

fawm 2019 – fireball & the isolated incidents

1. coming home

these winter months

islands of time

surrounded by blossoming

seas of sunshine

these white sandy beaches

these deciduous trees

these message bottles

these februarys

cars hiss by my window with a sputtered cough on the street

cats look out of frosty windows waiting for the shuffle of feet

coming home

these winter coats

thickening skins

silence beckoning

shivering winds

these roughest of drafts

these preliminaries

these yearly feasts

these delicacies

snow in the street it's up to my ankles, snow on the street it's up to my knees...

fish look out of water tanks just waiting for the jingle of keys

coming home

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2. lighting out

"But I reckon I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize me, and I can't stand it. I been there before"

come set you down now – rest awhile,

after many a ragged mile –

tucker on the table, warm glow all around

feed your hunger, breathe in slow

still be plenty more miles to go

when you wake from all the dreaming that you've found

after all the reckonings have scattered to the wind

and all the wanderings their trails have blown away

the past at last's a romantic song

been there before, it's been too long

lighting out for the territor-I-A

it's a sunny summer sunrise somewhere

just beyond the easy chair

calling out for pilgrims, calling out in tongues

in a world of time and none to spare

you can taste it in the electric air

the words from sacred songs you've never sung

after all the sedatives are pissed into the wind

and all the wondering has finally gone away

I'll conjure up a marching band

from the civil eyes that I can't stand

lighting out for the territor-I-A

lighting out for the territor-I-A

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3. irony and wine

we stayed up

half the night

and a whole

box of wine

in a room

full of stories

full force

island time

with the tide coming in and the cows coming home

with our feet in the stars and our heads on the ground

on the last night / before / we sailed off / to athens

drinking it in and washing it down

there were stars

in our eyes

and a hum (*start the hum*)

in the air

the clocks

ran in circles

no need for

savoir faire

with the wind blowing cold and the wolves at the door

aliens in warehouses ceiling to floor

time spilling past us, time out of mind

half the night and whole box of wine

oo

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo howls at the moon

oooooooooooooooooooooooooooo this heavenly tune

songs spilling past us, no reason nor rhyme

half the night and a whole box of wine

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4. hindsight

**I DON'T KNOW... what i'll say about these days
if i ever get beyond them... somewhere far away
somewhere down the road i might just ...**

HAVE THE WORDS TO SAY

**BUT I DON'T KNOW... how to get from here to there
i see signs on the horizon, but they vanish in the air
if i had the words i might just...**

SAY A LITTLE PRAYER

**YOU DON'T KNOW... what the winters did to me
if we could share a little sunlight, maybe then we could agree
in the land of endless summer, there's SOME THINGS YOU'LL NEVER SEE**

**BUT I DON'T KNOW... why you'd go from there to here
cruise control on easy street and never changing gear
but something down the road might make**

MY WINTER DISAPPEAR...

BUT I DON'T KNOW...

**THESE DAYS... are the only ones we got
maybe someday they'll be the good ol' days and... **MAYBE NOT...**
looking for that golden lining and **IT'S NOT A LOT****

**THESE DAYS... keep on coming relentlessly
bearing down on me i watch defenselessly
as they have their way with the population **DENSITY****

**THESE DAYS... have their yearbook on the wall
a checkerboard of Xs telling no tale at all
banal bacchanal boredom carnival**

THESE DAYS

I DON'T KNOW

THESE DAYS

I DON'T KNOW

THESE DAYS

I – DON'T – KNOW

THESE DAYS...

I DON'T KNOW

WHAT I WILL SAY

somewhere down the road...

ABOUT THESE DAYS...

I DON'T KNOW

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6. fake songs from movies

so far ago, it was like another lifetime

so long away, and i haven't been back since

there were tears and there were laughs

now there's dusty photographs

the indelible there and thens

i remember the music that was playing

as we drove through the hills covered in snow –

that feeling on the edge of forever

and that song on the car stereo

now when i hear it, it all comes back rushing through my head,

but i can't quite remember the best words we said.

i try to find the meaning when the last notes get played...

but songs are just sounds somebody made...

singing fake songs from movies, theme songs from TV shows

johnny suede, llewyn davis, dewey cox, and tucker crowe

buster scruggs, burr settles, eric distad, johnny suede

songs are just sounds somebody made

what's a song, but a soundtrack to a story?

sometimes a movie is a story you can feel.

sometimes an actor plays a fictional rock and roll singer

and the music doesn't get any more real.

i remember mexican funeral

i remember clifford poncier

everybody walking round wearing PJ hats

from portland to vegas to LA

now when i hear them on some rerun or benign youtube clip

i remember all those nights down along the sunset strip

try to pick apart the fiction from the deep-seeded truth

but that distinction kinda faded with my youth

singing fake songs from movies, theme songs from TV shows

johnny suede, llewyn davis, buster scruggs, and tucker crowe

johnny suede, buster scruggs, dewey cox, and tucker crowe

fake songs from movies...

theme songs from TV shows.

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6. butterscotch

oh
that
smell when i walk in the room let's me know you been cookin'
make me
twist can't desist can't resist when you start makin' scents
make me
fill up with gratitude just like your tasty turducken
for such a
feast it's the least i can do and i spare no expense

oh
you're
smooth like the butter you mix in the pot with brown sugar
and you
fill up the room with that presence/something that can't be denied
and you
purr but you sure ain't no house cat and you ain't no cougar
you're a
sweet little treat with an oh-so-complex saccharide

there were
days when i lazily ladled up nothing but ramen
there are
memories of blandness that tasted like peaches and cream
there were
times when i felt pretty sure we had nothing in common
there are
times now i feel pretty sure that it's all just a dream

whether you're
here or you're there, i don't care, it don't matter a smidgen
whether you're
cookin' or not feel the heat it goes up by a notch
and the
alarm bells go off every time that you slink in the kitchen
oh the
smell when i walk in the room of your sweet butterscotch

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7. bacon sandwich

that great university challenge...

with man's best friend, on a midday train

hassled by the man no sooner than the ride began

his species mistaken once again

here's the hybrid tale of a unique tail

and we'll sing it loud long as you can bear it

the ballad of bacon sandwich

... bacon sandwich ... the pig ferret

some of us were cool on the journey

one of us was a total girly swot

should you stick your head out moving train windows?

the sign on the wall says you should not.

but he walked the line, a true marginwalker,

steadfast – as just the strongest can.

resolute in the face of incredulity –

like ~~john~~ joseph merrick, the elephant man.

and who can forget that unbelievable vignette –

that time our train was stopped by mexican bandits?

who was there to give us comfort?

the pig ferret ... bacon sandwich...

i have a dream... all my pet's children (and children's pets)

won't be judged by freakish genes but only merit

and when that great change is made, right there leading the parade –

... bacon sandwich ... the pig ferret

it's a song and a dream of the wonder of the gene

and we'll publish it on FAWM so you can share it

the ballad of bacon sandwich

... bacon sandwich ... the pig ferret

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8. love in the morning

when we open up our sleeping eyes

in the winter long before sunrise

when we open up for a brand new day

we open up and say

wordless waking mantras

sounds from deep within

feelings in the morning

meeting at the skin

**before we give in to the clock
and agendas take over the talk
when we know what it's all about
we stretch those muscles out**

**breathless sounds of morning
the turning of the wheels
the tender touch of fingers
the meaning that we feel**

**when we open up our sleeping eyes
in the winter long before sunrise
when we open up for another day
open all the way**

love in the morning up to my ankles

love in the morning up to knees

love in the morning late february

love in the morning following me

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9. making friends with ami

long dark hair – tight black pants – february girl

evan's tour's a-coming to this corner of the world

she's singing with her headphones on, i recognize the song

it's like i've just been waiting here for her to come along

ami walking down my street the same time every day

gotta find out where she's going – think i'm going that same way

making lots of dreamy plans since her morning strolls began

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

long dark nights – appetites – waiting for the sun

the light breaks through, the sky is blue but it brightens everyone

the songs start full blooming as the winter warms to spring

it's like the world's been waiting for me to come along and sing

ami on the playground, swinging to and fro

gotta find out what she's thinking – think she'll tell me where to go

head spinning like a merry go round, ears filled up with angel sounds

i'll be making friends with ami – watch those flowers grow

i'll be making friends with ami, if she'll let me through the door

so much i would say to her, never spoke to her before

never noticed gitten bitten now i'm smitten to the core

and i'll be making friends with ami... if she'll let me through the door

long ago – i thought i lost these colours in the sky

never knew i missed them till the first time she walked by

she is lit up like that perfect sunrise i never got to see

it's like the sun's been waiting (here) to shine this way for me

ami walking down my street the same time every day

gotta find out where she's going – think i'm going that same way

making lots of dreamy plans since her morning strolls began

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

ami walking down my street the same time every day

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

ami walking down my street the same time every day

i'll be making friends with ami – put those plans in play

AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA

ami walking down my street

ami wearing her headphones

i'll start making it happen, a mi.

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10. fight down

ACT I: ran across town to the basilica

looking out across the valley down below

feeling well and truly over that hill

feeling like i guess i'm gonna go...

down

with a fight

though the fight seems more rigged every day

down

with a fight

but down seems to be the only way

**ACT II: limped through the day like a cripple
because last week i took a stone through the shoe
healing more slowly than i learn new tricks
healing like i got nothing better to do**

down

with a fight

still get my kicks from quixotic little things

down

with a fight

the good fight of kipperfish and kings

**ACT III: blew the welsh dust off my old dylan thomas
at an intermission on my own rodney dangerfield stage
and the study of the pathophysiology of time
feeling like i guess i'm gonna rage...**

and go down

with a fight

though daily dimmer grows the light that i defend

down

with a fight

though we all know how the fight will end

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11. the ass or the crotch

i will carry you when you are weary

when you feel like you just can't go on

i will carry you using the latest techniques

till all the hardships are finally gone

with professional methods and courtesy smiles

and when i pass by you, walking through the aisles

i do what i do for your benefit

it's a question of etiquette

tight quarters

hindquarters

know the signs and watch

when presenting the ass or the crotch

**i will carry you when you are jaundiced
through the long night and on to the dawn**

**i will carry you with prophylaxis
till the symptoms are finally gone**

and when i pass by you on the crowded street

i angle in sidewise and shuffle my feet

with the perfect mix of panache and finesse

it's a question of politesse

front paunches

back haunches

i'm not brad pitt, but i'm not sasquatch

do i give you the ass or the crotch?

i will carry you when you're asthenic

i will carry you like you're a pawn

i will carry you kicking and screaming

till all the madness is finally gone

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12. i love a good roadsign

5-10-20 – 20 miles down the road.
30-40-50 – so many miles still to go.

i love a good road
i love a good trip
local air rushing by me
aboard my tiny ship
with a big destination
or sometimes without
possibilities endless
no reason for doubt

5-50-100 – 100 miles down the road.
100-150 – so many miles still to go.

i love a good road trip
i can't help but smile
eyes scanning the distance
savouring every mile
passing new places
or sometimes well-known
at home with the journey
till it's time to go home

200-300 – 300 miles down the road.
400-500 – so many miles still to go.

i love a good roadsign
a bookmark for the song
at just the right moment
some great words come along
having new visions
mixing in with the old
another new chapter
and the stories unfold

10-100-1000 – 1000 miles down the track.
10-100-1000 – turn around and go back.

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13. looking at a thing in a bag

hanging around on a thirsty day
everybody else has got a game to play
a tasty drink would make it all go away

i'm the man for the job

hope for the best but expect the worst
try to sneak in by relieving the thirst
waiting around for the bubble to burst

it takes some time to absorb

everybody's doing it
every cool guy knows
every cool guy gets a look
i'm not one of those

along the edges, thick skin
on the outside looking in
things on the inside, how they begin

it's a whole 'nother scene

always wondering what it's like
riding the outskirts on my bike
every day's just another psyche

don't know what they mean

everybody's doing it
everyone sez yes
every cool guy gets a look
i can only guess

outside of everything
outside of everything
outside of everything
outside of everything

everybody's doing it
everybody's gotta brag
every cool guy gets a look
looking at a thing in a bag

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14. orbit of the goblin

you got your dark in my coldness
the silence is too loud
and we are the oldest
in my inner oort cloud

designed
defined
entwined
with the orbit of the goblin

you got my cold in your darkness
when our world had just begun
so much of our arc is
so far from the sun

resigned
confined
aligned
with the orbit of the goblin

twelve million Terran days
half a trillion miles

the universe is waiting

a year is a long time
with the orbit of the goblin
with the oblit of the gorbin

$$e^2 a^2 + b^2 = a^2 \rightarrow b^2 = (1 - e^2) a^2$$

$$\begin{aligned} a &= 1010.39 & b^2 &= (0.12465) 1020888 \\ e &= 0.9356 & b &= 356.7 \end{aligned}$$

$$\begin{aligned} C &= 4760 \\ &= 442,680,000,000 \text{ miles} \end{aligned}$$

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15. the soft hit

a whimsical quip

and a faraway face

turning the tricks of the trade

in and then out

without a trace

the best brick the devil never laid

the touch of a whisper

the pull of a ram

entangled in the subtlest of ways

in like a prion

out like a lamb

details lost in the haze

something a hummingbird

won't even see

the finest that ever there was

hit like a butterfly

float like a bee

leaving behind just the buzz