

An Inconvenient Muse

The Liner Notes

Words, music & recordings by Dwayne Hodgson as recorded & posted on <http://dwaynehodgson.ca/inconvenient>

June 2019 / Ottawa

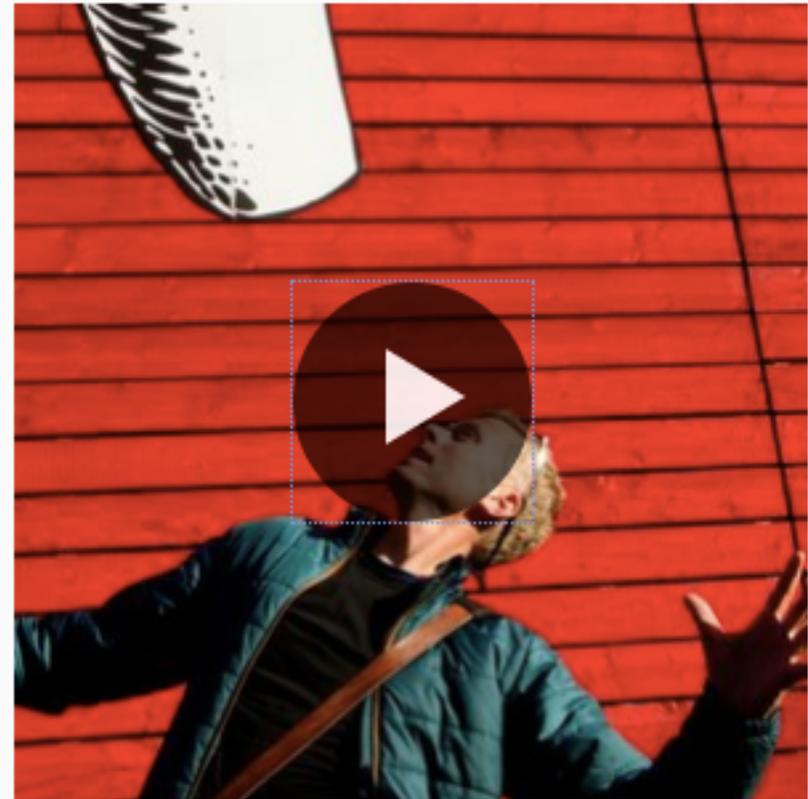
For those willing to listen and be a-mused

Okay, this un-bulm is admittedly a vanity project. But I've had these songs bouncing around in my head for years, or in some cases, just a few days..... and I have to put them somewhere before they're gone.

In the spirit of "rapid prototyping", these "demo-track" recordings are of the "good enough / push on" variety. It's only Garage-Band-not-studio quality, but hopefully they are a close enough approximation of what my Muse has been telling me.

Some of these songs are quite sad, I'll admit. Others are silly. All of them reflect where I was at the time when I received them, but not necessarily where I am right now. Don't worry; 'm fine. may come back and remix these tunes if I have time, so please check back periodically.

Peace, dh



An Inconvenient Muse
by Dwayne Hodgson

Songs of faithful doubt.

WuLoop (My brain on music)

2019 / Ottawa

For the Muse who gave it to me

This is an instrumental, so there are obviously no audible lyrics. But if you listen carefully, you can hear the Muse whispering – a swirl of secrets, innuendo, profound insights, bad puns, and mysteries all interplaying. I have no idea what it means either. I just record them.

Michael's Comet (Wheel of Time)

May 2019 / Hespler

For Michael Peng (what's left of him)

Hurting through space
Many times speed of life
I pass by, fall t'wards you
My contrails burn bright
But habit's trajectory
Eventually takes hold
Spits me out the far side
Back into the dark cold

I pray that the wheel of time brings me round
Through all my lost places
To once you I found
Captured by your orbit
But n'er touching ground
Look for me past the stars
That is where I am bound
Look for me past the stars
Watch for me coming round

The thrill of attraction
Pain when pulled away
Friendship measured in coffees
But no longer in days
After quick reminisces
Plot thickens, resumes
We pick up where we left off
Never missing our cues

I pray that the wheel of time brings me round
Through dark pints and flat whites
We'll unearth common ground
We'll spin tales together
Our threads tightly bound
Look for me past the stars
That is where I'll be found
Look for me past the stars
Watch for me coming round

Gravity Gets Us All in the End

2018 / Ottawa

For my wrist, and my ego, what's left of them

I was surfing down in Cap Breton
Thought I'd found my groove again
Thrashing, hanging ten, and looking cool
But physics/que conspired against me
I spent each ride under the sea
And looking like middle-aging fool

So I said to my number 1 son

Hey boy! Let's go and have some fun
Your old man needs to practice his surf moves
Let's take those skateboards for a spin
But a wee pine cone did me in
Cause Gravity Gets Us All in The End.

Yes, gravity gets us all my friend
There ain't no other way it ends
Aft every triumph surely comes the Fall
Now you may try your best to surf
But you'll wind up eating turf
Cause Gravity Gets Us All in The End.

On the Eighth Day, Snake said to Eve
There's something that you won't believe
This simple apple's the key to it all
Tempted too much she did beguile
That hapless Adam with her smile
And one bite later they done took a Fall

Yes, gravity gets us all my friend
There ain't no other way it ends
It's more original than good old sin
It's written there in Genesis
The ground will be our nemesis
Cause Gravity Gets Us All in The End.

Neath Isaac Newton's apple tree
The only constant he could see
Occurred when it done hit him on the head
"A ha!" He said, "the answers there"
"It's just nine point eight seconds square"

And then they took him off, cause he was dead.

Yes, gravity gets us all my friend
There ain't no other way it ends
It's so darn certain they made it a law
So don't you try to litigate
You simply must accept your fate
That Gravity Gets Us All in The End.

On my last day, they lower'd me down
In a pine box, my friends did frown
"He seemed destined to reach much higher heights"
When I heard that, I sure done shout
"Heed this, my friends, and have no doubt:
Gravity Gets Us All in The End.

Beyond the grave, when I awoke
I started choking on the smoke
And looked surprised to see my company
'Twas Isaac, Adam, Snake, and Eve
And 'side them, shock! I saw St. Pete
He shrugged: *Gravity Gets Us All in The End.*

Song for Isaac

2014 / Ottawa
For my son, Isaac Wind

I'm not her
But perhaps I could do
For a couple of days a week
Could you be happy? (wonderfully happy)

Would you be happy? (perfectly happy)
Hanging around with a guy like me?

Taking trains
From town to town
'Till our dinosaurs knock them down
Build them up again
With rainbow LEGO blocks
Hang out in pajamas
Play hockey with our socks
Stop only to wrestle
Until you have pinned me.

Your Mom's not here
But that's okay
She's bringing home the tofu
While we get to play
Blue jeans and t-shirt
Haven't shaved for three whole days

Don't worry 'bout the moms
Who seem so aloof
If we got each other
We don't need no play group
We'll go on adventures
Fighting dragons, saving barbaloots

You're so small
Could you just stay that way?
Must we grow older every day?
Walking down the street
Fifteen minutes a block

So much to see and say
I wanna hear all your thoughts
Tell me all your stories
'Bout the hawk only you can see.

Double on the bike
To the library
Gonna swing by the park
Give you Under-doggies
Bridgehead hot chocolate
Extra whip cream, if you please.

I watch you sleep
Peaceful, serene
Superhero of your dreams
Could you be happy? (wonderfully happy)
Could you be happy (perfectly happy)
Hanging around with a guy like me?
(Boys with the boys...)
Hanging around with a guy like me?

The Violence of Unspoken Words

2019 / Ottawa
For our failure to speak out

As I was lying in your bed
The nightly stories softly said
You drift to dreams in sleepy heads
Of days I will not see

As now I lay you down to sleep

My promises I did not keep
Pray my mistakes you'll not repeat
Lest my soul you'll not weep

The violence of unspoken words
Far too polite, they never heard
Our tepid witness, so demure
In face of dying earth

What we've left you's a sorry state
We did our best, but far too late
I pray you will hesitate
To act louder than words

This grim inheritance, heavy laid
The price too much for you to pay
I will not hold back all my days
I'll shout till my voice fades.

The silence of unspoken words
Shores up the lies we've often heard
Our vain excuses, so absurd
You'll hear no more from me

So rage against the dying light
Protect the land, take up the fight
We'll go down singing for what's right
Till morning comes again.

All Saints' Day

2011 / Ottawa
For Richard, Roberto and Sharon.

Sky's a leaking roof of grey
(Note to self: must call the landlord)
Sweep up Jack O Lantern brains,
Closet my skeletons again
Soon the old men march to war

Never got to say goodbye
Only saw the tribute pages
Clicked my likes upon the screen
Poured out stories, how close we'd been
Cross the miles and through our ages

Seems no matter how I try
I can't get past all this sorrow
Days slip by, but here alone, it's just another
tomorrow
Though I know there's more, it's so hard without you
Endless Now but never... quite, getting to Yet...

Did it hurt much in the end?
Or did you find it a relief?
Seeds must die to grow again
Buried deep, rise-up as grain
Salt tears water sun-kissed leaves

If I could see you one more time
Meet for coffee on some cloud

Tell me what's beyond The Light
Streets of gold or endless night?
And don't you find those trumpets loud?

Seems no matter how I try
I can't get past all this sorrow
Days slip by, but here alone, it's just another
tomorrow
Though I know there's more, it's so hard without you
Endless Now but never... quite, getting to Yet...

Sky cracks open, pours out blue
Space enough for me to pray
May God bless you, oh my friend
Light shine on you, without end
This All Saint's Day

Not a Farewell

2018 / Ottawa
For Hennie Kuipers

Dark is the hour slow passing by
So long the night when the light dies
Hold fast till morning dries your eyes
It's not a farewell, it's just a good bye

Time takes its toll as days slip past
Try to keep up, but you can't last
Run to stand still yet n'er draw nigh
It's not a farewell, it's just a good bye

Tears mist away, descend as dew

Waters the soil, life blooms anew
Circling, the soul, begins to fly
It's not a farewell, it's just a good bye

Godspeed, my friend, be on your way
We'll meet again another day
Beyond all time, far side of our sighs
It's not a farewell, it's just a good bye

Corazón

2018 / Bogota Airport Check in Line
For Bob Carty, who actually sung Spanish beautifully

On a trip to Bogotá
I received a small a-ha!
As I listened to music
Playing over the plaza
Though I never could hablar
I picked up this vocablo
Seems in every Spanish song
You find the word, "Corazón"!

You can listen to mambo
Or Argentinian tango
Swing your hips to a salsa
Or dance to the Macarena
Muy rapido or lento
There's one constant you must know:
It's just not a Spanish song
Without the word, « Corazón »

*Es mi primer viaje
A sur de America
Y de habla español
Se necesita Milagro
La única esencial
Concepto fundamental
Hablar o cantar muy bien
Sólo decir: Corazón!*

Before my song is finita
One thing I must repeat-a
If it wasn't apparent
(I should have been) more transparent
It's clear I don't speak Español
But there's one truth I do know
I know it's not a Spanish song
Without the word, « Corazón »

Postcards

2017 / Ottawa

For my former and future selves

The gray around my temples pains to see
Every hair an hour of sleep that's long eluded me
In every line an etching of a smile
Or contrails of hot tears, cold winds and scars love left
behind

But if I look past through the mirror behind me lies
A young man broken, wondering what the hell just hit him
blind

Too scared to call, and far too proud to cry
Keeping everything locked up, until he thought he would
die.

And from this moment I can see where he got lost
Charging blindly on, so heedless of the cost
And so I'll send this postcard to my younger self
Saying, "take heart, don't you fear"

Looking forward now from where I stand
An old man grasping for the time fast slipping through his
hands
Regretting all the nights he wasn't there
The petty fights, the voices raised, the wars left
undeclared
In darkness bleary eyes squint in app's glow
Waiting for his kids to call and say they're coming home
Too scared to call, and far too proud to say
He wouldn't make the same mistakes; at least, he'd take
them back again

And from this moment I can see where he got lost
Charging blindly on, so heedless of the cost
And now I'll send this postcard to my older self
To say, "they wish that you were here".

If we could bend time in a circle
Curve the future to the past
Could we pray for those who went before?
Text our love to them at last?

If we gaze right through our mirrors

Look head-on to face our fears
Step back to take the wider view
Are they as large as they appear?

And in this moment I can see that I am lost
Charging blindly on so heedless of the cost
Now I read these post cards from my other selves
Wondering where to go from here

Dar es Salaam

2008 / Ottawa
For all my best efforts

Been one year since I met you
But we still barely speak.
Many times I've watched you flash buy
Silent stares through windscreen

Your beauty sprays like bougainvillea
But is that barb wire hiding underneath?
And though I say I've come to help you
You stay beyond my reach.

Dar-es-Salaam, I can find no peace here
My bleeding heart pinned upon my sleeve
Lies in the gutter of your diesel-smudged streets
Dar-es-Salaam, is there no place for me?

You limp up to my window
Small hand reaches inside
"Good morning, give me money," you say
Now I've no place to hide.

"You know I'll like to share my cup of comfort
But this gulf between us is just too wide
The light turns green, I pull away
Something hardens inside.

Dar-es-Salaam, I can find no peace here.
The lessons of a thousand Sunday morns
Come back to taunt me
— "When did I see you, Lord?"
Dar-es-Salaam, who will cool my tongue?

*Unafanya nini? Unafanya nini na mimi?
Mimi ni tajiri, noamba msaida wasikini*

The lessons of a thousand Sunday morns
Come back to taunt me
— "When did I see you, Lord?"
Dar-es-Salaam, is there no peace for me?

Job – Part 2

1993 / Ottawa
For Job, who really didn't get a satisfactory answer

I hit rock bottom
Bit the pavement on the street
And they scooped up my broken bones
While I spat out my teeth
I lost a good friend
Watched another lose control

Now it's been 30 years, thirty-thousand tears
And still nothing seems whole

(And so I) cry out in anger
I cry out in pain
I'm crying for somebody to explain
Tell me why must we suffer?
Are we the ones to blame?
And all I hear is,
I don't want, I don't want to talk about it
Now

Turn on the TV
Watch the carnage on the news
Yeah, they've got patriots and psychopaths
Shooting everything that moves
Smooth-talking pundits
(say) "That's the way things gotta be"
Gotta bomb them folks to save them
So that everybody's free!

(And I) cry out in anger
I cry out in pain
I'm crying for somebody to explain
Tell me why do people suffer?
Are we the ones to blame
And all I hear is,
I don't want, I don't want to talk about it
Now

There's an inscription
On the bottom of your soul
(It says) "If lost or broken,

"Find the One who makes it whole"
So I go searching,
Through the temples and the pews
Find only self-righteous sentiments
Precious moments platitudes

(And I) cry out in anger
I cry out in pain
I'm crying for somebody to explain
Tell me why do people suffer?
Are we the ones to blame?
And all I hear is,
I don't want, I don't want to talk about it

Voice from the whirlwind
Asks me where was I
When the LORD God Almighty
Built the mountains and sky?
I say, "Lord, that's cool!"
"Yo the potter, I'm da clay"
"But tell me, why all this suffering?"
"Does it have to be this way?"

And God says
"Bring me your anger,
Don't hold back your pain
Bring it to the foot of the cross again
(You know that) redemption's coming
It won't always be this way
But tell me, what you are
What are you gonna do about it?
What are you gonna do, gonna do about it?
Get off your ass and do something about it!

Miracle

2019 / Ottawa
For all of us

The weather's going crazy
Species are checking out
We're debating with the crazies
Over shadows of a doubt
The time to act has past
We frittered it away
We'll be fighting over dry land
Arguing who is going to pay

There's you in your small corner
And me alone in mine
Divided we are failing
Cause we're just falling in line
The rich are getting richer
The poor inherit dirt
But nothing for the creatures
The true meek of the earth

I think that we need a miracle
We need a miracle, ain't that right
Can you help me make a miracle?
Let's make a miracle, tonight.

I'm certainly no saint
But heed this sinner's prayer
To be here in the after
We'll need help from up there
But every time I ask them

They say, "Sure, after you
"If you want to get a miracle
"It's gotta start with you"

By all means ditch the plastic
And turn the furnace down
Become a hardcore vegan
Take a bike around the town
But if we want to survive
Got to take this to the streets
Make the leaders feel the pressure
Make them feel the heat.

I think that we need a miracle
We need a miracle, ain't that right?
Can you help me make a miracle?
Let's make a miracle, tonight.