

The PERFECT SESSION

To all of you lovely people who agonize over The Correct Session Attitude and initiate discussions in which "session etiquette" is usually a code-phrase for "how everyone else should act", the Zouki Poetry Cooperative (it never rests) dedicates the following:

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THE PERFECT SESSION

[tune: "Spencil Hill", more or less]
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Last night I had a pleasant dream
As sound asleep I lay
About the perfect session
In a land not far away
There were pipers, fiddlers, fluters there
And tunes of high degree
And wish-fulfillment at its best:
THE SESSION STAR WAS ME!

And as I step into the pub
Great music fills the air
But I hear adoring whispers
From the crowds assembled there
Liz Carroll stands to greet me
And declares in tones so sure
"Guitars, bodhráns, now silent be:
Here's the Purest of the Pure!"

The others sit in wondering awe
As banjo bold I tune
No one dares speak a syllable
Nor with their mates commune

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Joanie Madden shyly sounds some notes
And casts a look my way
"That's 'The Maid Behind the Bar'," she says -
"Your permission, please, to play?"

A lovely lass comes up to me
With large and violet eyes
"I don't play well," she says a-blush
But she says she really tries
She takes her bow and starts to make
Sounds better left unheard
But at one imperious glance from me
No one else dares say a word!

Then later, in a set of reels
I stop and raise my hand
"That's not the way they should be played -
You're ignoring my command!"
And one by one, offenders leave
In cruel and harsh disgrace
At this session here, my word is Law -
WIPE THAT SMILE OFF YOUR SORRY FACE!"

I name the tunes they're all to play
And allow no one's dissent
Full well I note who looks most bored
During solos I present
I play ten reels, obscure and weird
Which not another knows
Then accept the company's abject thanks:
"You sure keep us on our toes!"

I order all to memorize
My "Book of Session Rules"

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And explain that violators
Are unwelcome knaves and fools
My session is well-organized
In a monastic sort of way:
You take the vow of obedience
Then you're allowed to play

In my dream all playing's serious
No place for fun or whim
So my acolytes crank out their tunes
With faces hard and grim
They suck all the joy from music
Like Dracula at a vein -
You're welcome at my session
IF your face expresses pain

As I wake, my ears are ringing
With hymns to my renown
In that shadow world I'm really cool
Not some scared and hopeless clown
Yes, I'm the man - I'm in control
But 'twas just a dream, you see
A nightmare of a session -
BUT IT FELT DARNED GOOD TO ME!

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