

SEAN
NOONAN



A
GAMBLER'S
HAND

A
♥



Sean Noonan, **drum set, percussion, composer, conductor**

Tom Swafford, **violin**

Patti Kilroy, **violin**

Leanne Darling, **viola**

David West, **cello**

1 A Gambler's Hand 4:34

2 Caught in the Act 8:11

3 Lully 4:24

4 Banshee Dance 4:09

5 Thank You 6:22

6 Ghost Quarters (improv canon) 3:49

7 Triptych 8:53

A far, no silence

Forced Meatballs

A far, so a far

8 I Feel the Clouds 5:44

9 Courage Unleashed 3:26

10 Monster of Solitude 2:27

SONGLINES

SGL 1597-2

C & P 2012 Songlines Recordings,

3036 W. 6th Ave., Vancouver BC

V6K 1X3, Canada

www.songlines.com

Total time: 52:06

Recorded and mixed in 24 bits/88.2K

MADE IN CANADA



Produced by Sean Noonan and Simon Kummer
Executive Producer: Tony Reif

Recorded June 6, 2011 by Andy Taub at Brooklyn Recording, Brooklyn NY
Mixed by Simon Kummer, Erding Germany
Mastered by Graemme Brown at Zen Mastering, Gabriola Island BC
Design by Jordan Bent

Dedicated to the Janovsky and Kummer families
Special thanks to all my fans and friends around the world

Sean plays Troyan drums

Publishing: SPNOONAN(ASCAP)

"A Gambler's Hand" is an original story about Pavee, a man with a gambling problem who becomes trapped inside a wall, living a life of solitude and later becoming a part of the wall. The story is available online and is also portrayed in a forthcoming silent film.

Please visit
noonansmusic.com/stories.html for info.

... the wall's lips moving ... imagine! wall's lips moving! and not alone the lips ... the cheeks ... the jaws ... the whole face ... all those – what? wall of tongue? yes ... the tongue emerging from the wall ... counting cards ... burning cards ... no speech possible ... next a move is made ... in this bet there is a fool and a thief for sure ...

... I walked the floor assuming that the world was good as any means ...
watched the door wait to greet me in ... said come on in and lock the door
behind you ... did as I was told ...

... staring at nothing but pitch dark ...

... it is a dangerous world by far ... the wall speaks come in stranger you can stay
and play the most important game of your life ...
one where you have nothing to lose and all to win ...

... sat by myself and realized when God throws the dice they are loaded ... a wild card ... time stands still after my blind bet ... one lonely hour seems forever ... my safe hand slips ... an infinite amount of minutes go by without me knowing if it's true ... luck never made a man wise ...

... blank wall, ever so nightly ... caught in the act pinned to the wall now a chain
ever so walks me as if I were a child once again ...
all shapes and sizes approach one by one and now caught in the act ...

... luck sometimes visits a fool but the wall never sits with me ... sometime later rain comes ...
sometimes shapes and sizes approach on the other side of the wall ... I could hear nothing but could
smell rain upon that ever distant world ...

... as I awoke from what I thought was a dream ... I lay down dejected and weeping in a
shelter built around me of wood and nuts and by my side appears a fairy in figure and form as the
brightest object in the room ...

... sometimes white, sometimes golden ... I sometimes understand her message and then sometimes
knew which side of the wall I was on ... I turned ever so in a westerly direction hoping for day in night
and light in day ...

... day in night and light in day ...

... I guard your death ...
her fingers began to dance ...

... birth was the death of myself
again words weren't few ...

... dying too is a longer process than
what it takes to be born ...

... ghastly grinning ever since ...

... all the way so back
again to inconception
like it ends
for all of us ...

... from funeral to funeral
to now this night
two and a half
billion seconds ...

... again two and
a half billion
seconds ...

... again hard to believe so few from funeral to funeral ...

... one thirty thousand nights hard to believe so few again it never ends ...

I guard your death said Banshee ... her fingers began to dance ... birth was the death of myself ... a Smith Wesson
beats four aces and with this hand I had neither ... it was up and over ...

... again words weren't few and dying too is a longer process than what it takes to be born ...
birth was the death of myself ghastly grinning ever since ... up at the lid to come in cradle and crib ...

... with the first totters from mammy to nanny and back ...
all the way so back again to inconception like it ends for all of us ...

... from funeral to funeral to now this night two and a half billion seconds ...
again two and a half billion seconds again two and a half billion seconds again hard to believe so few
from funeral to funeral ... hard to believe so few from funeral to funeral ...
funerals of he and she all but said of loves

... one thirty thousand nights hard to believe so few again it never ends ...



... a far no silence so afar ...

... so afar no silence in my bones which ache from the unexpected ... from the event ...

... my nose feels left out and drips in sorrow ... I smile in hope to hug the clouds or get a glimpse of it from ever
so a far ... it never ends so a far ... so a far ... always so ever so a far ...

... sun long ago sunk behind the wall ...

... light long dead ... I feel the clouds as they walk by me never allowing an opportunity for a hug or even a touch
of another soul ... it appears to be another dance that I find my fingers reluctantly joining in a spree that not
even I could refuse ... I feel clouds ... smell wind ... walk in rain ... I talk to taste where it came from ...
... ever so familiar sensation in my mouth ever so familiar to have
tasted such a thing before ...

... born again dead of night sunk long behind the larches ... behind the wall match goes out!

... strike a second as before ... takes off holding it in left hand match goes out ...
strikes a third as before put my gloves on and turn my back to the wick ... it takes off

... it takes off ... I'm pinned to the wall ... pins of all shapes and sizes
down me out I'm pinned ...

... little left to tell ...

... in a last attempt to obtain relief I moved from where I have been so long together to a single room
on the farthest eastern side of the wall ... relief had helped and would flow from unfamiliarity ... unfamiliar room
unfamiliar scene out to where nothing ever shared back to where nothing ever shared from this ... I had one half
hoped some measure of relief might flow day after day ... I followed for hour after hour ever so extensions which
lead to no where ... in a long black coat no matter what the weather of the old world that lies outside ... I turn
and my slow steps retrace back within this maze slowly step and retrace my shadow which then comforts me
some what dearly ...

... never again a word was exchanged with the wall ...
slowly we grew to be as one ... the sad take takes a last time and sat on as though turned to
stone ... through now in front of me a single window at dawn shed no light from the street no sound of
reawakening nothing left to tell ...

Sean Noonan