

Suburban Utopia Projects Presents:



Word:Sound_2

Track List:

A) Dinner Party

B) 39 Miles

C) Bear Down

D) Lawn Chair

E) Old Maid

F) Echo Park

G) Quittin' Time

Dinner Party

This evening
The robin stands
on the fence
Her chest puffed out
Sternly scowling at me
with complete
and utter disdain
Every morning this week
She has gathered
A full beak of worms
From our yard
Skittering through the grass
Her halting steps replicate
The pattern of vibrations
That rain makes
as it falls on the Earth
Tonight, she will not
enter the yard
Because I am here
Watching the light reflect
Off the trees
And listening
to the birds
retell the exploits
of their day
Even at my behest
Which included
My warmest gesture
of welcome
To partake in this
salubrious repast
She held her post steadfast
In refusal to join

39 Miles

He, was really good at baseball.
In possession
of enough tools
To earn an offer
To play single A ball
This golden ticket
Offered escape
From the suffocating small town
That only offered him constraint
Into his broken Jalopy
He loaded hope and dreams
And this young man
Headed west
Passing through Pomona's
Endless ocean of orchards
His car broke down
Being the poor, ignorant
small town boy that he was
It did not occur to him
To call his employer
And tell them he was in
Arms reach of the destination
He never reported
Much less arrived
Instead he chose
To let his dream die

Bear Down

His son, was good at baseball
Even though he did not possess
as many tools as his father
Clearly this was his mothers fault
Spring, Summer
and into the Fall
He would play
He persisted with his passion
Where he earned an invitation
to attend an institution
Where he could walk on
And earn a shot to play
During tryouts
He was surrounded
at the hot corner By players
who heralded from afar
All with their polished star
Intimidated by pedigree
And debilitated
by the lack
of self confidence
That one gains from
growing up
In a home haunted by
An angry ghost
whose anger could only rest
When imbibed
Unconsciously
he perpetuated
his fathers failure
When he quit trying

Lawn Chair

His grandson was not good at baseball.
He did not possess the tools
of his forefathers
And was further cursed
by being left handed
Because he was told
He kept on playing
And inevitably rose
Through Little League
To Pony and Colt
The year He made
the JV team
The starter
at the only position
He could play hit .800
Having the second string
Firmly tethering him
to the bench
He helplessly watched
His superior at the plate
Where it appeared
as if he had obtained the power
To slow time just enough
And see Every pitch
To connect, than redirect
the energy for yet another hit.
The grandson knew full well
he was too slow for the field
And the wrong hand to catch
So he started to bring
a folding chair to games
He soon stopped wearing spikes
And donned flip flops instead
Unknowingly accepting his failure
as a preordained fate

Old Maid

In a minuscule excuse for a town
Just off of Brigham Young's
Extended Mormon Trail
She found herself at 18
To be unwed
Perhaps she was
Still deeply hurt
Or jilted by a first love
Found in this severely
limited Gene pool
Or even, As speculated
In fervent Hushed whispers
Over backyard fences
she was not interested
In honoring her mission
To their god
Through heterosexual
Means and ways
Her parents agreed
With society
and deemed her
to be no more a
wizen piece of fruit
Unsuitable to bear harvest
In retribution For her sin
She was sent packing
to live with her aunt
in Santa Ana
who herself had fled
From this small minded
Pit of pernicious
judgement
As soon as she Could flee
In revenge, she married
the first Gentile
Who offered his hand

Echo Park

Mac manifested destiny
When he accepted
the job in LA
Once settled
He worked
to provide a life
that replicated
And reinforced
the norms embedded
In the American Dream
Once the others
who Were displaced
From the neighboring ravine
Started to invade
His domain
He took flight
And landed in
A new track
development
When the world
erupted into
A second conflagration
He was Too old to be drafted
And fight the rising tide
Of Fascist Imperial Tyranny
so Mac would dress up
In surplus fatigues
And stage one man parades
throughout The new
neighborhood
Waving his flag And singing
the siren songs of liberty
And proclaiming freedom
for most, But not all

Quittin' Time

In the dying glow
That signals the conclusion of day
The trees stretch and turn
to fully gather This last offering
Of exalted light
in return they Reflect
a joyous translucent gold
At the tips
of the branches
where they cradle
their future
the cones are gently
rocked to sleep
Nestled within its roots
In return for sharing
Collective bounty
The fungus sings a lullaby
decomposed from ancient vibrations
They tell the forming trees
Of the seemingly eternal
dance between fire, ice and wind
The mushrooms offer wisdom
And guidance
For if, and when rooted
the trees must simultaneously
embrace Mother Earth
With their heart
While reaching their arms
towards Father Sun
And, at the end Of every day
learn to accept The transitory temporal
balance between What is real
And unrequited
To survive

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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

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