The Dream Gallery
Seven California Portraits
I. Helen

Words and music by Mark Abel
Arranged by Jeremy Borum

Allegro  $= 118$

Music prepared by Jeremy Borum  www.jeremyborum.com

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plasterers will be plying their trade as soon as their clients are
decent.
A young girl walks her dog. And
I, the pride of Fontana, so many years ago
I came to the towers of downtown. Pretty, but oh so green,
Helen

Suddenly slow \( \dot{=} 88 \)

I need-ed a men - tor, I found one, I found one, in

Ken.

Smooth as Glen-liv- et, po -

lite and kind, son of a ban-ker back East, a prince of the

quazi pizz

board room. Charm to spare and wa- vy hair, he showed me the ropes,
in more ways than one. And we always had fun!

Off to Vegas, with the top down, weekends in Baja Sur.

The slopes at Mammoth, sparkling in the moonlight.

Sunday brunches in Laguna, strolling along the sand.
out-maneuvered the other girls and rose with the arc of his star.

Marvellous man, and over time, the closeness grew.

Sometimes I wondered what he saw in me.
I gave up my flat in Van Nuys.

We married and bought in the Palisades, thanks to the money that his parents left. Boom times, our times.
108

Helen

113 Faster \( J = 84 \)

116 child was on the way. I quit my job since

119 Ken was almost up to the top. My golden life
seemed so secure, unfolding like the proudest bird of paradise.

years rolled on. Some friends melted down
Helen

A little faster \( \frac{j}{= 83} \)

in-to the white pow-der,
oth - ers

A tempo \( \frac{j}{= 78} \)

wrapped them - selves in the flag.
We stayed

with what we knew or should I say,

I stayed.

Held by the fear of it slip-ping a-way, my life nar-rowed down to a point.
And I froze.

I could-n’t see, but Ken was turn-ing, turn-ing a-way from me.

More and more time_ at the of-fice

or so he said. My fo-cus_ was our son, a chip off the old block
Helen

A little slower  \( \text{\textdagger} = 68 \)

_ soc-ia-ble_ bright and ea-sy on the eyes. I hard-ly see him____ an-y-more._

Finally, my hus-band__

brought forth his creature__

Much youn-ger, so

lithe and smart,____

a walk-ing tri-bute to the

177

**[1] Angrily \( \text{\textdagger} = 103 \)**

181
plastic surgeon's art. His plan was perfection, a fait accompli.

As I was reeling, the lawyer called to announce Ken's terms.

They were generous, I suppose.

It all happened so
fast,

no time to gauge the damage

Broadly $\frac{1}{4} = 60$

the damage to my heart

That was twenty years ago;

where have I been since then?
Helen

214 **Slow** \(j = 55\)

217 **Moderately** \(j = 76\)

A new life, unsched-uled.

220 **poco rit.** Faster \(j = 96\) accel.

No map or guide

223 for this blas-ted land-scape. I have
wan - dered in the wil - der - ness, a track - less

swamp of time, where song - less birds are fly - ing.

Now I live in this

place by the sea, man - i -