

NOTES

This collection of poems, with the titles taken directly from Beatles records, may be performed by a female or a male. Each poem's narrator is character-driven. In *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, the persona of the narrator will either be a very conservative Mother or Father figure. Regardless of the performer's gender, *Do You Want to Know a Secret?* plays best when portrayed as a Valley Girl. The key to *We All Live in a Yellow Submarine* is keeping the narrator 100% honest. This particular poem embodies humor, heart, and drama, so take your time. Let the audience see the thought process, as the narrator reflects on the love and legacy left by the two parents. The final poem, *Strawberry Fields Forever*, should be performed with a slower pace. Remember, the murder of John Lennon took the world by surprise. There should be a sense of shock and numbness from the narrator, who needed to mourn with others and pay tribute to a man who changed the face of American culture during turbulent times.

I Wanna Hold Your Hand

Every girl in the Ed Sullivan Theater
Wanted to do just that.
Well, in 1964, that was what nice girls *did*.
They held *hands*. To be honest though,
If John, Paul, George, or Ringo
Wanted to perhaps give a girl a *kiss*,
I am sure there would have been a few volunteers.

{{{S-c-r-e-a-m}}}

Irritating isn't it?
When my daughter asked me to get tickets
For *The Ed Sullivan Show* on February 9, 1964,
I had no idea what a Beatle *was*.
Old Ed knew though.
As I stood in the aisle
On the eleventh row of the theater,
I could see Ed off to the side of the stage,
Grinning like the Cheshire cat.

I'll say one thing though.
There is no way on God's green Earth
Those girls could have sung
In the church choir the next morning.
All that *screaming!*



Do You Want To Know a Secret?

This morning Paula called Kathy
Who called Sarah who called Betty
Who, after her mother grounded her
For talking on the phone too late last night,
Called me.

And Paula told Kathy
Who told Sarah who Betty who told me
That Paul is dead.
I said I didn't even know he was *sick*.

Then Paula phoned Kathy
Who phoned Sarah who phoned Betty
Who, after her mother decided she was *ungrounded*,
Phoned me, and told me that if you played the song,
I'm So Tired, backward,
You could hear the words, *Paul is dead*.

Then after lunch Paula called Kathy back
Who called Sarah back, who called Betty back
Who called me back and said it was all just a hoax
That started on some radio station.

But I told Betty who told Sarah
Who told Kathy who told Paula
That if it *was* true, I would *die*.
I would just *die*.
And then Paula and Kathy
And Sarah and Betty
Would have to come to my funeral
And play *only* Beatles music.

