

Blue Queen Poetry: 1

Lyrics for Tracks 1 to 7.

Track 1 PROLOGUE

Before the action. An overture. A series of apparently disconnected images are anticipated from the narrative that follows

Words taken from the poetry below, by Douglas Houston (D.H.) and Geoffery Godbert (G.H.G.) .

Track 2 FOR ALL THE ALICES

A young girl dreams her dreams. The MAN sings of these dreams and all the innocent hopes and joys of this particular child and of all children.

He is talking of her, he understands her, he knows her...He watches over her.

FOR ALL THE ALICES (G.H.G.)

Whoever counts each blade of grass

can fold a tree within a book

or smell the colours of the flowers.

In childhood, dreaming is allowed,

the skies are picture postcard blue

and X marks where the fairies hide.

It is allowed, like butterflies

or men who stare into a fire,

staying up throughout the night

to catch the secret words that rhyme.

The magic path of morning waits

for dark to bring it home again,

the leaves of dreams are in your hair

of what has happened in between,

inventing places just to be,

to lie as still as larks on air

or silent as a summer-house.

In childhood, this is possible,

When rain descends the sunshine's beams

To make a rainbow for our dreams.

HORIZONS (extract) (G.H.G.)

You said your head spun round and round.
When your eyes opened you were here.
All I can see are horizons.

TODAY THE BLUE OF MY PEN (extract) (G.H.G.)

Today the blue of my pen writes your eyes into the sky of these words.

Track 3 AFTER THE END

The scene is a home, perhaps a garden. Time is projected forward to when the girl is a wife. Imprisoned by love and her marriage. The dreams are still there, but she is impotent, fearful and nervous. Though the marriage is failing, she is trapped by her dependence on her husband, who has given her her definitions of herself. She loves too much: "love, too much love, is too bright". The Man, always in mysterious attendance, accompanies her in her dreams and her unhappiness.

FAMILY ALBUM (extract) (G.H.G.)

Pictures of I: will be silence shouting.
I shall only see when these eyes are closed.
Love, too much love, is too bright.
This picture shows it hidden behind these lids.
This picture shows what it is blinding.
This picture shows love become too perfect.
Pictures of I: dissolving perfectly,
One into the other of family likeness,
Robbing one life-force for another.

AFTER THE END (D.H.)

I was out all night in an untended garden
Saw the moon a few times where the high clouds frayed
And I thought perhaps my heart might harden
But the darkness went and the morning stayed
The same as before, though he was gone,
Same as I'd felt for years;

I'd thought for a while that the phantoms were him
Now I know they're my own sweet fears
Now I know they're my own sweet fears.
I grew used to the bedroom just for one,
Saw the house through the space that he'd cleared,
Learned that the emptiness hadn't begun
When the cracks in my marriage appeared;
Nothing felt just the same as before,
Same as I'd felt for years;
I'd thought for a while that the phantoms were him,
Now I know they're my own sweet fears,
Now I know they're my own sweet fears.
In summer I dreamed of an indoor tree
Growing up from the floorboards' grain;
Then I knew that its blossoms and fruit would be me
When it burst through the roof after rain,
Growing just the same as before
Like I hadn't felt for years;
I'd thought for a while that he was my soil,
Now I know it's my own sweet dreams
Now I know it's my own sweet dreams.

Track 4 A WORD OF WARNING

The Man, continues his commentary on the state of her marriage. He, the voice from her childhood, tells her about the dying of her husband's love. The chill of betrayal pervades this tableau. She is no longer her husband's true love. He loves another. In the middle section, the husband taunts the wife with his mistress. A cruel dance, where he continually pushes the wife away.

A WORD OF WARNING (G.G.)

A word of warning: don't

Look into his eyes, for

you may see the beginning

of the end disappearing

in pools of clear water

surrounded by cold, white stones.

A word of warning: don't

reach out for his hand,
you may put your fingers
emptily into space
left behind like silence
following a breath of wind.
A word of warning: don't
Allow your heart to beat
Too hopefully, otherwise
The sound may waken
Fearful rhythms of his life
Leading a dance of death.
A word of warning: don't
offer him your love
when the tears of love
begin to fall around you
and absences gently
increase in the falling rain.
A word of warning: don't
Walk with him quietly
like a lover, for he
may extract something
from the nothing of
the empty countryside.
A word of warning: don't
interrupt his sleep
and the silence of his face,
for the brightness in waking
may contain the darkness
of the unfinished dream.
A word of warning: don't
sway his body in a dance,
for you are not the music

causing his movement,
you are not the plucked string
willing the dancer.

A word of warning: don't
take up his song, while
his happiness remains
in singing, his song
may already be filled
with the sound of words.

A word of warning: you
are an image, perhaps a bowl
of flowers, a bird in flight
something of beauty frozen
like ice about to melt, something
precious about to be lost.

A word of warning: don't
challenge his abstractions,
they are as feeling as
the tremor that is stilled
by realisation
when you at last embrace.

A word of warning: love
should not be simpler,
there is no motivation
beyond desire for
heart-break, for starting
what must only stop.

Track 5 BOTTOM LINE

The husband has left her. She is alone with the children. She brings them up, they leave home. She is now quite desolate and her life is over. She takes an overdose.

BOTTOM LINE (D.H.)

I went on living for the children
Till the children went away,
And I took a job as a shadow
On a cellar floor that day.
I'd heard about the prospects
Promotion came in pills
A career in depression
Gave me a niche to fill.
I persevered with speaking
Till words were worn out shoes
That trudged towards some meaning
Through an unrhymed endless blues
Arithmetic of hoping always totalled nil
A career in depression
Gave me a niche to fill
When marriage went it slammed the door
But I still knew who I was
Defined in clothes and pots and pans
The kids were my because………
But the darkness started thickening
And I wasted away until
A career in depression
Gave me a niche to fill.

Track 6 CALLED BY A NAME

Post suicide, the Man, her protector, comes to her and gently, tenderly brings her back to life. "Called by a name, the river wakens". He calls her "Blue Queen". She comes to life as Blue Queen. The Man has given her dreams life. Her childhood hopes have come true. Her husband is "only a memory……..”

ONE LAST TIME (extract) (G.G.)

Called by a name, the river wakens

to progress from its bed of mud.

The trunks of trees rustle from their roots

on the dry land of morning.

Far-away lovers come out

of sleep, poets searching for the sky.

The butterfly waits like a dream.

Is it your hand reaching out

to cup the butterfly's silence?

The river inside you has stopped.

Blow your lips upon its wings;

though it's late, their colours may return.

Dance with them in the dawn of the day,

open the sky with your arms.

BLUE QUEEN (D.H.)

He's only a memory

Can't come between

Me and my secrets—

Call me "Blue Queen".

Chaste lapis lazuli, magenta desire,

Rainbows of moods from the ice to the fire;

Appearances alter

From scene to scene,

I'll keep you guessing---

Call me "Blue Queen".

It's my vibration,

The wavelength I chose,

Subaqueous currents,

Stratosphere Blues

Invisible robe

Of all that I have been

Suits every season—

Call me "Blue Queen".

Track 7 DON’t WORRY

The Man and Blue Queen dance a Pas de Deux. They are bound in an idyllic embrace. She is safe. He has her now………………………two hearts beat as one…………, all is well……………

DON’t WORRY (G.H.G.)

Dear friend, don’t worry; I’ll know you.

It has been more than a lifetime

since we walked away with the wind.

How could you expect to live longer?

The leaves each summer fall to the ground.

Our changes happen in that way;

I know winter; I shall know you now.

An older wind will be blowing.