

# Mp3 Richard Fammere© - Fammere© & Eurydice



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Fammere Eurydice is a an idyll and heroic of love between an errant poet-singer and a sibylline princess captive to a tower of generations. This mystical, exotic soundtrack of mythic romance is set in contemporary Europe, North Africa and islands of 14 MP3 Songs WORLD: World Fusion, ELECTRONIC: Soundscapes Details: Fammere Eurydice Fammere Eurydice is a mystical, exotic soundtrack of love between a wandering poet-singer whose only home is self and a sibylline princess captive to a tower of self and self doubt. Their mythic romance set in contemporary Europe, North Africa and islands of the Mediterranean is heroic and enchanting but, also, young. Both hesitate. He steps back, for he does not trust her hesitation; she disappears, for he hesitates. Their tragic denouement, like most--like Romeo and Juliets, is so sad because it was so unnecessary. Here are first lines of the last poem he wrote to her [track 6]. It was left upon a wooden table in a little blue room open mouthed to the sea. He will never know if she found it amid a world of wind and wings: I have spent another morning in the markets of remorse trying to buy back a single afternoon. I search by the scent of her in September, where the sky and Mediterranean had offered her to me. All I find among reflecting pools and wet feet is her hat, and, then, that is gone. Why would someone take it from me, all that was left to me. \* \* \* \* \* And here are the last lines of the first poem he had written to her a decade before [track 3]: I cannot learn to love the lost hours. Every fluted pillar prophesied you. Your breasts restore me to the first and last face of God. Our love will confound all vain idols of commerce and compromise, for we have been chosen to demonstrate the single, sacred body. \* \* \* \* \* Fammere "Alternative Art Songs. Art Spoken, Art Sung. Contemporary Art Songs. Enlightened Art Songs. Ecstatic Art Songs. Alternative Enlightened Art Songs. Progressive World Poetry Music. Poem Songs. By any name this is a new genre; and Fammere is the artist where it begins. Li-Young Lee, Elise Paschen, Rachel Webster, Kenneth Clarke,

Mark Perlberg, Risa Kaparo, Tatiana Blanco. (Shakespeare, Ronsard, Rimbaud, Prevert!) Fammere has composed for them all. Fammere Eurydice is his first self-portrait and master work. This album is accompanied by Lessons of Water Thirst ([cdbaby.com/fammeree2](http://cdbaby.com/fammeree2)), a book of poems described by Bob Holman (director of The United States of Poetry) as "a recipe for unearthly delights." Fammere is a contemporary troubadour. Really. He left home on the cusp of eighteen with fewer dollars, his sisters guitar and his fathers blessing (If you want to starve you may as well begin now--). His career as a poet and musician began before the Cathedral of Notre Dame and across the Petit Pont on the left bank of the Seine among dusty shelves of Shakespeare Company in Paris. To perform where Esmeralda had mesmerized medievals and to write in Hemingways overstuffed chair, blessed young Fammere with a vision which would protect and propel him through an odyssey of two decades and beyond. Poet Chad Walsh suggested he continue his evolution in Ireland. Beginning at the tomb of Yeats in County Sligo, Fammere crossed Europe on foot. He followed the paths of Grand Tours and even greater adventures: crusades and pilgrimages, culminating upon Mt. Sinai. Listen for evidence of faerie rings, trysting stones, Goddess temples, marble theatres and medieval palisades in the west of Ireland, south of France, the mountains of Crete and Morocco, the plains of Turkey, deserts of Jordan and Egypt and verdant islands of the Pacific. Refreshingly, forty-something Fammere isnt a typical icon. When we first met at his reading and performance at Shakespeare Co. in Paris (an event televised by ART and, I believe, lifted by Ethan Hawke for Before Sunset), I was assured by his eyes and beard. All self-important popular singers (curiously named as circus entertainers) want to to look like this skinny Matisse flourishing eyes of a mystic and hands of a lover. Fammere is a born artist and was born to be an artist. He is passionate as the Greeks he admires, daring as the troubadours, profound as the movement he has single-handedly initiated. Some may believe the title of this CD implies that Fammere considers himself to be Orpheus reborn. Well, I can only respond by saying that he may very well be. It is not simply his art, his writing and music, his dedication, his story, but his voice. Listen carefully to this record. I have never heard anything or anyone who better elicits the pure magic of a mythic character in flesh and blood. To experience the exotic--and often erotic--adventures of love and lost love, self and self found, to rekindle fantasies and faith, delight in this CD, this seminal recording, this transcendence. Thank you, Fammere." - Adele de Stael Fammeree delivers. Buy the album to enjoy the future of poetry now. - Kenneth Clarke, Executive Director of The Poetry Center of Chicago \* \* \* \* \* Fammere Eurydice includes: 1. Green

Man 2. Tide of Life 3. Single, Sacred Body 4. La canzone della sirena 5. Evora 6. Markets of Remorse 7. Ephemeræ 8. Khora Sfakia 9. Silence in Your Eyes 10. Thrall 11. One of the Just 12. The Smell of French Books 13. Orpheus Recusant 14. Eurydice \* \* \* \* \* LYRICS 1. Green Man If we were one God, we would feed each other everything; and everything would eat us, and we would never die. My tongues would serpent in your temple where water becomes blood; and the pink imprint of our lips would be a talisman above the bed. We would not need to protect our skin from light; we would not need to protect our skin from skin; and nothing red would be unclean at the mouth of the Tigris. I know what the dark book teaches, but the garden is within us all. I am a green man, and I am my messiah now. I am not embarrassed, I am not alone, I am not afraid. I cannot lose anything, for nothing is mine. And I will never be hungry, for everything is mine. Where, then, is the throne of heaven. I know what the dark book teaches, but the garden is within us all. If we were one God, we would not appease fathers of don't. We would kiss the tips of each other, for lips are the spout of the fountain and eyes, the light of the fountain. Nipples are ready to blossom, and a rose is a mouth of the mother. I am a finger, and you are a finger. Our hand is a leaf, our leaf, a wing, and leaves and wings will cathedral us again. \* \* \* \* \* 2. Tide of Life One restless night, deep in a world of wood Trying to rhyme memories half understood Curious light, confluent signs Here in the tide of life Walking a line, walking alone sometimes Reaching to find someone to harmonize Lyrical lines, written in signs Here in the tide of life All the sadness And the darkness I've carried I've heard every rule, but I will play the songs I wrote to sing There in your eyes I see no silver cage Between the lines your dreams are safe Lyrical night, speaking in signs Here in the tide of life \* \* \* \* \* 3. Single, Sacred Body I sing the fountain of your silence I dream the promise in your eyes I love each island in your river I drink you in before the sky Once in a frozen time drifting into night, we said wed meet again. Here, sitting side by side, the way your hands hold mine, our lifes begun. I cannot learn to love the lost hours. Every fluted pillar prophesied you. Your breasts restore me to the first and last face of God. Our love will confound all vain idols of commerce and compromise, for we have been chosen to demonstrate the single, sacred body. Once in a frozen time drifting into night, we said wed meet again. Here, sitting side by side, the way your hands hold mine, our lifes begun. This hand pressed netting, this veil of brides, this storied fabric winding its whisperings about us, sleeplessly compelling our mouths together for breath for birth: I now assume Botticellis love for you And if time were to abandon us in some unmeasured embrace, I would rest beside you until we were chosen to be brought

forth again from the cold. \* \* \* \* \* 4. La canzone della sirena [I shall call her Eurydice. She is every woman who dreams and remembers her dreams, who sings and whose songs are remembered. Eurydice had eyes that would become the color of the sky or her chemise. We were visiting Vernazza in the north west corner of Italy, one of the five mountain towns, the cinque terra, above the sea. I wrote this song for her to sing in the Pirates caf at night. She wrote the words. They tell the story of a siren who calls sailors to her cave, the darkest waters from which no mortal re-emerges.] \* \* \* \* \* 5. Evora In Evora there is a church and the church was once a mosque and the mosque was once a church and the church was once a temple in the time of the Romans Behind the altar there is a false tomb and beneath a Christian name there are thousands of years of roots writhing through stone and water echoes up vertebrae which must have been steps and its light is the juice of emeralds Now, consider the well that is my throat and the pool that is my chest What does one do when a well has been capped for so many generations? Is water safe in the stomach? How did I become addicted to a self-imposed periphery, its tithes, its prick and its poison? Can all of this be unlearned in one generation, one season, one summer? My grandfathers and grandmothers and their grandparents meet for the first time in me I carry them to familiar places I am their hands, their thighs, their nose, their eyes, their lips, their teeth, their tongue How did I become addicted to a self-imposed periphery, its tithes, its prick and its poison? Can all of this be unlearned in one generation, one season, one summer? I am the voice and the body now and all that is closed will be opened and all that hurts will be repaired and all that sleeps without dreaming will be green again In Evora there is a church Inside the church there is a tomb and inside the tomb there is a cistern Inside the cistern there is water and its light is the juice of emeralds \* \* \* \* \* 6. Markets of Remorse I have spent another morning in the markets of remorse trying to buy back a single afternoon. I search by the scent of her in September, where the sky and Mediterranean had offered her to me. All I find among reflecting pools and wet feet is her hat, and, then, that is gone. Why would someone take it from me, all that was left to me. How did she become my Genesis. There were Jerusalems before her, tents of silk embroidered with silk; anchovies and resin wine; lavender, cloves, coriander, thyme; boxes of rose, bowls of bone, wood, stone. I surrender each coin. I surrender, face up: She sat upon the other bed, sunlight pushing at yellow curtains as if they had not been yellow before, sunlight pushing at the curtains of her hair, no longer able to support its weight. I want that moment back. I would hurt myself against her chair if necessary to please the twin idols of her knees and kiss her fingers before our meal and touch her

hair from her eyes, as love promises, and follow her, veiled as I am, navigating puddles and waves between strands and sleep, chrysalis to chrysalis, in the little blue room open mouthed to the sea, the one she promised will be there. \* \* \* \* \* 7. Ephemeræ I could not sleep while you slept. Any little animal might have sheltered in your body; and I kept leaves from your eyes and things from your hair until your lips revived, bending back my fingers to the lessons of water and thirst. Fires that night digested the wet, and when their long viridian became your arms and a delirium became our legs, threads relinquished us, and we were not puppeted by earth, and we were not puppeted by heaven. We became larger than form and texture and scent-- something like clouds-- and fear was driven from the manger of our bellies, and anger's thin lips could not diminish us. We ate everything that was red, and everything red was delicious. My sap was greening your milky body, then your legs slapped. They slapped into fins and you arced and my chin and ear separated, and silver and more silver and silver again, I quivered behind you. Ten thousand skies Ten thousand nights I should have known I would outgrow A fascination with empty

8. Khora Sfakia I walk among the whores of Sfakia, the once beautiful sons and daughters hoarding fragments, lording and ladying and burning from the altar of their lips all instincts still migratory. For them the paths of scree to the promontory decay at the turning of the sky. They hobble to the one tree where an attendant is also a boatman and negotiate a passage back. I am pressed to vertical earth, hatless, mapless and without sunglasses. Golden bellied birds flash in a swift geometry upon lapis lazuli, and I tremble with the thrill of superstition: What spirits are these? Whose soul cries from the mouth of the ass? Now, the water is a Leviathan and ready to swallow. It thrashes about, not content with its containment, neither convinced nor concerned that lungs need land. The whores of Sfakia wheeze and sleep with mouths open and lamps glaring and garments pressed to their eyes. If their messiah were to come in the night, I could not follow, for this is not a Diaspora, and the Son and the Father are only one half of one God. I wonder why the earth supports us. We expect so much and renew so little. Its Here and husband, back and forth and up and down, scattering bones of aborted destinies. He first slurred the ancient name of this place, Khora Sfakia-- The whores of Sfakia, he announced and everyone laughed, then laughed again and laughed all the next day. Now, she and he and I are pinks upon the sand. We offer our knees to the waves, and Hero calls, and her call takes the body of a gull. Each of us awakes from the truth of dreams to the lives of our own making. The sea moves her skin and enters me. I do not fear translucence. I do not fear this pregnancy, for I am with me. \* \* \* \* \* 9. Silence in Your Eyes

In a languid haze, Elysian gate I shade my eyes And two lovers rest on a simple bed of sorrel leaves and  
spent desire Silence in your eyes In a second take of the last embrace you would not leave alone We  
could close our eyes to a faint disguise we'd wear to hide from time, from fate Silence in the sky, in your  
sighs Silence in your eyes If a written line could materialize into a wish I would know where you've gone  
For a silver thread that I thought we'd shed is still tied to my wrist to you Silence in the night, in your sigh  
Silence in your eyes 10. Thrall Can the priest pretend your body is not the plan of his cathedral? Can I  
pretend you are not my cathedral? \* \* \* \* \* 11. One of the Just [She was in a cold stone  
kitchen preparing. I was in a twin stone room discovering the music for this song. I heard her chanting  
Hey, hey, hey, hey, ha, ha, ha, ha, howd your life get strapped to a clock against the ringing of my strings  
and the ancient percussion of a knife chopping against a board. I knew it was the pain of a daughter  
never born.] \* \* \* \* \* 12. The Smell of French Books The smell of French books is particular.  
It is the bloom of favorite shoes and pillows plump with nursing, bells of etched glass and cream yellowing  
in the belly of a spoon. The small of French books is one candle and three cold canvases in a crumbling  
room in Picardy and meadows beyond the rusted crucifix, pinking with puberty and wooing the mooing  
cows. There is a Livre de Poche beside the bed. I refresh myself with Bonnards busy virgin in her  
emerald bath, then struggle through four more pages. Little accents fly off like perfumed arrows. From  
dialogue I guess the plot and meaning of the story--as I do in life. I remember so little grammar, my  
ceremony of French books will never change. It is the lick, lick, lick of a chocolate clock, and I am asleep  
before the chiming. \* \* \* \* \* 13. Orpheus Recusant And if time were to abandon us in some  
unmeasured embrace, I would rest beside you until we were chosen to be brought forth again \* \* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \* \* 14. Eurydice [The poet is finally allowed to bring his beloved back from the kingdom of death, the  
realm of shadows. For a moment, he loses her voice and looks back and loses her forever.] Richard  
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