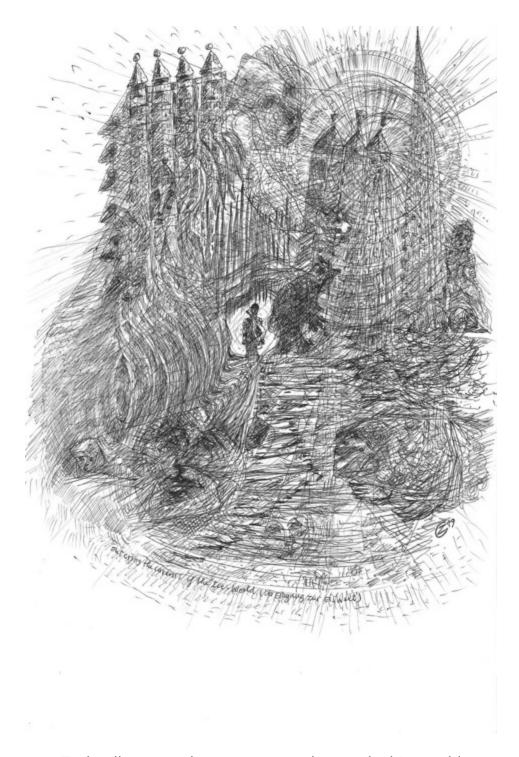
KING OF ICE



A Poetic Legend



Zorko discovers the entrance to the magical Iceworld

ZINA and ZORKO

From the caverns of the Ice-world's Castles

And their extended magical gardens
Faint murmuring reverberates
A touch of a tune emerges in its full
Melodic beauty

From the strings of a solo instrument Powerfully ending its own composed Cadenza.

All other instruments join in
A whole orchestra of water drops
Tumbles and falls into this cavernous
Labyrinth deep down and like
A choir of the Proms
The mountain starts to sing
To the rising sun rays baton.
A powerful symphonic sound
Shakes the dreaming Iceland
Which suddenly comes alive.
Deep in the icicled ravines the daily
Traffic starts to flow to ever changing
Shapes that melt and slide and glow
Iridescent colours that seem to rise

And fall

Like veils of Salome In this translucent world of snow And ice.

Moved and shifted by invisible hands
A ballet of frozen dancers will come
Quickly alive
As their performance prepares
For King Noro and his Queen of Ice
Sweet Nora in a snow flake gown.
Now that the mountain wakes
Its gigantic towers of red stone
Will store the exploding energies
Of the sun for another day
Bring alive this land of glittering
Castles

A world of untold riches lays its
Portals open to the ones who can see
Its mystical splendours
Hear the heavenly music
Of its intricate clockwork play
And feel the touches of its magic
Ever changing scenes but most of all
If you are so lucky to see the majestic
King Ice and his enchanting fairy
The Queen of Ice –
Nora the Queen of all Iceland fairies.

Brandishing their neon adverts

Calling to the outside world
With their fairground blaring music
The giants wake from within their
Deep rock infested surrounds
Their limbs become alive and as
They move and rise
The mountain stretches and sighs
Absorbing warmth and losing
Its frozen stance of Ice-world nights

A conundrum of sounds fills the air
Roars of beasts and man's every day's
Tinkering and working
Will fill the green valleys and the sheer
Water trickling gorges
A sharp signal for the daily hunt
Scuttles the game across wooded hills
And magnificent outcrops.

Excitement drives the chasers on Fear and panic for the hunted game Spreads like wildfire across the lands Bursts of gunshots in the distance.

Inside the big and ice-capped tower
The sounds have changed
In this tinkering and busy working
Of millions of red-hot anvils
In the Gold- and Silversmith-World

Of king Noro's riches
As myriads of tiny hammers forge
The precious metal shapes

Into leaves and plants
Men and women and deer.
And further into any shape
One couldn't possibly imagine.

To the singing of the anvils
A multi chorus of magical chords
And pure voices compliment
Their metallic rhythmic sounds
Until their daily tasks are dutifully
Performed to near perfection
All working on a most exceptional
Royal treasure chest
The redecoration of the splendid
Great Noro Hall:
A tribute to their just and most
Honoured king.
The throne chairs for the majestic
Pair.

Their crown insignia.

The most colourful gown is made For the Queen.

Colourful sequins joined together
With golden threads
In the colours of a most magnificent
Peacock of the protected isles
Her waist-long hair interlaced with
Thousands of natural pearls

The golden shoes for the stately affair.
Their floor long royal robes with ancient
Traditional patterns
Their master weavers will dutifully
Produce
Spun from the silken threads
A team of experienced women
Will prepare
While handpicked maidens will
Need to sew the robes
To hold the gemstones
That decorate the collars
Beside the wide-flowing hems.

The most colourful gown –
A piece of couture-art has been
Made for the Queen to try on
Her waist-long hair with the
Interlaced pearls
Compliment her fairy nature.