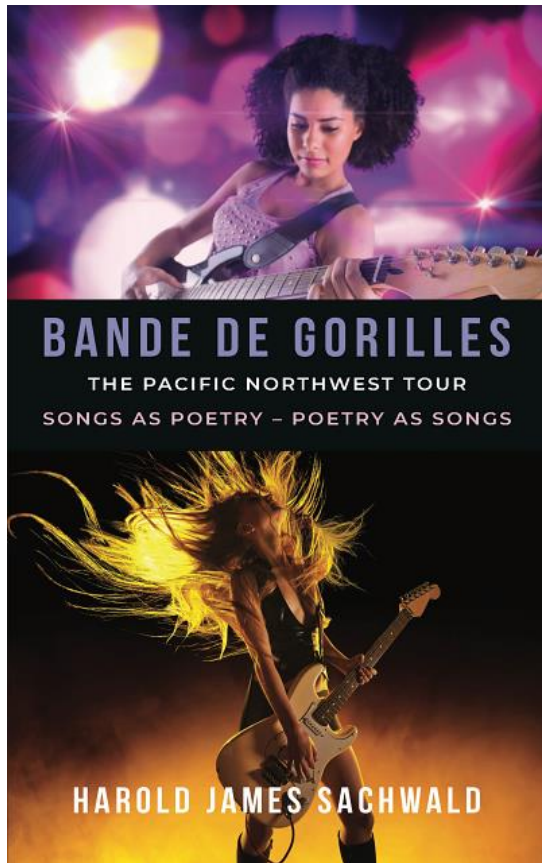




Imagine poetry picks up a lead guitar. Then it teams up with a rhythm and bass guitar, and a drummer. When they play together, magic happens. Poetic words and feelings are what Bande De Gorilles is all about.

Bande De Gorilles: The Pacific Northwest Tour

By Harold James Sachwald

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BANDE DE GORILLES

THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST TOUR

SONGS AS POETRY – POETRY AS SONGS



HAROLD JAMES SACHWALD

Bande De Gorilles: The Pacific Northwest Tour

Harold James Sachwald

SONGS AS POETRY – POETRY AS SONGS



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BANDE DE GORILLES

Elly Smoke, lead guitar, vocals; edgy, tough; short blonde mess of hair flying around her face; looks like she doesn't care about anything but the music and the words; plays this beat up Les Paul.

Janine Rousselle, rhythm guitar, vocals; dark hair dropping below her waist; enough eyeliner to start a revolution; plays old Telecaster like an extension of her body.

Mack Chaucer, drums; beard so thick it looks as if it could block out the stage lights; bangs and hammers on his drums like he is mad at them.

Lisette Duret, bass, vocals; long curly flowing black hair; black eyes, red lips surrounding a killer smile; lays down alluring slick beats on either her Gibson or Warwick.

The band's philosophy behind their compositions is attuned to their creative religion, that there exists no separation between music and poetry. Like songs, poems have a certain magic. They turn feelings into sound.

They want everyone to think of poetry like a band getting together: lead guitar, rhythm guitar, bass, and drums, all creating a vibe that makes you want to jump, move, and dance.

They know music helps express unsaid feelings and lets everyone feel things deeply, without needing any explanation, but poetry and music capture it all.

BANDE DE GORILLES knows they're more than a band. They're a movement that can't be silenced.

VENUE ILE DE FRANCE

Venue Signature: TRUTH BE TOLD

Truth be told, the shadows hide their face,
beneath the veil where secrets softly sleep,
a whispered light that time cannot erase.

In quiet rooms where silence finds its place,
the heart's confessions rise from fathoms deep,
truth be told, the shadows hide their face.

It slips through fingers lost in a swift embrace,
a fragile thread all promise still to keep,
a whispered light that time cannot erase.

No mask can hold the rawness of disgrace,
the soul will bare what lies it tries to sweep,
truth be told, the shadows hide their face.

Through tangled webs all seek a path or trace,
yet honest dawn wakes all who dare to leap,
a whispered light that time cannot erase.

Hence, speak aloud beneath this vast expanse:
though veiled and veiling eyes may rarely meet,
truth be told, the shadows hide their face,
a whispered light that time cannot erase.

Group Opener: RAZOR BLUNT NUMBER 2 Their hard core rock crashes over audiences like a sonic tidal wave with energy blasting intense explosions, raw, primeval, untamed.

TICKING CLOCK

A ticking clock, an endless mate
in the silent hours of night
with each tick tock echoing through the dark
as a reminder of passing time.

A rhythmic thump, like the beating of a heart,
pulsating amid the silence with every tick
marking lost moments, departed eternally
with each tock moving closer to dawn's next day.

A dance of hands progressing around the face
signaling time slipping through life's fingers
in an unrelenting power, an unstoppable force
always marching onward, never looking backward.

A ticking clock, a silent witness
for the prosecution to joy and sorrow
confronting the defendant for mortality
in a world of precious fading moments.

BANDE DE GORILLES

ELLY SMOKE holds her Les Paul at her left side as she gazes out over the audience. Her short blonde mess of hair hangs down over her forehead and eyes. "In these blue gardens of the Ile de France whispers gently flow. Here, men and ladies, like moths, amidst the night, champagne bubbles rise, a soft ballet show amongst the stars, their journey takes flight. If y'all listen closely, you'll hear a rift in love's once tender thread, a breaking up, a parting unforeseen. Anxiety now plagues each heart with dread. The path ahead obscured by what had been. Through trials and heartfelt confessions pure, the sun sets on a love that once was bright. Emotions raw, exposed and insecure, as whispers fade into the dark of night. Yet in this journey's end, new paths emerge. From shattered dreams, new hopes begin to surge."

ELEGY: DREAMS OF THE BROOM KEEPER

She wakes up every morning, broom in hand,
sweeping away her dreams, ambitions grand.

In the darkness of adversity, she'll toil,
hopes scattered like dust upon the soil.

Each sweep a sigh, each stroke a lonely song,
beneath the weight of poverty, she grows strong.

Ambition flickering in the dim light of dawn,
yet blues engulf her like a never ending song.

She dreams of more than just this dusty room,
a life beyond the darkness and the gloom.

But fate dealt her a hand so cruel and unfair,
leaving her abandoned in despair.

Yet still a glimmer of hope remains within,
a spark that whispers of what might have been.

She sweeps with purpose, with an unyielding will,
hoping one day her dreams will be fulfilled.

So every morning she grabs her trusty broom,
to sweep away her sorrows, dispel the gloom.

In this requiem of a humble broom keeper's plight,
she embraces her dreams with all her might.

EASEL IN THE MIND

For Midwest girls, gold dust & desire can't be found
in muddy waters, only rawhide trails of waning dreams.

The earth beneath, a cruel and taunting grip
where Midwest girls learn to bear the strain
knowing rawhide trails of dirt and stubborn clay will mock
the heart that yearns for sweeter peace, refusing joy
if gained at another's fall.

Desire curls like smoke within their veins, a restless ache
that stirs beneath the skin, yet shadows lengthen
in their guarded eyes while change rides the wind,
relentless as the dusk, whispering fears
within each cautious step.

Midwest girls clutch their hopes
like fragile strands of thread,
unraveling with every passing day
knowing the soil remembers
every broken dream,
each silent scream that hides behind a smile
as worry zigzags as a shadow
cast across the fading light,
alluring depths of pensive dreams.

Beneath boundless azure skies roam Midwest girls
with hearts like a beacon
in quiet contemplation
far from home
where silver instants beat
through a velvet night

filled with twinkling stars,
soft and bright,
rapt with enchanting shadows
dancing on whispering streams.

For Midwest girls, gold dust & desire can't be found
in muddy waters, only time's gentle cadence holds them
in embrace as starlit paths reveal their secret prayers,
like an easel in the mind,
they stand with sunny soft hands,
their canvas bare and ready to be painted
with waning dreams.

TO GET UP AND BEGIN AGAIN

Her fleeting mind keeps repeating the same old fairy tales
in spite of her awareness that they're made up
of misleading stories invented to catch innocent wonders
of children journeying to a realm
where phantasmagorical marvels dissolve
into whirlpools of experience.

She believes everybody knows somebody
who sat on a wall, and as a consequence of that,
someone had a great fall.

She hopes her strolling in the sunlight will sanitize
her wrongful cares while moonlight will purify
blind fury tears, but she's not sure
but her shades of faith rest
in her recalling a cat playing a fiddle
while a brindled cow jumps over the moon.

So when it's over, it is,
despite the fact that when it's gone, it is.

She thinks she saw a star twinkling
like a diamond in the sky
at the same time, laughing dogs play
with dishes and spoons, but she's unsure
as she remembers pieces of the past.

She wonders why nobody could
put it all back together again
as the markers on an endless road
of failed attempts

bear witness to an old axiom
that when things shift, they do,
even when there's no need.

Her fleeting mind patiently waits
for the wind to whisk her away
maybe to see castles in the sky
where everyone rides a silver platter train
to get up and begin again.

VINES AND DARKNESS

In places where untamed vines intertwine,
beneath the clasp of elms a life has grown,
yet men search for more than nature's quiet design.

With roots entangled in earth's old blessed line,
where beauty speaks gently but is unknown
in places where untamed vines intertwine.

They roam paths with a vision that seems to yearn
for riches concealed by determination's throne;
yet men search for more than nature's quiet design.

Each touch of man disorders what is divine,
as his hands will squash what blooms in tender tone
in places where untamed vines intertwine.

To know this world would require a change of mind
to rest among the shades he disowns;
yet men search for more than nature's quiet design.

To feel alive he must return to fields of seeds once sown;
in places where untamed vines intertwine,
yet men search for more than nature's quiet design.

ONE UP AND ANOTHER DOWN

Time can't stop feelings,
seconds won't stop minutes
for better hours will fill the heart & soul
with rhythms of hopeful searching.

When pain clouds the eyes,
and there's a whisper in the breeze,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

Can't do anything more than what's done already
for somebody once said anything that matters
knows existence wanders aimlessly through the land
on the wrong side of somebody's misery.

When there's a need to run away and hide,
and there's no escape from the pain inside,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

Rest assured, the rising sun will spread rays of color,
bands of chromatics prancing to rhythmic beats of all life
speaking to that bass deep soulful sound
as it chases crying morning blues.

When everything feels like it's bursting into flames,
and there's a dead weight hanging from the heart,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

When love appears at first strong and true,
and suddenly leaves nothing
but a broken heart and loneliness,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

Time can't stop feelings,
seconds won't stop minutes
and there's a whisper in the breeze,
for better hours will fill the heart & soul,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

Whispers ride the roaming breeze,
moments dance, but never turn away from
the endless tide where feelings flow
into a place where hopeful rhythms rise
beneath the vast, embracing skies,
take one glance up at the sky,
and another down at the earth.

Cast a glance upon the earth
for time will fade like dying light
beneath the heaven's eternal sweep
the hours dance through days untold,
a fleeting breath, a secret deep.

Time can't stop feelings,
seconds won't stop minutes
for better hours will fill the heart & soul
while the earth turns, forever there,
embracing day, surrendering night.

SPIRITS IN THE WIND

Plunge into a special place where when everything turns into music, open the soul's window to let all spirits fly.

Remember that special summer beneath the starlit skies with that magical feeling while holding hands?

Recall the scent of jasmine wrapping us in a special way, as the sound of laughter dances like the firelight's show.

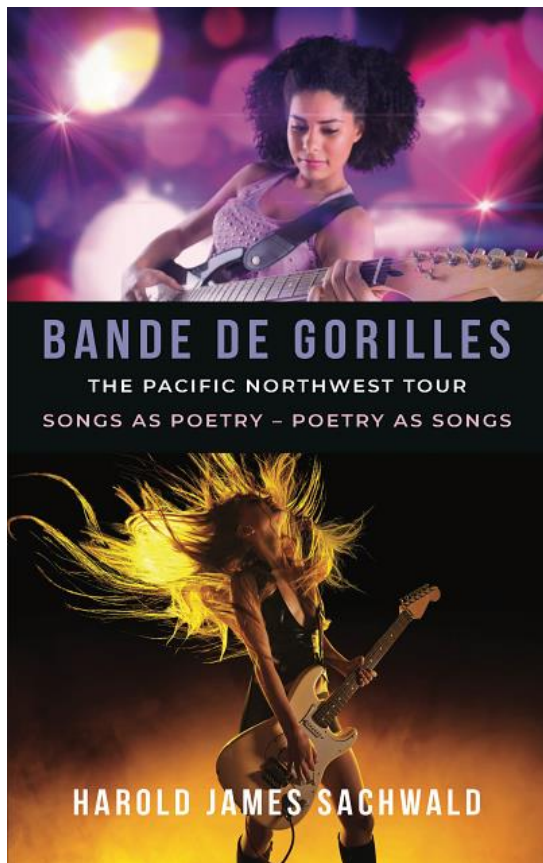
Oh, those forever burning bright nights,
igniting passions with every heartbeat
like flames in the dark sparking fateful spirits in the wind,
whispering soft and low.

Going down by the river where the wild daisies grow,
to lie in the grass, letting time slowly slip away.

Basking in that warm summer breeze,
while the world just spins.

Oh, those nights!
Forever burning bright,
igniting passions with every heartbeat like flames
in the dark sparking fateful spirits
in the wind whispering soft and low.

Allow the memories to reside in the music of the night
where every note plays endlessly like spirits in the wind.



Imagine poetry picks up a lead guitar. Then it teams up with a rhythm and bass guitar, and a drummer. When they play together, magic happens. Poetic words and feelings are what Bande De Gorilles is all about.

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