

Episode 4: The Deadly Hands of Smoke.

Dramatic Monologist: The Nursemaid

Stanza 1:

Gun smoke billows from your clothes,
As you lilt in your waning hours.
Steady at your bed post hangs the dagger of the age
And keen with the rising dawn of an incandescent lamp to gaze upon.
A ride through the legs and branches of a scarecrow on the horizon
Until, nearly dawn, you found their gang,
Still awake, still sharp from worrying about the future,
And cooking breakfast before time to depart.
You exhausted from your travails,
But no time to waste in light of your good fortune:
All six tightly in a knot around the fire.
That picture of your sister, at your bedside, draws
You from the swooning upturned state of affairs:
Success in the face of all six.
Crows dispersed like dogs as you charged in
On all six and recovered her stolen wagon
When, taken from her farm five days earlier, you caught
On to their trail ten miles out into the low
Shrubs of a cold desert. That is quiet the tussle,
With only your rifle and whatever you had tucked in your
Waistband. So why fret? She
Is safe and happy along with Samuel Frostman.

Embellishment of character is the point dear sir.

You could be even colder and I would only blush! The garbage

Of a shabby few, crossed and tossed from playing cards, here and there,

Drew in the palatal sweat of a captive audience.

Namely you, a lone gunfighter and angry brother.

Why, so fearfully balled up in sweat! Launched

And set loose like a wild pig!

To regain control of her desperation or else she will

Dispense her problems onto you; namely, the elderly man

Who raised you both, Samuel Frostman,

The free negro who found you and her abandoned

In a field of hay. To pat your lips says enough,

No doubt—he is in your charge now.

To see your thirty-something muscles grow heavier

From knowing him. Your eyes grow dim a little

From the blood loss. Only tea will do that's hot.

What could be more maddening than a wolf

Tearing meat from a black bear?

They might have just been thieves for all you know.

Is that a touch more fierce some than you would have it?

To be sure! To be given your step father to care for or else

Face a gang of six over a stolen wagon.

Right there is where I have it right, according to you.

Your sister pushed you out the door and

A rifle along with five days of food is all

You took. That little smile left in the corner
Of your cheek drips with coconut milk
When your nostrils flare from the pain
Of knowing sparse means. That muscle left, along with your focus
Came from the soft old man, who is called negro by the shabby
Consortium of the public, in the room
Behind your sisters house where she cares for
Him until his last hour's doom.
To sip from your tea, a wry fellow yourself,
Through the deadly hands of smoke—That is gun smoke, correct?
You charge through the coming and going of the sun.
To keep your face tilted to the left or right,
The magistrate summoning you in ten days later
To discuss your tinkering in the low shrubby desert.
What do I know from my dissension, you ask?
Perhaps, I do not know enough. What is so
Wrong with loving your father?
And then, two days ago, to be encumbered in
A brawl with Wild Manny and the girl pistolero
He rides with in the mud-puddle town square
Where you finally lost a fight!
You were given to me by the town, shabby consortium
Of local pinch-pennies, precisely, correct? You could or could not
Loose your life for fighting. Yes, drink your tea.
To wonder who you are does no good with

You as you are, you know, a man all shot and bleeding.
I pick up the water from your bed side
And leave you to your rest. Why not toy with trinkets?
Entertain something cheap or tell a story in song? Be
A cowboy as many often do! To see only your
Kin in the sparse desert of your father
And believe that as opposed to the other
View point, keen with interior revelations of subtle joy,
To be a gun fighter! As you were when you drew down and
Fought all six! That is real combat—I leave you now. To hear your sister
Pray for you through your father makes
Me sick with grief!

Stanza 2:

After disposing of your
Bedpan, it dawned on me you are the famous
Actor, the mexi-looking billboard model everyone is raving
Bubbles and sips for around town. Just can't reach you can I? You could pass you
Know, why not be like me? Who can coddle you
As you are, a dangerous man. While you dive in and
Out of auditions and saloons, wandering eye about enough of that. I don't
Believe all of it but just a taste is good. To get the nod,
And dance between the scene of the other town folks.
In this peddler drink out-crop place to settle down,
I patched up the strays that wandered the mud puddles
Of the town. What I knew from giving nods

And seeking prominence in the lives of the public
To patch a puppy made me special, made me likeable and new.
So I did it until the means I developed from the rambling of strangers
Made my career. Why not be celebrated when the night
Leads to the limelight of society as a lady of the town?
I do it sure, patch you up, no doubt, the money is good,
But the limelight after hours, the bubbles and the bounties
Of the silly cheek-pinching public is what makes me happiest.
What a treat to be given apples and crackers from
Clerks and store owners while walking the dang
Street as always. That is how I see it as a
Cross-town penny. Water drips and shakes like a poodle from my lips,
I know better but I still keep a little bit from the
Public's outrage for myself. Along these lines I am rewarded
With public outrage. Trade your gun powder for
Silver and gold and try out for a part in the limelight
That is show business. A terse line hurts, change it for champagne
And fine food. Why not return? That is high art. Now change
To wriggle past the guards of the West, then return—
A summoning to high art, how preposterous. To say that Byzantine gaze
Was not met with a lewd puppet master, perhaps a hypothesis
That is on-going. Preposterous! And then to peek interest
In knowing more as a girl. Darn it, I'll leave it cooked
With a crow-winked, scoundrel!
To dip back into sleep as a warden of the afterlife

Only pieces of the whole to summarize your judgement in a pinch placates the setting.

A tussle in a bar ends you from your way among the clouds

That night you slept rough and ready to fix that tough come morning.

The street led you to the wild dogs at the edge of town

Where you first met Wild Manny and Caroline, the girl pistolero

He rides with.

The dogs get rowdy over the tonnage dropped from passing trains.

Two sets like bubble kingpins poking through a storm

Slithered through the mid-western dust-up as salamander-kings:

Wild Manny and Caroline said hello.

Dramatic Monologist: The Wounded Gunslinger

Why not stay a moment longer, nurse?

Your predisposition to leave is obvious while I'm in your care.

You think I am a brave man for kicking dust

With those darn crooks. Who am I without Samuel Frostman, my daddy,

And my daddy summons me back to the flowers,

From my ways, when I just wanted to act!

To dial about the feeling, the golden fields he walked in,

The story of his life south of here with his mother,

And the walks he took with her as he re-awoke from the idea of being black.

That old timer bugs me and always has.

To me, the connections are obvious. I was adopted by a black person. Now ask me

Who am I without stage through curtain call?

I only see the long distance of my soul through history

And to be charged by the public with the drumming of my heart

Historically predisposed to be disarmed with name-calling, taunts,

Bigotry, while I'm still a rifleman in the mid-west.

I still wonder what I'm good at—That is gun smoke correct?

To draw down on me with high fashion, lilt and gloat,

To make connections through only sight, reinforced by the bartender

And mail-boy, rebounding with the difference of a string

That is made-up! To return time and again to the point

That made me feel low by my character-development.

I am disarmed by my daddy, and I have a rifle,

Through the deadly hands of smoke, watch your mouth!

And then, to dance through it with two fingers tucked in your waistband!

Why not make up a story? Be like me and pass?

I grab my rifle rounds drooping from the door hook

And breathe awhile before returning to my bed to recoup

My strength. Should I hold a grudge? Wild Manny

And the girl pistolero he rides with ought to be corrected.

Sure you laugh and taunt me still, without the

Bronze and silver leaves my daddy raised me in,

Fresh as rain from my youth breathing on my face

To face the future in a world full of gangsters!