

Z J GALOS

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# KING OF ICE



A Poetic Legend

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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.