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Tim Moore

Photography by Rob Stein

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SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



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Martinu #4 (detail)
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

TIM MOORE



Tim plays his 1961 Fender Stratocaster, Stella
Photography by Judy Atwood

SONGWRITERMUSICIANPOET

THE ART OF THE SONG-POEM *with Al Rocheleau*

AR: As a multi-instrumentalist and songwriter, Tim Moore has worked with Frank Zappa, Daryl Hall and Keith Richards. His songs have been recorded by artists as diverse as Art Garfunkel, Cher, Richie Havens, Etta James, and the Bay City Rollers. In 1974, Tim won the American Songwriting Festival grand prize for the song “Charmer.” He has released many albums with charted singles and had an international hit with the song “Yes.” A polymath, he is also an accomplished painter and photographer, a writer of philosophical non-fiction, and a poet. Some songwriters are brilliant artisans of their craft, weaving words with music. In that pursuit, they may write many memorable, poetic lines. Other songwriters, however, bring poetry into their lyrics on such a deep and persistent level, there is no separation of their song-poetry from written, or literary poetry. Tim Moore is one of these artists.

Personal aside: I became acquainted with the songs of Tim Moore in 1974, when an album of the same title arrived in the record shop where I worked. The album was distributed by Asylum Records, at that time a relatively new David Geffen label where Bob Dylan had released his previous two albums when he left Columbia, and the same label where Joni Mitchell had just arrived. That pedigree was enough to pull this album from the promo stack and put it on the turntable and P/A for the store. The album seemed to *play itself* there for months, so entranced were the staff and patrons by its contents. In short, that album, and the artist, were unique, exceptional. *Tim Moore* contained such songs as “Charmer,” “A Fool Like You,” and “Sister Lilac,” all great. But the song that stuck indelibly, for me and many others, was “Second Avenue,” also then soon to be released as a single by Art Garfunkel.



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To this day, the writer's own version of the song, Tim's version, remains one of the most memorable recordings of the singer-songwriter era of the seventies, on a contemporary level with Dylan, Mitchell, Paul Simon, or James Taylor (another Tim Moore fan). There was something about this song that was and is haunting, the definition of a bittersweet, timeless sentiment, and the epitome of the simple, direct song lyric as *poetry*.



SECOND AVENUE

by Tim Moore

Since we can no longer make it, girl,
I've found a new place to live my life.
It's really no place at all,
Just a hole in the wall, you see.
It's cold and dusty but I let it be,
Living here without you,
On Second Avenue.

And since our stars took different paths,
I guess I won't be shaving in your looking glass.
Guess my old friendly grin
Must have started to dim, somehow,
And I certainly don't need it now,
Still, I keep smiling through,
On Second Avenue.

I can still see you standing
There on the third-floor landing.
The day you visited we hardly said a word.
Outside it was raining,
You said you couldn't be staying,
And you went back to your flowers and your birds

Since we can no longer see the light
The way we did when we kissed that night,
Then all the things that we felt
Must eventually melt and fade,
Like the frost on my window pane

Where I wrote, I am You,
On Second Avenue.

(last two verses repeated after break)

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Poets of most any stripe will be able to pick up on Tim's painting of rhyme-hues that are both light and vivid, a balance of the perfect rhymes and off-rhymes, often laced internally, and how the lines breathe and don't always depend on end-stops. The song is pinned and framed by objects to tell a deeper story, reduced to its own calm brilliance of inlaid simile and metaphor. In a YouTube interview, songwriter Stephen Bishop ("On and On," "It Might be You") commented on the song's subtle rhymes, and the magnificence of the closing verse. As many of our poets are not only drawn to the songs of the great writers of this period, they may also be venturing into song-poems themselves, and could benefit from Tim Moore's insights.

Not long ago, I became personally acquainted with Tim on a *Bob Dylan* group site on Facebook, where Tim commented frequently. (Apparently, fine songwriters are attracted to fine songwriters.) Hence, what came forth was this fortunate interview.

AR: When and how did you first get drawn to music?

TM: I started playing guitar at 14 after almost a decade of piano and trumpet lessons. I had a natural composing gift that no teacher spotted. I finally taught myself to express it. Ukelele and guitar chords were the first bridges to my musical ear. Then I started a band and a friend taught me some jazz chords on piano. I learned from records like most self-taught musicians do.

AR: Tim, before we get into the songwriting process itself, and the lyrics, let's address the music side, and get the bright lights of the obvious out of the way. Is it true you swapped spots in an early band with Todd Rundgren, and later lived next door to another then-young songwriter, Daryl Hall?

TM: Todd and I had very short contact. He joined a band I had quit to start my first originals band. I met Daryl Hall at a production company in Philadelphia where I was a staff writer. Daryl joined the company about eight months after I started. He and I rented these little mini townhouses next door to each other in center city. We fell into writing songs together for a band we started called Gulliver which got signed to the Elektra label. In a few songs on that album, I put music to nonsense lyrics that Daryl had in his sketchbooks. We had fun. We traveled up to Woodstock (the town) for a weekend and did an acid trip. After the Gulliver album went nowhere, I moved to a larger apartment in the burbs. Daryl stayed in the city and teamed up with John Oates.

AR: And Keith Richards!? He liked your guitar playing, true?

TM: Keith reached out to me because he loved a song on my second album called "Rock and Roll Love Letter." The guitar riffs on it sounded like they came from his planet, so we started hanging out. Our Gemini-Sagittarius co-creative energy clicked. One New Year's Eve, we hung out all night at his house in Westchester, just the two of us. He showed me his journals and sketchbooks, and they were surprisingly elegant and beautiful. Later, the Rolling Stones came to Woodstock for tour rehearsals and we played all-night jams for a week. I stepped into Keith's guitar station when he went to France for a few days, so it was Charlie Watts, Jagger, Ronnie Wood, and me. It was a great jam because we all spoke the same musical language.



AR: The Frank Zappa connection? What did he say about your writing?

TM: After graduating art school, I was thinking about becoming a composer. I'd play Stravinsky and Prokofiev records and follow along, reading the orchestral scores. One night after a Mothers show in Philadelphia, my friend Kit Thomas got me into a hotel room with Zappa. He told Frank, "You gotta hear my friend." Zappa listened to four songs and thought my chords were harmonically advanced for the time. He invited me to New York City to stay with him and his wife in Greenwich Village. I stayed for six days. He wanted me to sign to his record label. I watched him work in the studio, hung in his little graphics corner, where he designed his album covers, but it turned out he was too booked to produce me himself. He suggested James Guercio produce me, but I wanted Frank or no one. Guercio wound up producing Chicago, a band I found really garish. It would have been a bad match.

AR: You once found yourself in the position where a major artist had released one of your songs after it had already appeared on your first album, and that the two versions were in competition on the charts at the same time. Can you tell us about that?

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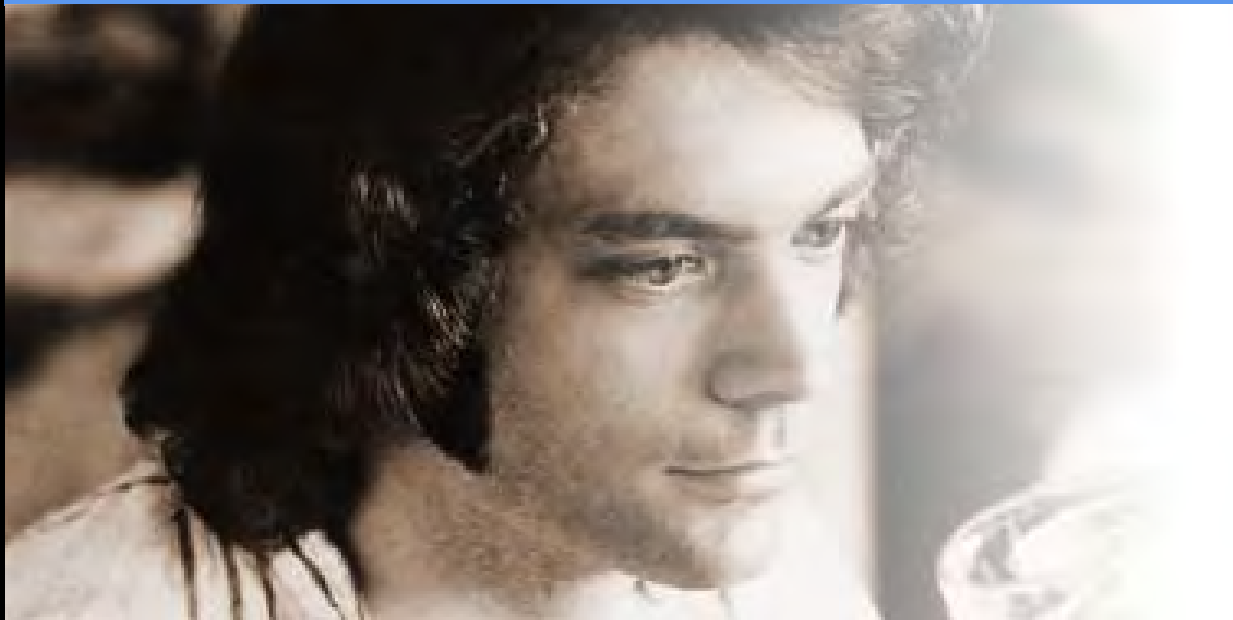
TM: Yes, Art Garfunkel, “Second Avenue.” I wrote it in Philadelphia before moving to Woodstock. Four years later it was released on a small label where the promo chief was a friend. He worked really hard to get it up the charts to around position 50. Then we heard that Garfunkel had recorded a version. That’s legal in music, because once a song is publicly for sale, anyone can record it. To add to the problems, my record label decided they didn’t want to be in the record biz while my single was climbing the charts.

Suddenly I was a free agent with a charting record. David Geffen called right away and wanted to sign me to his label, Asylum, the dream label of singer-songwriters – Joni, Jackson, even Dylan at the time were on his roster. I signed with David. Asylum started promoting “Second Avenue,” but by that time Columbia had also released Artie’s version and our two labels went to war. It’s called a cover battle. What happens is the radio stations and record sales get split up, diluting what would have been a hit into two minor chart records. Neither record gets critical mass. Artie’s version peaked at 35. We killed each other.

AR: I have heard both versions naturally, and as much as I have always loved Artie’s voice and his taste in material, in my view his version of your song is one where an interpreter just totally missed the soul of the composer. Is it that kind of impetus, to get it as you hear it, along with wanting the full fruits of one’s own labor, that fostered the rise of the *singer-songwriter*? Certainly during that period it had become a personal driving force for Carole King, Neil Diamond, et al. How about you?

TM: Yes, songwriters want to be headliners and they want the song sung and produced as they hear it. But most of all, they want to make a livelihood interpreting their own songs. Some think the trend started with Bob Dylan, but before him there were Hank Williams, Chuck Berry, Buddy Holly, and the early folk and blues guys before them – Woody Guthrie, Leadbelly. Even Peggy Lee was a singer-songwriter. But Dylan and the Beatles proved singer-songwriters were a new artistic standard. You didn’t need Tin Pan Alley. But it’s the writer’s singing that makes the difference between a songwriter and a singer-songwriter. If you want to be a headliner, you have to have a unique voice. Dylan did. John Lennon did. James Taylor and Carole King do. Some people think I do. I don’t know. We’ll see. With the new recordings I’m making now, I’m recording voice first, before any instruments get fleshed out. That’s the way producer Daniel Lanois worked with Dylan for three albums. Two guys playing and singing, with a drum machine keeping time.

“Voice is the soul of a record.”



Tim Moore in the 1970's, Asylum Records publicity shot.

Bring the band in later. Always make the voice central. When the vocal performance is right, then you can overdub other tasteful things. In the old days my label spent hundreds of thousands of dollars hiring top studios and musicians for my backing tracks. Then I'd sing on top of those tracks days or weeks later after hearing them played back sixty times or more. It's not organic. Voice is the soul of a record. The rest is time keeping and decoration.

AR: You show such respect for Bob Dylan, our one and only (to date) Nobel Laureate song-poet. Like many singer-songwriters of the sixties and seventies, and many young poets too, was Dylan where it all began for you?



"I learned the business slowly, the way boxers learn – by taking punches."

TM: On my first day in art school, I bought Dylan's second album, *Freewheelin'*. It turned my head 360 degrees. I started writing topical songs that night and playing coffee houses and folk clubs. My first songs were all topical. At art school I'd sit outside the school's lunch room playing my new songs for a group of five or ten students circling round. I was heading them off at 12:45 after lunch. They'd be late to class because of me. All those songs are lost now except one. Last year, I discovered a few of those topical lyrics in note books but I have no idea how the music went. So, yeah. Dylan was the start. His 2016 literary prize was nice but it missed the point. Dylan should have gotten the Nobel Peace Prize in the 1960s. And the Pulitzer. He upgraded the consciousness of a generation with a few songs. "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll," "Masters of War," and "With God on Our Side" just to name three.

AR: There is something about "Second Avenue" that rings personally true for nearly everyone I know who hears that song. They take its parts, its images, and find part of their own lives in it. I'm going to go out on a short limb and bet there is more than just a little of your own bittersweet experience in that song, down to the amazingly vulnerable cadences in the piano accompaniment, which I have always surmised just *had* to be you as well. True?

TM: It's good to know that so many people find themselves in "[Second Avenue](#)." It's a poignant song about loss that some folks have returned to all their lives. Is it biography? Partially. I wrote it in the

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“The best song lyrics are euphonious...”



winter. I was living on the third floor of 106 Forest Avenue in Narberth, PA. There was a landing there. I may have broken up with a passing girlfriend, but I wasn't sad. My friend, Kit, had visited and written "I am you" in the frost on my kitchen window pane. I was learning Chopin's Waltz in C sharp minor, so Chopin's voicings were in my hands. I moved the scene to the Second Avenue apartment of a woman I'd had a short affair with in New York. Her flowers and birds? That's probably Dylan's "Just Like a Woman" sneaking in. Elton John's "Your Song" was in the air then too. I was reading Rilke. Some of my other songs are tied to real events. I wrote "Sister Lilac" by a mountain stream. "Bye Bye Man" was written after my dad had a stroke and couldn't work in radio anymore. The business discarded him.

AR: As I mentioned in my preface, this song shows first and foremost a sensitivity to painting with sound (a holdover from art school?), as well as the making of clear objects throughout (the flowers and the birds, the literal third floor landing and frost on that window pane, etc.), as in a film director's *mise-en-scene*. Those objects really carry the weight of a greater story within those perfect "singing" lines. Did you find yourself doing those things consciously as you wrote "Second Avenue" or for that matter, "A Fool Like You" or "Sister Lilac" on the same album?

TM: Well, images *are* great. They're important. But I do think a songwriter's *first* job is to feel out the *sounds* of the words phrase by phrase, and that's more than just rhyming. The best song lyrics are euphonious – meaning vowels and consonants roll out in an order that has variety and flows easily through voices and into ears. Lennon and McCartney, even in their early songs, had a natural sense of word sound. Their later songs, like "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds" or "I Am the Walrus," are about word-sounds first, even though the images feel like they're the primary feature. You can learn sound to some extent by reading poets like Dylan Thomas, Gerard Manley Hopkins, or Coleridge's unfinished "Kubla Khan" poem. Their poems feel like song. But I learned directly from the lyric writers. You mentioned story songs. That's a special gift. McCartney's "She's Leaving Home" is a great example. "Hattie Carroll" is another. I feel that "Dolorosa" is my best story song.

AR: While you seem to have put on your "hit maker" hat at times, writing straight pop songs such as "Charmer" and "Rock and Roll Love Letter" (a good record for you and an even better one for the Bay City Rollers), can you separate, by either motivation or by the type of song you're crafting, when you are the artist and poet, and when you are simply the seasoned artisan who knows his business?

TM: I was the artist and poet almost all the time. I learned the business slowly, the way boxers learn – by taking punches. I was young. I had managers doing the business and I left it to them. I'd be more hands-on now.

AR: In the eighties, you became huge in Brazil (of all places!), with "Yes," an American ballad in the land of samba. How did that happen?

TM: Yes. A Brazilian pop star. Here's how it happened. My last (fifth) album for Elektra was an all-out commercial effort. I hadn't broken through to headliner status after four albums, so I took a

break. Then I was persuaded to record again. I wanted a hit and a music video. The songs would all be danceable, and I demoed all of them at home first. Designed them really. I hoped Elektra would fund a music video or two, but they didn't. I wasn't a priority and they terminated my contract after the record came out. But a month later a small label in Brazil got "Yes" onto a show that the entire country watched every night— a primetime soap opera. The lead female character's theme song was "Yes" and they played it every night. It rocketed to number one and stayed there for two months. TV Globo is the 800-pound gorilla of Brazilian media, so I had the big machine behind me. They flew me down for their big Sunday night show. I wound up staying for 72 days. 110 million people saw that show. I was an overnight pop star for that small window of time.

AR: Can you comment on the hit-and-miss nature of the music industry, and how at times it has boosted you or conversely, provided a possible bus to further stardom that you feel you "just missed?"

TM: "Tim Moore should have been one of the major artists of this or that decade." I read that on Amazon, Facebook, many places. This can be a trap. The world is full of people who will tell you that you got robbed. Lawyers and demagogues stir up a lot of business telling people what they want to hear—that they're great, that they deserve more, that someone's maliciousness is stopping them. The simple truth is that it takes extraordinary drive and luck to break through, even if you're signed. The more introverted you are, the more artistic you are, and the less aggressive, the more the business will not play its game with you. They're out to make money. It can't be either art or business. It needs to be both. Dylan was incredibly shrewd about his career and he was a great artist with a strong work ethic. And he was lucky. Dylan would be impossible today. It's crazy competitive today. Spotify has 60,000 songs being uploaded *per day*. Most of them by wanna-be pop stars. Most are horrible, some are good. There are a few hundred great artists whom you will never hear of. A few you will. DIY music careers can take 16 hours of work a day just to rise above the noise.



Nude, brush and ink, Tim Moore, 2018

AR: In your songwriting, do you tend to stick to classic song formula of verse-chorus-bridge-verse-chorus, or do you like to add or subtract from that, as Dylan and Mitchell often do?

TM: I admire extended form writers like Dylan and Jackson Browne. Their songs will sometimes take a minute and a half before they cycle around to verse two. For me, *Blood on the Tracks* is the exemplar of extended song form. But Dylan was writing long form in "Like a Rolling Stone" years before. I've taken stabs at long form, but the muse tends to send me telegrams and flyers more often than novels. Like the Beatles, I write a good bridge. That makes me feel good. "For the Minute" on my second album has a fine bridge but no chorus and no hooks. As for pre-choruses—anyone can write a pre-chorus. I rely on them as much as anyone. ("Anyone" is one of my favorite songwriters.)

AR: Could you give some advice on *getting started* as a songwriter, given some existing command of poetic form, and without perhaps much grounding as an instrumentalist? Especially, is there some small instruction you might offer that is not found in books on the subject, but that may have worked for you?

TM: You have to love songs and think musically. Loving poetry won't cut it. We're talking ears here, not the reading eye. For me, the sound of a song lyric is everything. Instead of reading other people's lyrics, close your eyes and listen to them. Pronounce them out loud. See how the words sequence, how one sound leads into another. How one syllable is held for three beats while others are packed together. A great title or opening line is usually my departure point. I cluster ideas around it. I find its

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natural conversational rhythm. I move lines around, shorten, lengthen, until I have a structure. Then I look for rhymes. I use that starting phrase as the spindle around which everything else winds. Every inch of thread winds around that spool. So find the spine, the spindle of your song. It might not mean anything, but it just feels right. What the hell does “Tangled Up in Blue” mean? Nothing you can nail down. It just feels good as an end line. Worry about what the lyrics mean only after they sound right. “All your reindeer armies. . .” is totally detached from reality but it sounds logical, beautiful to the ear.

AR: Beyond certain disciplines and natural advantages that the popular song may hold for some kinds of lyric content, do some poems resist the song-form and stand alone with just their own internal music? What tells you to add music or rather, to craft a piece as a literary poem?

TM: Most good poems don’t need music. I don’t think anyone’s set Mary Oliver to music, yet, but

her poems affect you like music. Poems can be set to music long after they’re written. Franz Schubert did it 600 times. I don’t think you can just decide whether lines are songs or poems. Songs depend on the writer loving songs first and foremost. Poets who want to be songwriters need to abandon reading and concentrate on hearing *in steady rhythm and meter*. Being a singer isn’t a prerequisite. I never heard Bernie Taupin sing, but the lyrics he handed to Elton John were sing-able. Bernie hears what he’s writing—its phrasing, its rhyme scheme—even before it’s sung. He’s intuitive, and that’s because he loves song. As for imagery—Bob Dylan loved Woody Guthrie before he read Arthur Rimbaud. His Rimbaud-inspired imagery got laid onto a pre-existing foundation of folk song form. Greenwich Village folk clubs exposed young Dylan to hundreds of songs that he actually learned and sang. Plus, Robert Zimmerman had a Torah-Bible Yeshiva-like education which forces a student’s brain to retain reams of words.

AR: You’re a longtime resident of Woodstock, New York, one of the most famous artist communities in the country, arriving in the days when Dylan, the Band, and Van Morrison were also there. What made that place such a magnet, and still?

TM: I live 500 yards from Bob’s old house, across the road. I did my first record company audition on his piano in that house. The Woodstock music scene of legend was formed in the early sixties when Milton Glaser, the graphic artist, brought Albert Grossman here, and Albert brought Dylan. The Band followed.

That Sixties scene faded in the early seventies. Van left, then Dylan. The Band became the musical royalty of the town. Then in the 1980s the B-52’s, Graham Parker, Jules Shear, moved here—then Natalie Merchant and Donald Fagen in the 1990s. The town’s musical future is up for grabs now. Can it renew its artistic identity after a wave of COVID-driven house-buying and gentrification? Three music venues—small, medium and large—are planning to restart this summer (2021). There’s still talent here. We’ll see.

AR: You stay busy in so many creative realms, and your successes are tangible. Can you comment on your current projects both in and out of music, and what the future might hold?



Tim working in his studio, 2021, Photography Rob Stein

“I’m the hub keeping the wheel in motion. But the wheel is a clock ticking, too.”



Tim Moore working on his fifth album with producer Rob Freeman.

TM: Polymaths, generalists, renaissance people all have my sympathy. I’m one of them. When I took time off after four albums, I began studying psychology, acting, film direction, science—anything I was curious about. I filled notebook after notebook. If anyone wants to be my archivist, I’d be grateful. Step right up. The spokes of what I call a creative life have been totally engaging. I’m the hub keeping the wheel in motion. But the wheel is a clock ticking too. People admire my versatility, but the truth is, it’s exhausting to have so many channels open. You want to get better at all of them. I’m a visual artist, a musical artist, and a writer working in images, sounds, and words. I’ve been torn between these fields all my life and there’s only so much time left. Major works are still unpublished. I’m working every day to get it done before the bar closes.

Albums by Tim Moore:

- *Tim Moore* (A Small Record Company, 1974)
- *Tim Moore* (Asylum, 1974, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *Behind the Eyes* (Asylum, 1975, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *White Shadows* (Asylum, 1977, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *High Contrast* (Asylum, 1979, distributed by Rhino in the US)
- *Flash Forward* (Elektra, 1985)
- *Five albums reissued on CD* (Airmail Archive, Japan, 2004)

Singles by Tim Moore:

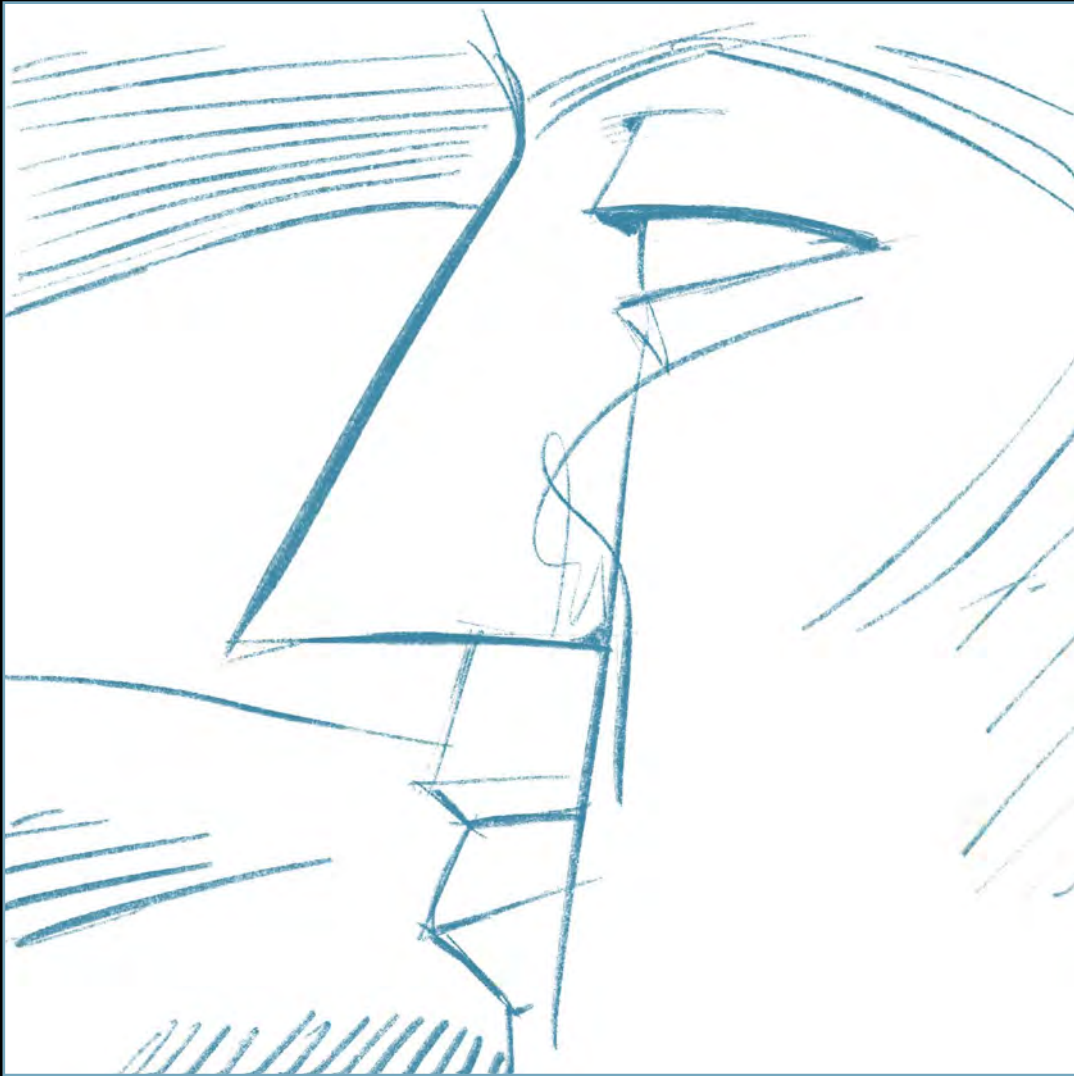
- “A Fool Like You” (Dunhill/ABC, 1973) – U.S. #93
- “Second Avenue” (Asylum, 1974) – U.S. #58; AC #41
- “Charmer” (Asylum, 1975) – U.S. #91, American Songwriting Festival Award, 1974
- “Rock and Roll Love Letter” (Asylum, 1975)
- “In the Middle” (Asylum, 1977) – U.S. #75
- “Yes” (Top Tape, 1986) – Brazil, (Vidisco, 1986) -- Portugal #1

Hear the Tim Moore songs featured in this article on [Spotify](#) ...or [YouTube](#).

Tim’s albums and songs are available on YouTube, Amazon Music, Spotify, iTunes, and select CD retailers. Find Tim Moore online at: TimMooreCreative.com

SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



Clio
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

A Fool Like You

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

Cryin' with the millionaire is like laughin' with the old street bum
Send him off down to the coliseum promise him kingdom come
And when the baby cries in the middle of the prayer
He's sayin' hurry up daddy, hurry up because we're almost there

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

Now the tempers get hot, oh and the fingers they shake
Seems there ain't enough sunshine around to keep a man wide awake
When the artist gets mad he can take up his brush
But when the crippled man loses his faith well who's gonna give him a crutch?

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

This old overcoat, man it's seen a lot of rain
Like a junk yard scrap DeSoto I been learnin' my pain
An old Heath radio taught me how to sing
Now just give me a guitar and man I'll forget about everything

If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
And if the leaves on the trees could stop shaking in the wind
If a fool like you, could listen to a fool like me
Maybe baby we could stop long enough to begin

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Sister Lilac

Sister Lilac things are not the same
Ever since I learned to call your name
Once I was a mountain stream
Now I know what ocean means
Sister Lilac things are not the same

Eyes and ears they must be open wide
Before you hear and see beyond your pride
You must speak like little child
Do with love and not with style
Sister Lilac that's how I feel inside

Life will come and grow to man
And soon be old and gray
Life that flows between the hands
Is not the kind that fades

And hands they soon lie folded on our chests
And there's no way to tell who was the best
Death is death but life is love
And it's you I'm thinking of
Sister Lilac with you my life is blessed

Life will come and grow to man
And soon be old and gray
Life that flows between the hands
Is not the kind that fades

And hands they soon lie folded on our chests
And there's no way to tell who was the best
Death is death but life is love
And it's you I'm thinking of
Sister Lilac with you my life is blessed

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

The Night We First Sailed Away

In the stars was the song of the hunter
And your voice spoke like wind in the caves
We lay down in our darkness remembering
Like the night when we first sailed away

We were miles in the sky that we covered
We were thoughts like the grain of the wood
Being arteries grown from the mother
Oh, our loving was meant to be good

And though they say that the ape won't evolve to a state of grace
We will laugh in his face
And this cage that revolves may dissolve in a rage of tears
Still our purpose is clear

Oh, the bells on the sea cliffs are ringing
And like ghosts we will rise from our clay
On the ocean I still hear the singing
Like the night when we first sailed away

And though it's said that we've lost or exhausted our earthly food
Oh, our love is not moved
Be it angels or devils that spin in the final tale
You and I haven't failed

You are Eve, you are Eve in the garden
In your kiss is the birth of my day
I won't believe that it's not as we gave it
In the night when we first sailed away

~ Copyright © 1975 Andustin Music Co.

SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

To Cry for Love

Here we stand almost together
Holding hands here by the sea
Lord give us strength to stand eternity

If giving is the crest of life, dear
And if taking is the trough
Then only waves of tears can surely let us off
Waves that roll in timeless
Mercy, mercy
Waves that know our time is getting
Closer, closer

To cry for love
To drown the doubt
To spend your treasured self to buy the now
To laugh for life in highest joy
To cease your words and finally find the voice
To cry for love

And all that time that we spent traveling
Traveling far, traveling wide
When all we needed was to spend some time inside

And though the cynic says in weariness
That life is short and tears are cheap
What good are words if your own heart tells you to weep?

Waves that roll in timeless
Mercy, mercy
Waves that know our time is getting
Closer, closer

To cry for love
To drown the doubt
To spend your treasured self to buy the now
To laugh for life, the young, the old
To cease your dreams and finally find the soul
To cry for love

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Dolorosa

It was in an alive garden
That we suffered our defeat
And the idea we lost our heart in
Now seems so sadly incomplete

It was a time of much confusion
Seems we were always on the run
Now we fall back disillusioned
Before our task is done

Dolorosa, do not hang your head
It is only sorrow, and do not lose the thread
Dolorosa, dry your weeping eyes
Mourning is for mourners
Those who can, must rise

I saw the hilltop sheathed in thunder
But his face was quite composed
And his eyes were filled with wonder
His life was folding like a rose

I can still see the clouds dispersing
There was a halo 'round the moon
Under their breath, the men were cursing
Even the dead to get home soon

Dolorosa, these are merely scars
Do not lose perspective of what we really are
Dolorosa, do not lose your faith
If he was so precious
Someday he will be replaced

Tears of outrage, tears of anger
Have vanished in the dusty street
Disaster settles into languor
All is white in the midday heat

A spot of shade under a gable
A handmade cradle for the head
A leather wine pouch on the table
How soon we all seem to forget

Dolorosa, ask your weeping heart
Would it cry so deeply? Were you not still apart?
Dolorosa, people do forget
But we must remember
We can't give up yet

(Dolorosa)

(Dolorosa)

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

I'll Be Your Time

Woman, don't worry, you'll soon be back home
It really doesn't matter where the hours have gone
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Don't you look backwards now, I'll be your time

Don't look at that clock, it's got nothing to say
My life is like your life, it will soon fade away
But I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Love is no memory, child, I'll be your time

Now the numbers may go
But the meanings, they stay
Summer, winter, spring and fall
And love seems to pass
Like sand through a glass
But it really isn't that way at all

No, if joy was a garden, then eyes would be flowers
But eyes like yours can't shine
If they're still counting the hours
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Future is holy, child, I'll be your time

Now the numbers may go
But the meanings, they stay
Summer, winter, spring and fall
And love seems to pass
Like sand through a glass
But it really isn't that way at all

No, if joy was a garden, then eyes would be flowers
But eyes like yours can't shine
If they're still counting the hours
I'll be your time, I'll be your time
Future is holy, child, I'll be your time

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Bye Bye Man

Bye bye man, bye bye man
You've had your chance in this promised land
And your career was so well-planned
By mom and dad
Such a promising lad

Bye bye man, just last seen
On thirty-million television screens
Smiling sheepishly from the thirty-second row
Of the studio

And according to the records of his school
His numbers were much higher than the other numbers on the sheet
Those other numbers can't compete with our man
He's a smart man

Bye bye man leaves behind
The sweepstakes money he won Christmastime
He got his picture in the Sunday Times
He cut it out
And showed it all about

Ah, his numbers were much higher than the other numbers on the sheet
Those other numbers can't compete with our man
He's a smart man

Bye bye man, forevermore
He's left his treasures to the budget store
He's getting off on the thirteenth floor
Walking down an empty hall
He drags his hand along the wall

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Love Enough

Something goes wrong, something goes right
And it either punishes or strokes our pride
We never stop to think how much we lose
When we pick and choose
In our solitude

Something comes up, something goes down
Suddenly you feel you're being pushed around
And just because you think you're losing hold
You try to take control
The story's very old

But if we ever get our minds made up
All we have to do is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

Someone wants in, someone wants out
But doesn't anybody see beyond the clouds?
Man, you've hardly learned to speak your name
Before you're in this game
But baby, all the same

If we ever get our minds made up
All we have to do is love enough

Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

All you really need is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through
All you need is love enough

All you need is love enough
Won't be long before it comes to you
Give it love enough to pull it through

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Aviation Man

Nice people they don't play no games
Don't hurt no feelings
They don't call no names
Nice people they don't cross their friends
They don't climb through windows to bug no man
Man, it ain't nothing that you can touch or change
So you try to get above it an another plane
Come on baby, I've got a plan
You be a sky queen
I'll be an aviation man, yes
I'll be an aviation man
Nice people they don't start no war
Couldn't even tell you what a gun is for
Nice people they ain't two way faced
Ain't makin' their money on makin' more waste
Man, it ain't nothing that you can touch or change
So you try to get above it an another plane
Come on baby, I've got a plan
You can be a sky queen
I'll be an aviation man
I'll be an aviation man

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SELECTED SONGS

TIM MOORE

Nightingale

Walking in my lady's forest
Hear her darkness groan
Nightingale, she moans in her resistance

She flies in star-lit treetops
Sees my lantern pass
Nightingale, she sings and darkness listens

She sees the night
Burning with a thousand fires
Crying desires and confessions
Ooh

Only ghosts and seashells speak the deepness of her sighs
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression

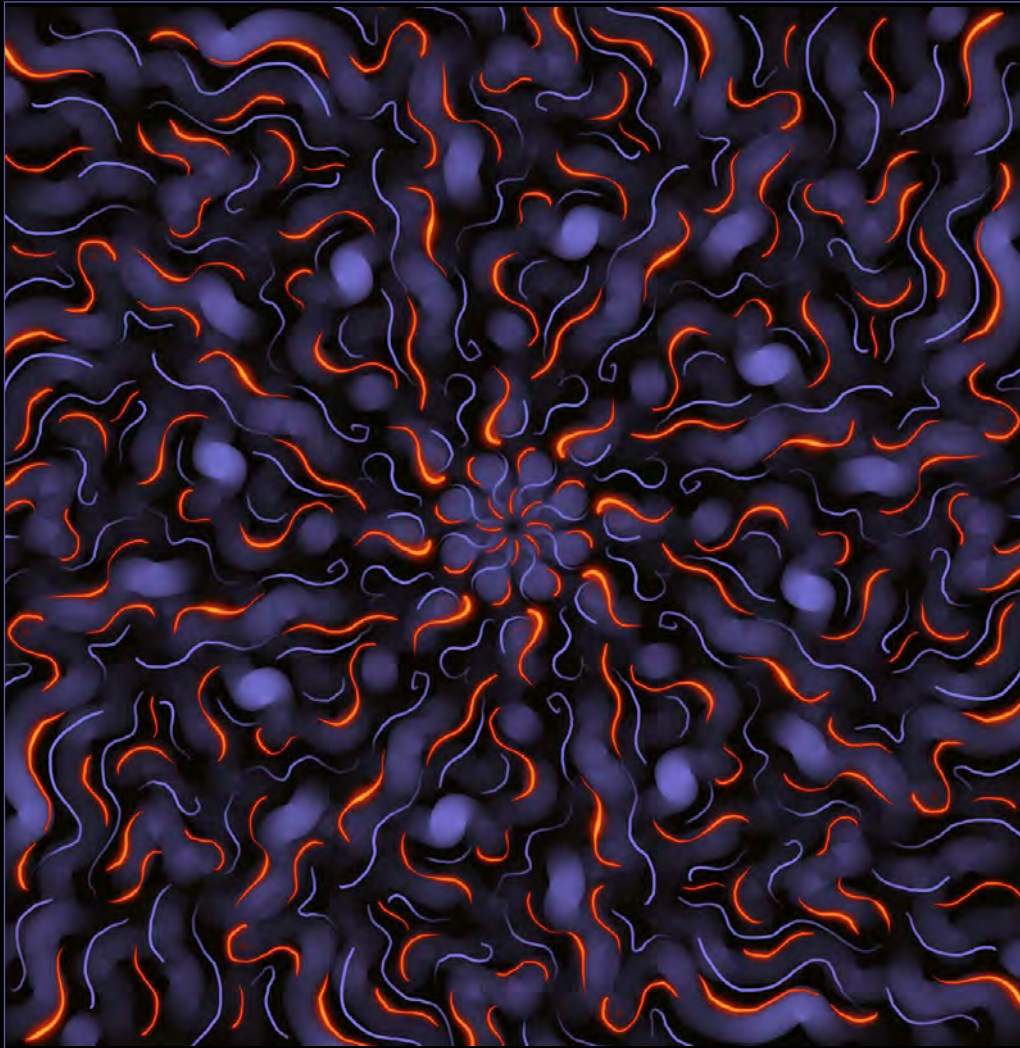
She sees the night
Burning with a thousand fires
Crying desires and confessions

Only ghosts and seashells speak the deepness of her sighs
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression
Nightingale, your eyes are my expression

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SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE

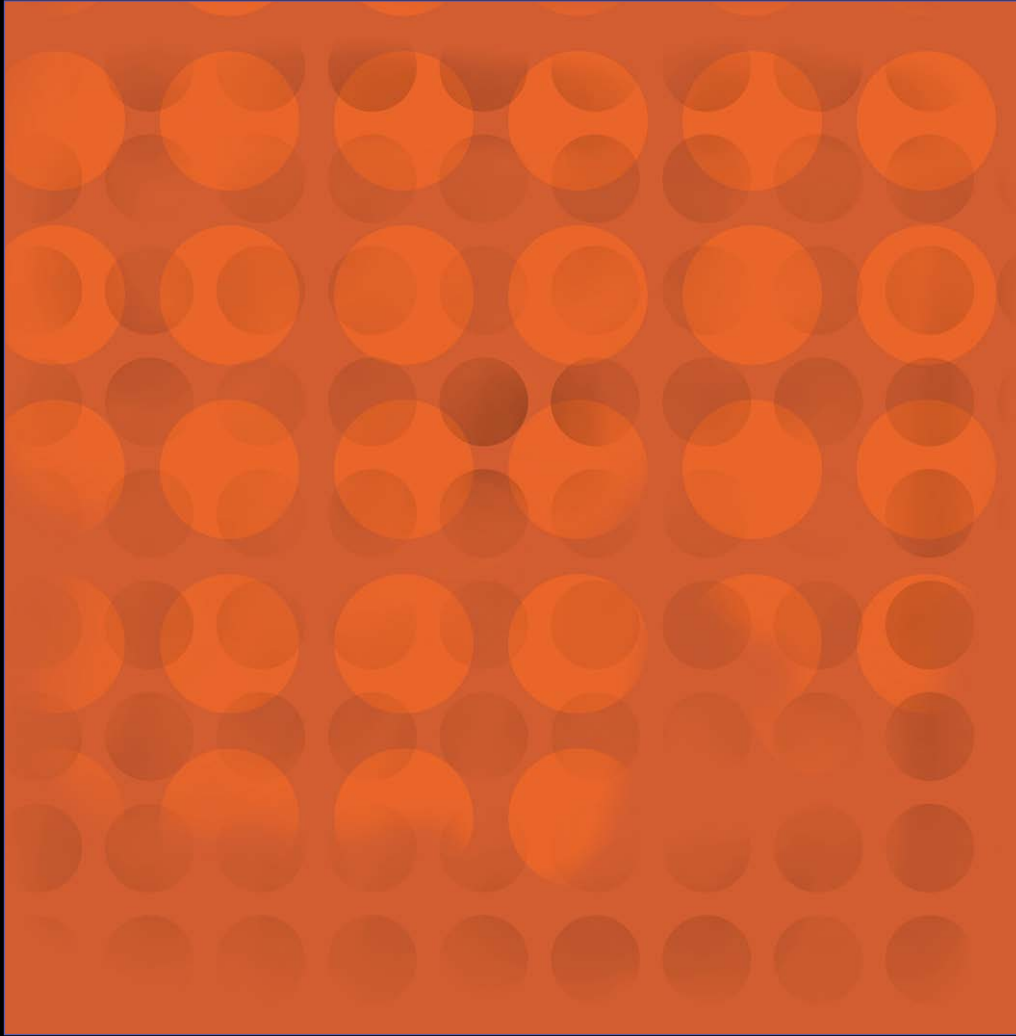


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Eight on Fire
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2020

SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



Dharmakaya
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2020

SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

aureola

she is a poet
so mist thuds
clouds shatter
the weather prevaricates
toys bleed
soil runs for office
five-sided dogs eat shadows
cacti hibernate
duchamp has gills
doorknobs bark
pleasure crumbles
water walks out
in a huff...
...yet this is
just because
she is a poet
and observing from a
safe distance
for now
wait until
tomorrow
starts whining.

~ Copyright © 2017 Tim Moore

My Legs Will Hold You Up

Of all those who stood by the road
I chose you
Refugee that I am
I made a bowl of the sky
And poured in all the suns
Behind my eyelids
I thought of you and walked
Inviting you into what I carry
A house of clouds
The sun striking a high canopy
The mercy beneath the ripples of a stream
Cross with me now
Hold on
My legs will hold you up.

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SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

Sand Ghosts

Of course she thought the boy special
His fresh frail limbs
His gentle feathered eyes
She did not see him as part of the beach
Dwarfed by crashing waves
Drowned by the roar that
Keeps winds and wars in motion

How many grains of dust had blown
Between distant stars before his first cry?
How many planets turned in peace
Without wheels, without fire, without words?
How many tribes exist without bodies at all
Tribes of notes, colors, molecules—
Warm and crackling beneath the skin of the boy
Whose chest is taped to a vehicle
Not of his making.

In a few years a man will come
With a story the boy will believe
A story like a crashing wave
Its undertow a dark black hole

But despite the fact that he is a boy
And cannot escape
She will still think him special
Like millions before her
And feed him love like the sea
Feeds a moonless midnight sky.

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SELECTED POEMS

TIM MOORE

The Continent

We'll proceed as if this day was like any other
Like so many days before, keep the routine
Treasure the scuff marks, bump into each other
And fly by night close over the ocean
Knowing that one wave rising unusually could catch us.
One always hopes the field of the unsaid might
Wait for another season
Accept another snowfall,
Since what is unsaid
Is nevertheless heard between us.
We are the silences thought and unthought
We stand out in the field, under the stars
Listening to the engine drone unseen above us
In a moonless sea, the drone
Fading slowly into a din of cicadas and loons
We'll carry on as if...for isn't it always as if
As if solid, as if permanent, as if fluid,
As if newborn, mature, falling apart,
Carry on as if what holds the parts together
Is knowable, as if our commentary and our community
Were separate things
No elucidation can settle the matter
Once again, we're children discovering conversation.
After the lights go out, our overtones and folds
Amplified by darkness
Our young limbs rustling
Becoming ourselves so long ago it seems
There was never any choice, never any hesitancy
Between the calling and the called.
Now he is called – your husband, my adopted brother
He walks with smaller steps, childlike, drops a beat, a word, a thought
And we stay aloft, wingtips level, nose to the horizon
Compass heading set, the continent ahead
A proposition of maps, time, and probability.

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SELECTED ART

TIM MOORE



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Ideologues
archival pigment print
Tim Moore
2019

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