

# Bummin' A Smoke Off Of Orson

By : **Gideon Elrod**

A rambling tribute to Orson Welles by a fan bummin' a smoke. NOTE: This piece contains many titles to Orson's work. It is also the companion piece to Gimme Some Wood. Orson and Wood were both actors, writers, producers and directors. Orson is considered to be a genius. Wood, not so much.

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Mmmm..., thanks -- I'm your biggest fan, by the way.

It's true; I feel there's a connection betwee us,

Like I really, *really* know you,

Know what I mean, man?

-

Hey, did you catch this morning's headlines?

Five kings are on trial for crimes at midnight!

The trial is under way, but Mr. Arkadin,

He doesn't remember which role to play.

Should he go or should he stay?

-

The third man left standing . . .

Will be the one with a hand for dark magic.

Oh, you know he will; he'sÂ got that touch of evil.

-

Concerning King Lear and Mr. American,

It's all true what the kids say they do,

But that doesn't concern me and you,

'Cause it's what kids say and do.

-

When it comes to Citizen Kane,

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Why, the man's just a lover in pain.

He makes me wanna do it again,

Again and again.

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You know I visited the Lady of Shanghai;

She told me the cradle will rock

And that tomorrow we'll talk.

I think I love her a lot.

-

Sometimes I remind myself of Don Quixote,

Fighting windmills alone at the top of a hill.

I feel the will to kill or be killed

Because I can't sit still.

-

Saint Jack is always knockin',

I can hear him at my door.

He's been there before,

Need I say more?

-

Okay then, I think it's time I revisit

Moby Dick Rehearsed.

It quickens my thirst,

I wanna get to it first,

So I can feel myself burst.

-

Then, perhaps, I'll take a trip --

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Around the world in 80 days!

I'd love to visit the merchant of Venice,

But sadly, someone stole 'im away.

-

As for now it's the other side of the wind

Where I choose to leave my trail of dust

And her heart of darkness.

Oh, brother, you know it's a must;

I can't find anyone else but me to trust.

-

Maybe one day when you feel like it

You can read me War of the Worlds.

You know, give my mind a whirl

And then let it unfurl.

Hey, about that young lady from Shanghai,

I'd like to make her my girl!

-

I'm no Othello, though; no, I'm not that tragic.

Cyrano de Bergeracn, on the other hand,

Is my style of magic.

-

That's why I need to grab the big brass ring

And hold on to it for a while,

Before the stranger in me

Takes a dive off the deep.

Like you, I can't seem to stop the creativity

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Long enough to get some sleep.

-

But for now, by your leave, I'm off to Treasure Island

With Macbeth and the Amazing Ambersons!

It's the place I left my heart in,

The place where I can begin again.

-

Still, nothing could have been better than this.

Bumbin' a smoke off you, Orson, was at the top of my list!

Of course there had to be a twist,

So it'll either be a hit or a miss,

But just know this:

Havin' a smoke wih you, man, was somethin' I could not resist.

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