

# THE SWOON

## SLEEP LITTLE STASH

a collection of words by daniel thomas





# SLEEP LITTLE STASH

JOHNNY BROOK PIPE ORGAN  
CHARAE VIOLA  
SPARROW JUGGLING  
DIXON BERKMAN STORY TELLING  
JERRY VOCALS  
ALLY TIGHT ROPE  
PRESTON MONOLOGUES

## ADDITIONAL HEROINES

SONNY  
ANNIE  
STASH  
CHRISTA

## EXTRAS

MS. G. SIRIAL  
JACOB DOOLEY  
SARAH  
DIANNE  
MOLLY

## STAGE HANDS

TROY BAARTMAN  
AUSTIN DACEY  
EMMETT DACEY  
DANIEL THOMAS



### When things go well

Preston has a call back  
for his big audition.  
If he gets the part  
it could make the difference.  
He's so ecstatic  
that he called home.  
It's been a long time  
he's been on his own.

Molly got a new job  
and a boyfriend too.  
She says we know him  
but she won't say who.  
She hides her rosy blush  
under her hat.  
It's just like her  
to tease us like that.

Oh I'd been waiting  
for a letter to come.  
Something from a lady  
even though we were done.  
It came today  
addressed to my name.  
It said, "Forgive me  
for causing you pain."

This is how it is  
when things go well.

### Wishing Ring

On the night that I met Annie  
we talked 'til half past three.  
She held me with her presence  
and her wealth of mystery.  
Later on I kissed her neck  
and tasted of her skin.  
She said, "I'd give you anything  
Take my wishing ring."

I understood her whisper.  
She pressed it in my hand.  
Small and smooth and charged with hope,  
a solid silver band.  
With a laugh she cried, "Be anyone  
You can do anything.  
Just take my soul, the whole of me.  
Take my wishing ring."

Years gone and I'm lonely.  
Her fragrance still I breathe.  
She left in August '86  
for a life in Tennessee.  
Her magic now is heavy.  
The memory still stings.  
Wrapped around in silver  
inside her wishing ring.



## Happy Indeed

Sparrow dances on table tops  
while juggling and dropping  
plates and coffee cups.  
He's laughing like nothing  
could touch him while he's laughing.  
I really, I don't think  
I don't think he's happy.  
Sparrow, Sparrow,  
I heard the bad news.  
Your mother has suffered.  
Her suffering is through.

Christa, we missed ya;  
Where have you been today?  
Laughing, she says, "Laughing.  
Out laughing all day."  
Christa, sad sister,  
your dolls are crying.  
"Listen," she says, "Listen.  
It's just the wind that's howling."  
Christa, I kissed ya'.  
You turned to crimson.  
Come back, come back.  
You have my permission.  
Come back, come back.  
I don't think I'm happy.  
Come back.

## The Old Woman Willow

Ah, sleep little Stash.  
I lift you up to my lips  
and drink the silence  
of your running heart.  
Ooh, won't you wrap around me?

Seems like I hear bells ring.  
Stash your wings spread  
like red scented clover  
in the Dover chalky sea-face walls.

Oh, in my tired branches  
I am anxious. Black cat  
arcana stirs us, worries us.  
Stash I become what you are.

And in the end of things  
we are light and part of  
all that which is quickly vanishing.  
We envy that which passes.

My, my precious Stash,  
ooh, drift to sleep.  
My, my precious Stash,  
ooh, drift to sleep.  
'Cause you won't wake  
to take it in for you again.  
I will be and I am.  
I will be and I am.  
I will be and I am.



## Sweet Ally

I first saw Sweet Ally  
At the circus last week.  
She had the talent; she was  
Light on her feet.  
I thought she might hold some  
Affection for me;  
Her heart was sold for the  
Guy on trapeze.  
I fled from the big top  
To look up Dianne.  
Then I remembered, she had  
Found a new man.  
I thought it would be best  
To retrace my steps.  
But that would lead back to the  
Place I last slept.  
I swayed in the sunset.  
Resistance was useless.  
I watched my two feet take me  
Back to the circus.  
And there in my seat  
I was filled with desire  
For Sweet Ally's grace as she  
Waltzed the high wire.  
I fled once again in  
Search of some purpose.  
This sickness, I knew,  
Was just ice above surface.  
I might have withstood  
A life without hope.  
I could not withstand the  
Girl on tight rope.  
If your down on your luck,  
Allow me to warn  
Don't go to the circus to watch  
Ally perform.  
'Cause I was the comic;  
I was the clown.  
She was the angel,  
Angel high above ground.  
  
She was the angel,  
Angel high above ground.



### Seriously Sonny

Seriously Sonny,  
we've got to make things work.  
Our love is a cathedral  
and our home would be a church.  
You dangle hope in front of me,  
quickly vanishing.  
Imagine sweet young raven.  
Don't mean anything.

Seriously Sonny,  
we're walking in the dark.  
I believe in what we are  
as long as we're apart.  
Eros poison arrow  
wounded passion bled and died.  
Love me like you need to  
and we dead may arise.

Just close your eyes.

Seriously Sonny,  
I say it's either/or.  
behind the shadow veil  
I'd love to give you more.  
Spectacular illusions  
listen to them sing.  
Imagine sweet young raven.  
Don't mean anything.

chorus

And lovely still these golden locks  
as if a doll head lost in thought.  
She stirs to turn upon her side  
away from me. Our bed is wide.

Just close your eyes.  
Close your eyes.  
Close your eyes.

### The Tenth of May

Charae woke up  
sanctified;  
it was the tenth of May.  
She counted fingers  
and her toes,  
seventeen birthdays.  
She kissed her rippling face  
in the Yellow Medicine,  
and let the morning sun  
melt like butter on the skin.

Johnny Brook  
was waiting.  
He drove a chevrolet.  
Charae climbed in  
through the window;  
it was the tenth of May.  
The school boys were restless  
with a thousand summer plans.  
She must have played viola  
with the school band.

I want one love that will last.

Johnny Brook  
the Catholic  
played organ every mass.  
Charae became  
a shudder  
under the stain glass.  
Johnny Brook loves her more  
with every aching day,  
but she has only realized. . .  
It was the tenth of May.

I want one love that will last.



## Speak Soft

Jerry had some beer  
and started to sing.  
He knows what he means;  
he don't mean a thing.  
He waited for the wisdom  
years would bring to him.

On the refrigerator door  
are the words he had written  
moments before.  
It says, "I hope I never  
have to go to war."

Speak soft, baby don't you talk?  
Speak soft, baby don't you talk to  
me?

He goes to the dance and  
falls in love.  
Years later it's still her he's  
thinking of.  
She never spoke once or  
even looked up enough.

Speak soft, baby don't you talk?  
Speak soft, baby don't you talk to  
me?

Locked up inside again,  
Sunday night never ends.

Houdini closed himself  
inside of a box.  
He didn't have a trick to  
spring the lock.  
Off the stage the people  
watched the clock.

Prison could be a nice  
place to live.  
The bars on the windows  
like bars on a crib.  
Freedom is the least desired  
gift to give.

Speak soft, baby don't you talk?  
Speak soft, baby don't you talk to  
me?

Jerry had some beers and  
started to weep.  
It's time to turn away it's  
his time to sleep.  
Don't trouble yourself with  
seeking peace, count sheep.



## Dixon Berkman's Tale

Ms. G. Sirial  
dreamed she saw the world  
pass through her anxious painted lips.  
And as her body curled  
so she loved the world.  
She gave all she was in a kiss.  
This was her ecstasy,  
imagining her fantasy,  
while Dixon Berkman wove his tale.

Truely, Jacob Dooley watched  
the embers without moving.  
He wasn't certain what he heard could exist.  
Whenever he would try to stir,  
listening he was sure,  
within each whisper was his wish.  
Become the glow, the fire stone,  
the secret soul, the human bone,  
while Dixon Berkman wove his tale.

Sarah, she was staring  
unaware of what she was wearing.  
She felt herself like Venus on the sea.  
And opening her secrets there,  
bathing in her loosened hair,  
breaking to the world to let her breathe,  
so she slipped from fireside  
into ocean's tossing night  
while Dixon Berkman wove his tale.

chorus  
(He said,)  
"I wrote this story to amuse you.  
I told my tale to bring the rain.  
If you are thirsty I will give you drink.  
The cup of words is never dry."

I bring the rain. I bring the rain.