

## Ragazza Pericolosa Rondo

the darkness of the abyss draws near  
accompanying a girl on this wide lane  
as fear encroaches my grieved mind

her black eyes feed off of the light in hand  
as the flame dancing begins to wane  
and the darkness of the abyss draws near

her blood red dress pulses alive in every strand  
contrasted with her ghostly face of sullen pain  
as fear encroaches this one's sorry mind

a demon chime casts menacing light in hand  
alighting grotesque, mutilated eye and vein  
the darkness of the abyss draws near

her hair is wrapped in shadows under her command  
and her feet hang awkwardly somehow above the plane  
as fear encroaches upon this tiny tender mind

madness looses me and I daren't try to stand  
on wobbly knees succumbed to this domain  
where the darknesses of the abyss demand  
that terror consume my creamy pungent brain

## Fateful Is the Sea Cantata

this must be the fitful, sea-crazed dream  
of someone adrift since midday last  
and death will take me soon enough

standing atop the open sea  
with nearby chairs standing fast  
are two women back to back  
this is a lucid, sea-crazed dream

the women take no notice of me  
on this eerie calm the ocean cast  
may death not take me unharassed

their voices reach to some degree  
while the ocean greens enliven and attack  
their lithe figures dancing in contrast  
this must be a delightful sea-crazed dream  
of singing in a tongue I clearly lack

the dancers quicken of their spree  
the waves upset as two days past  
and death approaches as before the mast

a sudden storm pulls me toward the pack  
with whom the chairs dance forcefully  
as they fix on me their glowing gaze aghast  
I must be dreaming a fitful, sea-crazed dream  
death will take me it would seem  
I fall fast in the sea once green but now in black  
in a boundless slimy muck-filled sack  
filling my lungs so much I cannot flee  
set me free  
set me free

## Adagio con Falling Dirge

That smoke,  
the green smoke in the distance,  
is occupied by phantoms in the space behind  
and underneath in cloak.  
Fire erupts in streams above  
over the water in one stroke  
as crustaceans burst without resistance.  
The black haze of night is cleaved  
by the myriad lights burning well aggrieved  
of a gargantuan obsidian tower past the bay,  
though I can scarcely see my boat  
not too far away.  
Ghosts wandering hazily before  
collapse and wail now  
as I seek amongst the chaos and blighted gore  
my oars hidden on the shore.  
Doom is as heavy in my ears and brow  
as the tenebrous mist upon the river.  
Making my way forward sparks in me  
a painful quiver  
for how hard I have to row,  
but the way back vanished long ago  
with the tower no closer all the night.  
I fear not the dreadful specters  
but being devoured in my fright  
when I have yet to see who cast  
this unholy vicious rite  
which may be the world, absent all protectors.  
I strain my eyes to keep my wake,  
finding neither respite nor land  
through a fog gravely opaque,  
though I must be closing near  
because the sound is sharp enough  
to violate any once-strong veneer.

## Gilded Sonata

### I

There was a king in epochs past  
 who at the zenith of his power  
 committed acts below his caste,  
 and punished he was one fateful hour.  
 He was presented with a chime  
     of quality unsurpassed  
 by a crone rescued from the royal bower  
 who said the tones once cast  
 would dispel him of all glower.  
 He turned in hand the bells amassed  
 and retreated it to his highest tower.  
 When his mind wandered to desires vast,  
 music played which caused his cower.

    A Thing appeared from umbral pools arisen,  
     Its visage a paradox shattering sanity's prison,  
     and a question It asked with a mind set to listen  
     to he who replied, "Gold," now his sole provision.

### II

The Creature vanished among its billowing undulations  
 leaving him alone among the stones of the steadfast castle walls  
 where henceforth all the king touched brought mutations,  
 transforming objects into gold in which no smith could cite flaws.  
 His table, his bed, his horses in massive congregations,  
 made gold they were down to the fabric of their cores  
 and happy was he that his touch shaped such creations,  
 the love in his heart swelled to mass in great stores.  
 His food he turned to gold, no longer aberrations,  
 his daughter was changed to every speck of her pores;  
 he cared not for that loss of further generations  
 because all he needed was gold, such was he in its thralls.

    Exploring the kingdom commanding great respect,  
     holding court in towns he spoke to his subjects direct:  
     "I will make for thee gold which you should not reject,"

and of that noble offer his people did collect.

### III

Prosperity came for the people, lifetimes of seeming  
glory furnished by those new riches to drain  
their hearts of aching, wondering, fearful dreaming  
before he withdrew from his domain.

The former subjects then lords began scheming  
on the warpath they went over and again  
to rip the wealth from each other while screaming  
because the influence of Him drew them all insane.  
As He walked, His clothes fell away, tatters gleaming,  
His steps were slow but not in vain,  
His body grew wrought with dyscrasias teeming  
and His teeth glimmered under His sullied mane.  
And all the time all beyond time's meaning  
His humanity was stripped away and slain  
as He turned to gold whatever met His deeming  
for reasons no mortal could explain.

His consciousness waned, so hasty was His yearning  
for new possessions to hold and feel its turning  
into guilt according His senses He felt burning  
away as He wished His stomach to cease its churning.

### IV

Time ceases to exist when you live forever conscious,  
ages pass with nothing to show but shiny gold stone  
and the act of creating it meting no catharsis  
as we the ceryneian hind gather round His throne.  
The look of gold being so lustrous,  
the weight of it in hand something to bemoan,  
the sound of it on shores preposterous,  
the value at the shop skipping hearts with a groan:  
all of this ceases to exist beyond us;  
the unfathomable urge to transform thus is not sown  
and to see all as what is or will be gold is monstrous

for “If we could see all all might seem good,”<sup>1</sup> which is known.

This biologically-mandated chrysopoeia of the ancients  
 is an instinct unknowable to we the entertainments,  
 a sadistic and glorious grand remonstrance by agents  
 that, withering skin to bone, removed Him  
 from natural acquaintance.

V

The King traveled over mountains of heights pernicious  
 and under oceans of depths near the earth’s crust  
 to reach all matter worthwhile to transmogrify propitious  
 from monsters in the depths to the heights of ghostly dust.  
 The King caught grains of sand in the sea in acts capricious,  
 rare green brush of a desert oasis

that into the sands they later would be thrust,  
 and stones that caught him when he stumbled in the plains malicious,  
 because He executed His purpose instinctively, he must.

The Gold King, the Nomad King, the King of Greed—  
 not at all factitious—

all are names told to children we entrust  
 to carry on the lesson of a man once injudicious  
 punished in a manner the old gods feel just.

We say “He,” now, as an affectation to which is judged  
 a Being whose contemporaneousness smudged  
 has left a great Something working unbegrudged  
 of His lust for gold sought as he has trudged.

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<sup>1</sup> Edward Thomas, “As the Team’s Head Brass,” 33.