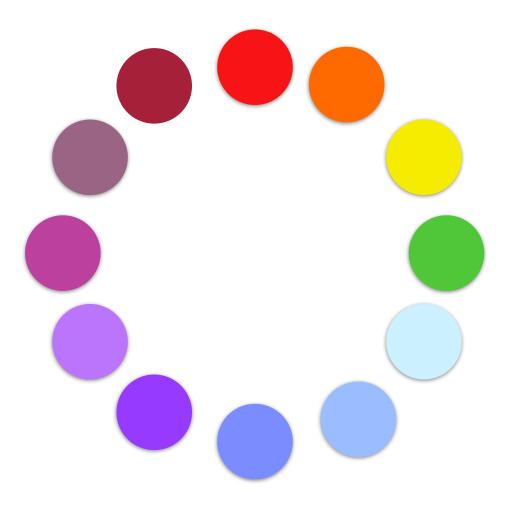
Suburban Utopia Projects Presents:

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

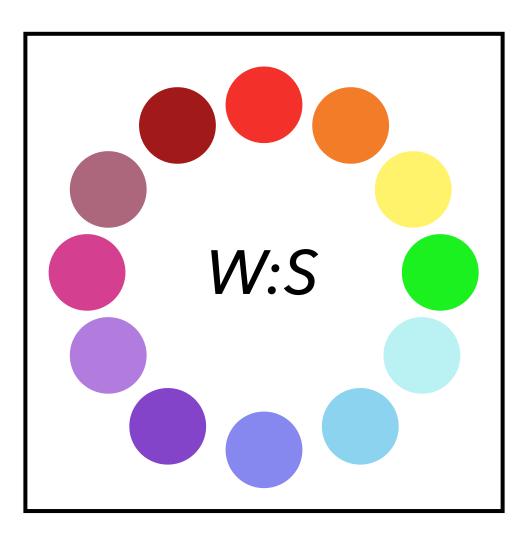
Written, Composed, Performed and Produced: A_Non

Recorded at Normieville Studios June-August 2020

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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





<u>Suburban Utopia Projects Catalogue:</u>

SUP #1 - Forks and Spoons, 2001

SUP #2 - <u>Land of 1000 Odors</u>, 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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