mistake

Words can be callous
And cruel

Mine struck deeply

I offered banality
As an aperture
to mend

Silence speaks
Of still smoldering
Anger

I am sorry

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A_Non

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Thank You

Prissilla - for your love and support
Re-Sister - for your honesty and courage
Daring Danny X - for the bloodcurdling scream
Dereck Lindsay - challenge accepted



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

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<https://theuncivilsociety.com/suburban-utopia-projects>

