

Blue Queen Poetry: 2

Lyrics for Tracks 8 to 11.

Track 8 BLUE QUEEN

A dramatic shift has occurred: Blue Queen is now self-contained. She is in control of her own destiny. She no longer needs the Man's protection. He gave her life and strength. In so doing he loses his own strength. She now dances to her own tune, not his.

BLUE QUEEN (D.H.)

"Blue Queen" he called me, gave me rights to be

Clear skies all summer over our turquoise sea;

He's only a memory

Can't come between

Me and my secrets—

Call me "Blue Queen";

Caste 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 9 THE DANCER

The Man reminisces about Blue Queen. He remembers when he partnered her. Just as he has saved her, captured he loses her. This dance evokes the perfection of their bond, but also the transience of love. Perfection never lasts. The love between Blue Queen and the Man is in the past.

THE DANCER (G.H.G.)

There was. The time. You made. Music.
It unfolded. Its. Corners. Like dawn.
It fell. In daybreak. At. Your feet.
That was. Where. The dancer. Danced.
And. Where. I. Saw. The you. Of. You.
Move. Silently. Like. Shadows.
There was. The spotlight. Hovering.
There. Was. The sound. Descending.
Softly. In. To. Your outstretched. Arms.
It played. Upon you. And. Listened.
It heard. As you. Heard. Your. Heart. Beat.
The arc. Of your. Hands. Touched. It.
They. Met. Together. Like. Music.
The danced. Together. They. Embraced.
There. Was. The. Love affair. They made.
They motioned they swayed dancer dance
dancing balances of life.

Track 10 FREE STATE

The Man has lost Blue Queen. By giving her the life she dreamt of, he has also lost her…She is gone. She is no longer HIS. She has taken wing and has discovered her own heaven. She is found. He is lost. Blue Queen is in control of her own destiny. She is joyful... ..she is on her own...

SMALL AD (G.H.G.)

She leaves on first-morning slicks of light
where the last page of the street map ends,
where rivers make off to the sea.
It is like her going to the moon
and leaving behind a phone book
of names to choose from on earth.
With the loves of old dogging us,
even a strip-naked eye
could only find her mistakenly;
once we puff up like a heart

its mindlessness just has to grow.
It grows to the arms of whoever
who reads the words in this small ad
seeking friendship, with a view to;
and to whom we shall always reply
missing you, missing you, missing you:
so remember me, remember me.

FREE STATE (D.H.)

I've been coming to this
Through the sunlight and mist,
I'm approaching a place where there's peace,
Where the fragments of was
Pattern out a because
And the future looks like a release.
Come to the border –
Forward or back?
It's a straight choice
Between sky-blue and black.
It's a landscape I've made
Though it's features can fade
When my outlook's been blighted by frost;
I'm more often there now
Every day shows me how
I can find my way back when I'm lost.
Ideal republic
Whose air gets me high,
My parallel world
Where life's worth a try.
There's a wide lake ahead

All the brightness waves shed
Goes straight through the prism of my eyes
And the rainbows are birds
Flying higher than words
Through the clarity of the mind's skies.
It's my own country
Glimpsed through the years,
Mapped out in moments
When light cancelled fears.

Track 11 HIGHEST BID

Blue Queen is now a star. "I've arrived where I was heading". What we, the public, see - is the star. Her journey has brought her here. Is she happy? Are there memories? The momentum of her success is all there is. "She" come from being some guy's ex wife to (her) own mythology. She belongs to her public. The Man can only reflect-"The show must go on"

HIGHEST BID (D.H.)

Well I may be two dimensional
But I cover a lot of ground
I've arrived where I was heading
Now my name's a familiar sound,
A synonym for excitement
From New York to Tokyo
You can plug into my new CD
If you can't get to the show.

Well I may be two dimensional
But I use up a lot of love,
If you're looking for someone to adore
I'm beamed to you from above.
Your TV incarnates me
Your radio's one of my shrines,
I'm ten million magazine photographs
You can touch me with your mind.
Yes they say I'm two dimensional

But I'm high as a satellite
And I scintillate as brilliantly
As the stars on a clear black night.
My soul's above the highest bid
I'm a global industry
I've come from being some guy's ex-wife
To my own mythology.

He's only a memory
Can't come between
Me and my secrets—
Caste lapis lazuli, magenta desire,
Rainbows of moods from the ice to the fire;
Appearances alter
From scene to scene,
I'll keep you guessing---
It's my vibration,
The wavelength I chose,
Subaqueous currents,
Stratosphere Blues
Invisible robe
Of all that I have been
Suits every season—

THE SHOW MUST GO ON (extract) G.H.G.)

The show must go on,
so the lady beats
out belief in true love.

AND IF I SHOW THESE WORDS TO GOD (extract) (G.H.G.)

And if I show these words to God,
would He put a smile on your face?