

Skinnamarink: Grandpa Bernie's Villanelle

Gail Bello

This woman I've become, I wish he'd known you.
But he only ever knew the little girl he bounced on his knee
as he sang skinnamarink e-dink e-dink, skinnamarink e-doo

Today I perform upon a stage the way he always wanted to.
I can almost hear him yell "project!" as the lines come out of me.
This woman I've become, I wish he'd known you.

He used to write grand speeches with a stolen joke or two.
Today this young woman is writing Villanelles and she
has outgrown skinnamarink e-dink e-dink, skinnamarink e-doo

My traits combine with his, each day a priceless new revue
But still in each theater and venue, his phantom seat is free.
This woman I've become, I wish he'd known you.

But in his history I am forever the child who
is putting stickers on the cane of the double amputee
singing skinnamarink e-dink e-dink, skinnamarink e-doo.

I talk to him every so often of the things he'll never see me do,
at the plaque that bears his name under a white barked tree.
This woman I've become, I wish he'd known you.
But I can still feel that bounce and that skinnamarink e-dink e-dink, skinnamarink e-doo.



Felix F. Feist and
Al Piantidosi

"Skinnamarink"

Music from Chas
Dillingham's The Echo

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