



The Singer

Words by Devin Cox

Found in music created and performed by Gaud

A need to tell and hear stories is essential to the species Homo sapiens--second in necessity apparently after nourishment and before love and shelter. Millions survive without love or home, almost none in silence; the opposite of silence leads quickly to narrative, and the sound of story is the dominant sound of our lives, from the small accounts of our day's events to the vast incommunicable constructs of psychopaths.

Keynolds Price

by



G A T D

Narrator
The Mayor
Old Milo & Young Milo
Mother
The Singer

Characters

The Players

Johnny Funk.....Drums
Alex Powers.....Guitar & Saxophone
Derek Prestone.....Guitar
Sam Tasseey..... Bass
Devin Cox..... Guitar & Vocals
Emily Irvin..... Vocals
James Palko.....Viola
Cameron Boucher.....Tenor Saxophone
Zane McDaniel.....Piano & Rhodes
Zach Weeks.....



PREFACE

The darkness morphs into a new light
The burning windmill turns to a brilliant candy rose in
Milo's mind
His dreams serve as the only sign of spring to be found
in the brief bleak bits of a winter day Stuffed between
two nights
In dreams tiny birds whoosh between the cars on silver
street...
Beetles dance gayly in the sill...
Even the ants are all out, marching across the laundry
line
Everything was fine...

Milo finds a kind of content in between the harshness
of life, and the safety of a place he's made in dreams
Though he longs to preserve the beauty of a candy
rose
He also salivates for the sweet taste of sugar

The sun rises and sets again
And business seems as usual
People move on but The Mayor and The Windmill are
not forgotten

A place is just the sum of its past at any given moment
And those who live in places share their stories
Often right before bed until the last light goes out.

Mother dreamt just the same as Milo
She wished away all the darned and the gray
She looked for where the sunrise began
Pondering where a day starts...

Once there was a boy named Milo
Who on a night so cold, dark, and deep tossed and turned
in his sleepless rest
The clock was far too loud...
The light under the door was too bright...
And his mother was unwell...
He could feel a darkness within his small world
A darkness that had been rooting around his mind since
the night of the fire
Flames he could still see dancing through the window from
where he sat on grandma and grandpa's bed
Splashed across all the walls as if their house was burning
just the same as that old windmill...
The cats cried far too loud...
Snakes paraded on the beltway...
The windows were inside out...
Fear
It was the same night The Mayor of Gold Mine went
missing
Something that's impact he was too young to understand
But he had grown to grasp
He tossed and turned, rollicking in his bed until finally...
Milo fell asleep.





The Singer



Narrator:

Where does the sun rise
I hardly see it
I'm asleep in my bed
Please tell me, how does the day begin?

Mother:

Calling your name out at
The store
We should be gone by now
You just like your old man
You wouldn't want me to say that
But while I'm under the sun
All I wanna do is run
I'd go so far away
All I ever wanna do is stand my ground
Not be somewhere away
While I'm under the sun

Narrator:

There was a child
His name was milo
He'd seen it all threw half drawn shades
All the while she was so cold
Handing out wreaths at the parade
Traditions, tradition
it isn't all so darned and gray
For there is a love held between them
And In The fibers of everything

Milo:

Everything was fine but I couldn't fall asleep
The blender turned too loud
The cats all cried in the basement
Mother was out on the back porch talking to a man from the campaign
The Clock ticked all too loud
A parade of snakes dancing through the gates
The mayor was out of town
The money was spent on drugs
Drugs were spent on the hours at down
The rats couldn't find the feed no more
It was packed in the shoes of a clown
Everything was fine

Narrator:

It was one time sure enough,
The owl had lept for its lunch
Saccharin charms and chokecherry
Star 67 calls at the bluff
The garden never looked so green
And weevils came through brandishing snouts
The chess board was missing a piece
Water in the hydrant had all run out

All these things we came to be
All the times we could do without
I'm a part of you, you're a part of me
All the groans and gripes the fight against the frown
These knives couldn't make us bleed footsteps dried on wet cement
The heart of the root is the seed
Nest is a place for common ground

Ensemble:

Gold mine
Gold mine in my rest
Uncertainty
Even I wont get the best of me
In Bread and wine
Hold up in my perch
The heart of things
Close eyes and feel this mirth
Sanctity

The Mayor:

I don't jive with the earwigs pincher
I won't ride with the worms in unison
I won't find my award
I won't pledge hallelujah noose

When all this talking becomes its own new place
And all the spots scribbled on the dog,
Go falling like a pitcher
Dashing for the moth

I'm in a hallway new

We arrive sprawled in a stretcher
Caught sight of the moon at noon

And all the folly will surely have its day
And all the hubris in the art of plantigrade
The sun it sets it, becomes a brand new day

I won't pledge hallelujah noose.



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The Singer - Part 1: I. Scent Hound

Narrator:

God built it up so fast
It's seven days to break a habit
Running with the rabbits on the farm in the yellow grass
Eyes rolling back
Running through the stream on the way home
Noises in the forest make the sweetest lullaby

God built it up so fast
It's caught around the pole at
Half mast
All the bags a blowin on the lawn
At gold pass
Flies on the map
Picking up some cream on the way home
Noises in the alley make the sweetest lullaby

God built it up so fast
And painted it above the rafters
Echoes in the corridors
Won't wake up the rats

The Singer:

“And for my last
I will sing a song
Of returned home”

Narrator:

The voice inside the theater
Made the children both cry

*Falling hard
Late for supper
Eyes wide shut
In the Arms of one and other*

The Singer: II. Home

The Singer:

I've seen it all
Reckon I split
They were throwing rocks at my crown
Humble beginnings
Chew me up and spit me out
I could have told you that
Bitter from the cherry smoke
What song should I sing
I'll be home
Heathlands of Heather and Gorse
I was once the mayor of this town
But I've been away
I'll be home

The Singer: III. Within the Wind

I won't lie we can be
Tossed up like the ball
Go to seed
Like shivering Swiss chard
Left out in the fall
Someone stole my bike
I guess I'm walking
Down the hill to school
There's rosebuds in the trash can
I'm so glad I picked The Fool
Found out
The one Who drops the hat
Is running late to his own funeral
And I blew a kiss in the wind
For you



Mother:

Some days are obviously harder than others
When you wake to the 5th bells chime
White cold light a splashed across your skin
And you cannot fill the clothes your in

Milo, age 33:

Some dreams are arduous and longer than others
And so vivid in your mind
Someday all the dogs will kiss the postmen
And The horses tail won't swat the flies

Found a key in the door
Tired eyes in the morning
Stepping out without a raincoat on

Mother:

Baby can't you see it's pouring outside

Milo, age 7:

Walkin in on a lonely one
Singing out to an empty crowd
Making something outta nothing and it's just
Washed away with my float

Narrator:

The Singer clears his throat
Pickled eyes
From staring at the lights too long

Mother:

Don't spare me a note
You been away too long
I gotta hear the whole damn song
Why's it such a trifle you and I
I forget we're both alone
Your a mirror
And I'm blind
You look the same as the wall



Mother

She was a wild eyed beauty,
black long hair and Moody

I went sailing,
Somewhere far off
She was waiting for me
on the dock
as I came home
hat in my hand
as the sun came up

She was picking up sticks
in the tall green grass
as Milo ran home
bag in his hand
and the sun went down again,
on Gold Mine.

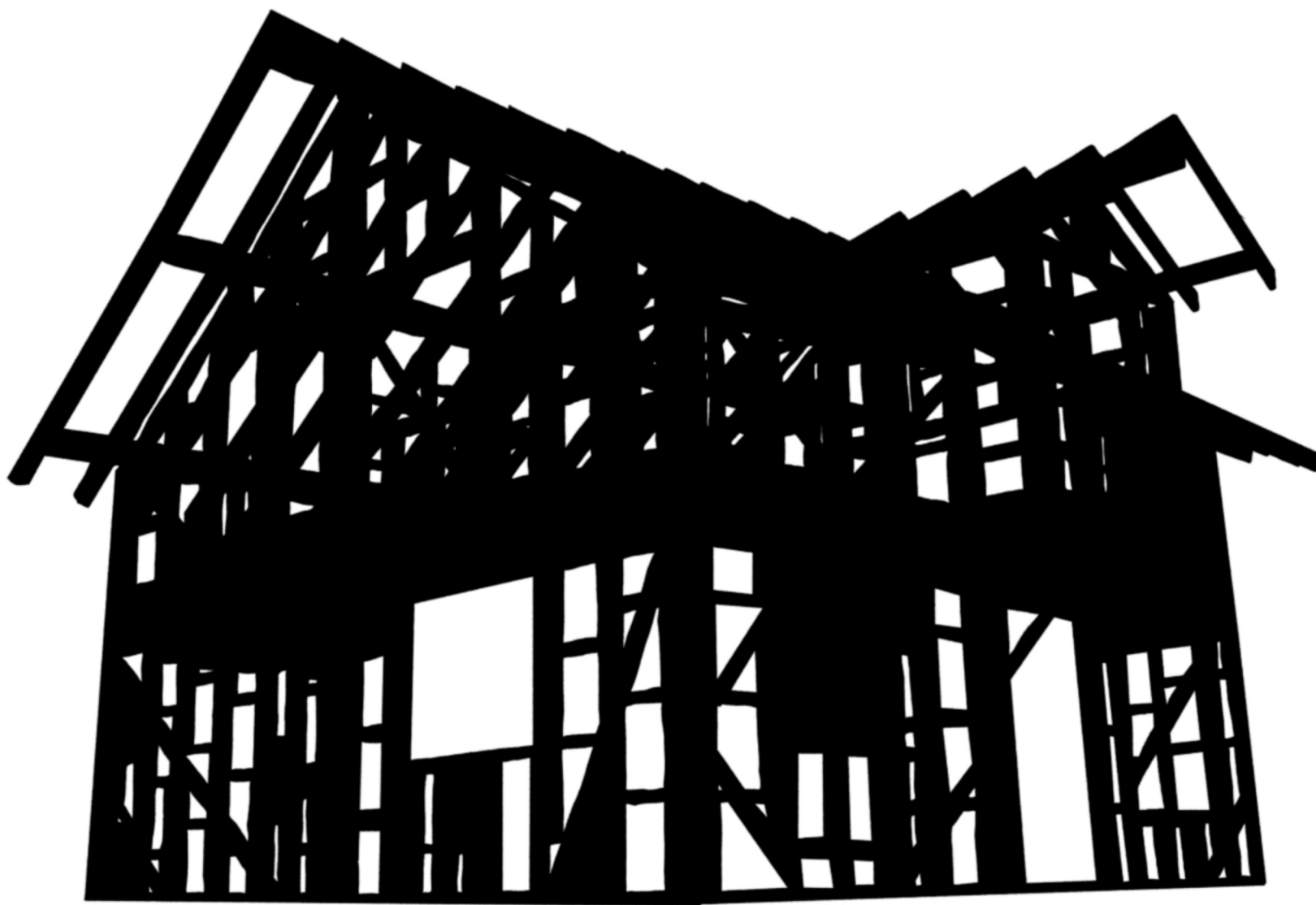
There was more than meets the eye
she was working
at Berry Steel
in the office
and the air was so damn dry
she ruined her dress
staring out the window
when she got a nose bleed
right there at her desk



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Toward freedom is the direction that the artist takes. Art work comes straight through a free mind — an open mind. Absolute freedom is possible. We gradually give up things that disturb us and cover our mind. And with each relinquishment, we feel better.

Agnes Martin



The Singer:

There'll be a time when your thinking bout me
That's the time I'll be thinking bout you
Bubbling pine drying out in a kiln
What once was alive
Is like a rind after the rip

Milo:

What do you expect when you go and see John out there
A warm breeze through the tall green grass
How can I
Identify the difference
'Tween fig and thistle
Without hope in my grasp

The Mayor:

Well what do you expect, I look and see you and your mom up
there
Looking down at me sing my blues (at long last)
That's some nullified emission
Your ear, is much more than I'd ask

The Singer:

Maybe it was you who burned in the fire that night
And I didn't leave I was left alone
Either way the guilt and indecision
Are far too strong
For me to find my way home

Ensemble:

I know
And I know
It wasn't made this way
It's just a part of all that's happened
And what may still take place
Does time really grow like mold?
Is this a story to be told
Or just some thing a gnome on the lawn saw,
Does time really grow like mold

The Mayor or The Singer:

Claw hammer coat
And wielding gavel on the auction block
Don't remind me
Everything has its price
It was nice to be invited
But my things are all at home
Just a gamble
Bad advice
There can't be twice
While one is one

Baptised
The horoscope of god
Reads in the last line
Anguish,
You can't be yourself today
You'll be scarred
Apart from everything

Soften the blow
In mixing, chemicals with oxygen
Step in line we,
Do not have the time
It was nice to be invited
But my things are all my own
Jump the candle
Migration flight
Right through the night

Baptised
He crawls up on the shore
At the first light
Selfish
You won't be yourself today
You'll be scarred
Apart
From everything

Narrator:

We took the flags all down
Scattered the earth like seeds
We drove the spiders down to the marsh
The saints to their knees
And the seedling's dream
Of heaven
Is it's budding to the light
But the flower's in the almond
The lake unrippled
Black as night

THE END



The only thing that came down Grandpa's chimney
Was the squirrel that ate Grandma's seeds

The kids in town made the crop circles,
And the Bible salesmen were thieves

They were the ones who put out the presents
Who took the fruit from it's leaves
They're the ones who are unpleasant
Who hide away the keys

He told em take it out of his fathers house
Hallowed will not be thy name

I will not taste the fruit
The stomped on grapes
The bird flies south
And the bears have canes

It's their last winter
A hollow grave
A cold clear bath in the northern lake
Harrowed will not be my name

It was all a dream
What wood have been is crawling with termites
What could have been
Was a victim to the wreath

I stepped out on the porch
Full of suckling bees
Landing on the flowers that Jeanie put out
And would take in from the wind

I was stung before I knew it and ran back inside
The gun's the first thing I see
Grandpa shot at that squirrel that ate grandma's seeds
But sadly missed and hit me"

Milo's Elegy



T H E F I D D L E R

“We gather the tinsel
From steel woolen sheep
And tie it in ribbon to lay by his feet
For the fiddler plays his song, not for one man
But for all of the animals
Spread cross the land
Father he wakes in the morning with fog
And he cries, then the brightest gold star shines at noon time

Heaven looks great from a far off field
Icicles melt off the train tracks of steel
On the bridge of abandonment
I once melted there too
When The Fiddler tricked me
And ran off with both of my shoes

For the fiddler plays his song not for one man
But for all of the animals
Spread cross the land
Mother had warned me not to be fooled
by the tricks of The Fiddler
Now I’ve warned you too”

The Fiddler is a valuable piece of 'Childlore' passed down from generation to generation in the town of Gold Mine. Milo learned this song at a young age on the playground. He would sing it with his friends after class, or for his family at the dinner table. Just a silly rhyme to teach young souls a valuable lesson. It makes the children smile when they feel the joy and pride of learning a new rhyme...

One they can share with their loved ones, through all of time.

The Singer is a story of someone who feels they must escape the confines of their own life. It explores the triumph and tragedy that comes with these choices. For the chooser, and for the victims of choice.

It's a collage of intimate domestic reveries; what it's like to be living as a human, and the deep connection that experience gives someone. A connection to the people and places they inhabit in their own unique system. It's about joy and truth; how they are different yet can be one and the same. It's about family. It's about the conditions of unconditional love. It's about the lack of choice you have just in being born.

The fact that there is no promise of comfort, and how that should not be forgotten or feared.

Like The Fiddler, The Singer is a story to celebrate a life meant to be lived with others. Even the parts we hide away or must endure alone are a part of the grand union. Stories tend to teach the listener something about themselves, and the same is true for the teller. Stories give us a sense of everything in this world.

