

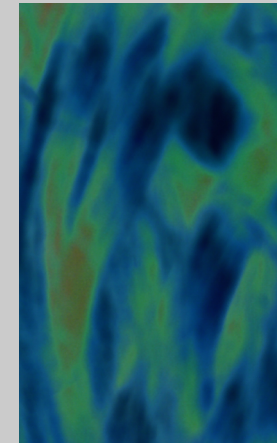
1. do not sing
2. a door is open
3. force of circumstance
4. dudu
5. sorry
6. to the singer
7. the lost city
8. he did
9. neighbourhood
10. summer again
11. oilal
12. questions for the war
13. i will move

phil hargreaves: voice, guitars, cello, flute
glenn weyant: kestrel 920, prepared guitar, piano

Recorded in Tucson, Arizona and Liverpool, England from 2005-2007, using the postal service. Phil and Glenn have never met, although they are not unattractive people.

Further sounds are available for download at www.whi-music.co.uk and
www.sonicanta.com.

Friday Morning Everywhere



phil hargreaves and glenn weyant

Do Not Sing

Do not sing
Do not sing to me
Yes, my window is open
But it is to admit the cool night air
Not your lying songs of love

Your voice is firm and not unattractive
Your horse is strong between your legs
But my father sleeps with a gun at his side

Would you sing in daylight, without your dishonest
friend, the moon?
Would you face my father's gun, should he awake?

I thought not.

So, if I listen at my window,
It is for the gentle breeze, and for the song alone

A Door is Open

A door is open
A door that should have been closed
Yesterday, in daylight, you were safe
Today there is an open door

To the superficial eye, nothing has changed
Objects hold their positions
And the door- the door can be closed again

But in reality, the night has flowed in and around
them.
And nothing can ever be quite the same again.

Sorry

I am sitting on the bus and listening to her apologies.
I do not know who she is, but she is sorry. Sorry, she
says. Sorry. Sorry.

To the Singer

And is that all you can do? Sing?
The world has more pressing needs,
And more than enough songs already.
Do your songs feed the hungry?
Is injustice corrected thereby?
In an economy of dreams, you mistake songs for a
viable currency.
If we could eat songs, you would be forgiven.
As it is, you might just as well leave the air undis-
turbed.

Sometimes, yes, all I can do is sing.
Only the dead leave the air undisturbed.
A world without songs would collapse, rotten, into
itself.
In the face of corruption, of crime described as virtue,
As the loathsome ascend the throne,
At least I have my song
To proclaim that hope survives.

Summer Again

Are you sad?
Sad at the ending of Summer?
If you are still, if you sit here long enough,
It will be Summer again.

Grass will cover your feet
Bindweed will enfold your body
You can watch the snow melt and the bulbs flower.
And yes, at last, the sun will shine.
On brown, bare legs as they enjoy Summer
For the first time.
Fresh-minted for them.

Questions for the War

-When did the war start?

Do you need to ask?
You have always known us?
That should tell you what you need to know
- What is the currency of War?
We will use whatever is there. It was inevitable that
one day we would use geometry.
- Are there casualties?
Of course there are casualties. The war will discard
those it cannot use.
- What of Peace?
The enemy is implacable and ubiquitous. Understand
this earlier, and your life will improve.
- Who are the enemy?
This you do not need to know. Merely ensure you do
not become one of them.
- What can I do?
You can no longer go to war. If the war does not need
you, be grateful that it is there. When the war has
need of you, you will be told.

I Will Move

We are lying in a graveyard
Caressed by the sun, the quick among the dead.
The whole world becomes still
And turns until we are at its centre.
Soon I will move, and spoil the moment.

FRIDAY MORNING EVERYWHERE

Hargreaves/Weyant

whi 006

1. do not sing
2. a door is open
3. force of circumstance
4. dudu
5. sorry
6. to the singer
7. the lost city
8. he did
9. neighbourhood
10. summer again
11. oilal
12. questions for the war
13. i will move

whi
music

PO Box 153, South Eastern, L15 9JF, UK
info@whi-music.co.uk
www.whi-music.co.uk

FRIDAY MORNING EVERYWHERE

Hargreaves/Weyant

whi 006