

Bandages

Tempo comodo ma espressivo

*a scrim descended from the flies
the corps de ballet waited in the wings*

Haughty arrogant proud and smug,
the bridge slipped silently past the sentries
and seeped like stealth and death
into the sodden dearth, the greed of shortfall—
that is how the war began, chained to suffering.

Immortals forced under the darkened sword
bronzed the atmosphere. Angels required healing:
adagios birthed the balm of Gilead to meet horrific need.

Now we know why adagios flourished
so early in the season of destruction.

Centuries ago, rose-folders distilled rainbows
into every cloud's snow-laden porticos
to induce rose-folded rainbow mist.

In those distant days of pitch and tone,
it is possible archangels knew what happened
in the heavenlies, but I doubt if they knew why.

Many recalcitrant rainbow-sovereigns,
forced into the making of Lydian-folded cloud,
by the ancients who went before us,
can no longer be salvaged,
due to their untamed spirits,
which contravene all aspects of thread and hue
in the apocalyptic sky-chambers.

Adagios were vital for the war.
Rainbow-mist was necessary to grow adagios.
Adagios draped rose-cloud around each wound.

War-weariness was held at bay in wrappings.
War-wariness imprisoned in heart-worked brass.

Wounded angels seek rainbow adagios
with healing properties. Tremolos pulse
under expression. Neither sanctions fever.

Haunting a non-sequential timbre—cascading by trial and error—
not as though their modern counterparts
in today's high-tech cloud-making storm towers could compete,
those who know merely the theoretical principles of cloud coloring,
know barely enough to paint hues and tints across star-drift.

Were it not for the war, the adagios would not be news.
Although never received as an oath-sworn rose-folder,
I admire very much the beauty portrayed in tinctures,
and much of my own artistry into the mystery of cloud-swirling
has been gained through contributions from many
who labored for countless centuries within angelic-trodden turrets.

Before one may perceive which rainbows
give various harmonics to cloud, an artist must know
what factors affect the tonal power of rose-mist,
as the resonance of the atoms and the charge
of elemental forces in lightning and thunder.

In the clangorous currents healing properties reside
within each rosy cloud adagio.

If we conjure cosmic cloud sleets, stealthily growing,
only organic rainbows blossom,
for the nature of the atomic petal is the most important factor
in threading the healing currents of lightning-jolted thunder slaps.

Precious metals or jewels ensconced within adagios may prove
iceless or perceived as gratuitous rose-crowns,
depending upon their state of potency.

It is worthwhile to explain that vigor is the property of quarks,
equal to the number of atoms of cloud that her photons
could combine or displace in forming long-lived rainbows.

The war effort demands stable adagios.
Unstable melt and hinder wound healing.

And sentence fragments
escaping from the future
need to be netted
and removed.

Who would ever have thought that when my passion
for collecting rose-folded cloud should lead me
into the world of rainbow portals, then my childhood days
in the cloud laboratories might come flooding back—
blossoms emitting petals in atomic splendor.

Indeed they did, for the tendency of voracious links to combine with other atoms treads uneasily those melodic means between torqued and iceless rainbows.

Torque is aesthetic and not vital. Ice, however, reflects light, whose pathway is a different kind of art form.

Wars may continue for millennia. The adagios continue as well. What do angels know about the future? Only visions the Eternal reveals to them of their own dubious powers.

Leonhard Euler turned a page.

This type of knowledge is used in smelting cloud, which inevitably yields a small parcel of purple fragrance, the lavender metaphor perhaps piercing the veil that hides the future from created beings.

Lilac gold in the form of crystal lavender will paint a bluish-green tint upon the cloud within the deep adagio; whereas, in its higher state of inclination as silver lavender, ancient golds give a yellowish-green tint, potentially masked by the addition of rich complimentary tinctures such as red and blue. Angels value blue adagios highly.

To ensure that priceless lavender translucency is in its modal state, scintillating agents such as basil ices are added to the brew in small amounts.

The inclination of lavender is known as harmonic melting. The masking of green with red or blue is called modal smelting, achieved by the addition of cobalt and selenium gold.

The Locrian mode pigments lavender seven times bluer, even though it can be an unstable tonal seventh in forming cloud. Blue pigments freeze the Dorian mode for invisible splitting.

Lavender, when played in its highest state of chromatic harmonies, or combined with barium gold, turns a reddish-blue modal translucency, highly scaled in melodic accidentals and minor fourths. Visualize mixtures and mutations.

Sadly, these mixtures would have melted under high crystal pressures, subject to arpeggios, and cannot be produced in tandem under expression.

Skittish octaves glide in tandem across melodic scales, swift as angel wings, but reverie melts like butter, and nostalgia sings her minor triads with poignant ninths. That is the nature of war. Tierce modal overtones forcing allegro.

*battlements splayed out like sun
chasing tides of star-drift*

*rich rays of royal reticence displayed
as rigid reeds plying placid pools*

*heaven's harp strings break
within acclamation's tender flames*

*beside the flow of riverbed-time
that knows no approbation*

*I do not understand this palette
I do not understand each mood*

*battlements move in sub-space
lost in thought where years are drained*

*blood bought at costly price--
bronze bonds begging issue with delight*

*the metaphor tempts me
symbols digging like claws
into the ocean floor*

*How can I understand?
How may anyone understand?*

Lavender in its metallic form cannot remain in equilibrium with cloud and may cascade into lilac-folded mist of a simultaneous translucency and transparency, yet dangerously unstable.

In a compressed condition basil can be combined with sage to elicit a deep green cloud used in the transmutation of ice winds. Infused into the combination of gold, lavender violets are formed, giving a dark-amber diapason timbre.

Reduced on their own, lavender and gold would not give the amber tincture required, and a portal-petal such as gold powder must be added to the trace elements.

The shade of amber may be controlled only within narrow limits by varying the amount of spirit threaded in the spiritual lavender flow and priceless soul matter in the raw umber.

Spirit, ice, wind, articulations, rainbow hues, and thyme.

Yes, thyme compounds are soul and spirit.

Creators of adagio, that is, artists of exalted aesthetics
 heard news of strange changes in galactic potencies.
 Wars were ending. Not immediately. But soon.
News may prove a dangerous word. But *near* ran hopeful.

A loom that threads news vibrates with adagios.
 Always thyme, poignant and nostalgic.

Sesquialtera hovers twelfth and seventeenth over the violins.

The sword of the spirit slices thyme in its low state of inclination,
 iceless as a powerful corrugating agent
 used for smelting and gilding lavender fragrance.
 Memory dredge-netting tone and pitch.

Invisibly the physical healing seeded an
 unexpected spring of spiritual restoration.

Rose-folders over the years substituting thyme
 with garlic nitrate or smelted selenium
 sacrificed parsley permanganate crystals.

Pomegranate resembles permanganate in petal form.
 The purple tincture is achieved by the trivalent thyme
 in its doppelgänger state, imparting a pastel yellow or pale timbre,
 echoing the green and orange fluorescence
 and dolorous reflections.

The helmet of salvation saddles age
 in one of the most powerful frothing agents used
 in the cloud-making storm towers against the scintillation of
 emerald rose-rainbow born of lavender gold,
 sacred to temple choreography.

Such magic may be introduced into cloud in the form of chromic gold
 or parsley dichromate ethers, obsessing on blackest obsidian,
 dark as marble mist amidst rigid rainbow.

The sandals of peace at the feet of the Gospel,
 rose-folding surreal jades not easily soluble
 in cloud and chromic gold, may form distillates,
 which remain in the cloud as undissolved black
 reflections. Echoes of dilettante disturbance.

Angels shudder at the thought.

The armor of God permeated all rainbow-rose
and blossom of cloud and permutation of petal.
Solid as the belt of truth. Strong as Orion's bands.

Anne Frank turned a corner.

Deep in Orion, parsley chromate is yellow timbre
imparted to emerald green clouds in which a yellowish cast
must be avoided. Adding tin gold and aventurine is needed.

The fragrance of sage aventurine tempts thyme
and parsley and garlic—a formation of tectonic plates of grated gold
that crystallizes out from liquid rose mist.

Even haughty arrogant smug pride begets opposites.
Adagios plucked like string instruments
tuned the atmosphere like an E Major metaphor.

Hope became the tuning fork of rose-folded residues.

The breastplate of righteousness resonates with these crystals
to orient parallel to the cloud surface and its rose reflections,
shaping a glittering effect to the melodic minor echoes.

The shield of faith seeks marigold as a powerful
and versatile tinting agent when used in folding cloud,
whose hope may be traced back centuries ad infinitum.

The now famous artistic blue cloud,
so popular during the time of the galactic Empire,
was birthed using a marigold compound.

Marigold greens and blues are not difficult to produce,
although the behavior of marigold in a silicate flow may implode.
A tapestry poised upon loom and light.

The Gospel of grace grew marigolds transformed into emerald cloud.
The art of using marigold for ruby cloud transcends ancient times.
Pirates smuggling marigold anthem to design ruby rainbow reduced crystal tones into
turquoise-blue alignments among mercenary stars.

Some warriors were conflicted about the hope of peace.
The adagio wars held a certain preference for power.

Cobalt is the most powerful of the blue hues conceived
in cloud-folding, growing rich blues
enriched by potash containing mixes,
which also render shades of pink laced with sage.

“Everything that is politically correct,” said Agamemnon,
is a demonic form of mental illness.”

“Perhaps,” remarked Clytemnestra, “political correctness
should be granted a page in the DSM-V!”

Partial proofs prevail as to when cobalt was first discovered
as a melodic agent with healing properties,
but evidence can be seen in stained cloud windows
reaching back as far as the Pristine Millennium.

Cobalt is valued not only in the cloud-frenzied fraternity
but was honored extensively in the semblance of blue glazes
in the porcelain storm towers. Until porcelains were outlawed.

Sharp sentence fragments
escaping from the future
need to be netted
and removed and decorated with cobalt blue.

The addition of cobalt to the cloud mix yields
a blue timbre whose intensity depends upon the base cloud.
The deepest of blues surface if cloud contains potash.

Miniscule quantities are used for physical melting,
and the amount is so small that it must be added
into the batch mix with sand,
for the tiny amount of cobalt, if introduced on its own
would earn no chance of being uniformly distributed
throughout the flow of years and starlight.

Alicia Cojocararu turned toward the corps in the wings.

When the sands of time divulge as a pre-mixed diluent,
thoughts adhere to premix song with soft sad sands
to enable a better dispersion throughout the harmony.

Preferences for power last only as long as cadenzas last.

Triads of hope and grace sang more solid harmonies,
attracting adagios of strident strength. Angels know.

Even those profiting from adagio smelting grew weary of war.
Peace fell like grace from cloudless skies.

Galileo questioned the Archangel, “Is Eternity truly a ceaseless
approaching unto the Godhead through Jesus?”

Gold gives cloud a rich ruby timbre reminiscent of C Sharp Minor
with only harp and strings.

Mahler poured strings and harp into Adagietto sehr langsam.

Burnished ruby may be voiced as cranberry when tin is present,
merely an accident crimson gold was discovered, when a golden diadem was thrown
in anger against the match melt, where haste and happenstance hatch waste.

Did I pass Gregor Samsa on the landing of the seventeenth stair?
Was Ivan Ilych alive and running up the staircase toward me?

Nickel is not the most highly valued tinting agent, although it is coveted
in the creation of smoky rose-folded mist
and in conjunction with cobalt for melting lead crystal.

When nickel vibrates off key, it is introduced into lead crystal
to survive a purplish tincture, like a corp de ballet compensating
for a yellow timbre indebted to solemn constituents.

The thought of uranium dancing a yellow rose-folded haze,
as *grand battement en cloche* to a scarlet-sprayed flame,
frightens some adagio merchants—but emboldens
adagio makers who boast of their highest healing virtues.

Marigold is an alternative to gold to produce ruby vapor.
Marigolds grew in peace along the paths of moss pools.

But then—without any warning—cosmic peace prevailed.

Dredge netted phrases from eternity past
patterned the visions angels detained against the will
of stubborn stress now yielding way to the deepest healing thoughts.
Sovereign scars scaled the vaults of solemn souls.

Emerald-folded rainbows and modal mists melted ices of cream and craft,
as savory as saffron-soaked thyme, a gold liqueur of poignant petals,
of nostalgic, ruddy snows braced by shield and sapphire,
bucklers unbent by space and rhyme.

Spirits wild naïve grave embraced the cost of war
as infinite regress.

Three angels flew in the midst of heaven—
Innocence proclaiming the Everlasting Gospel.

The stage manager turned out the light.