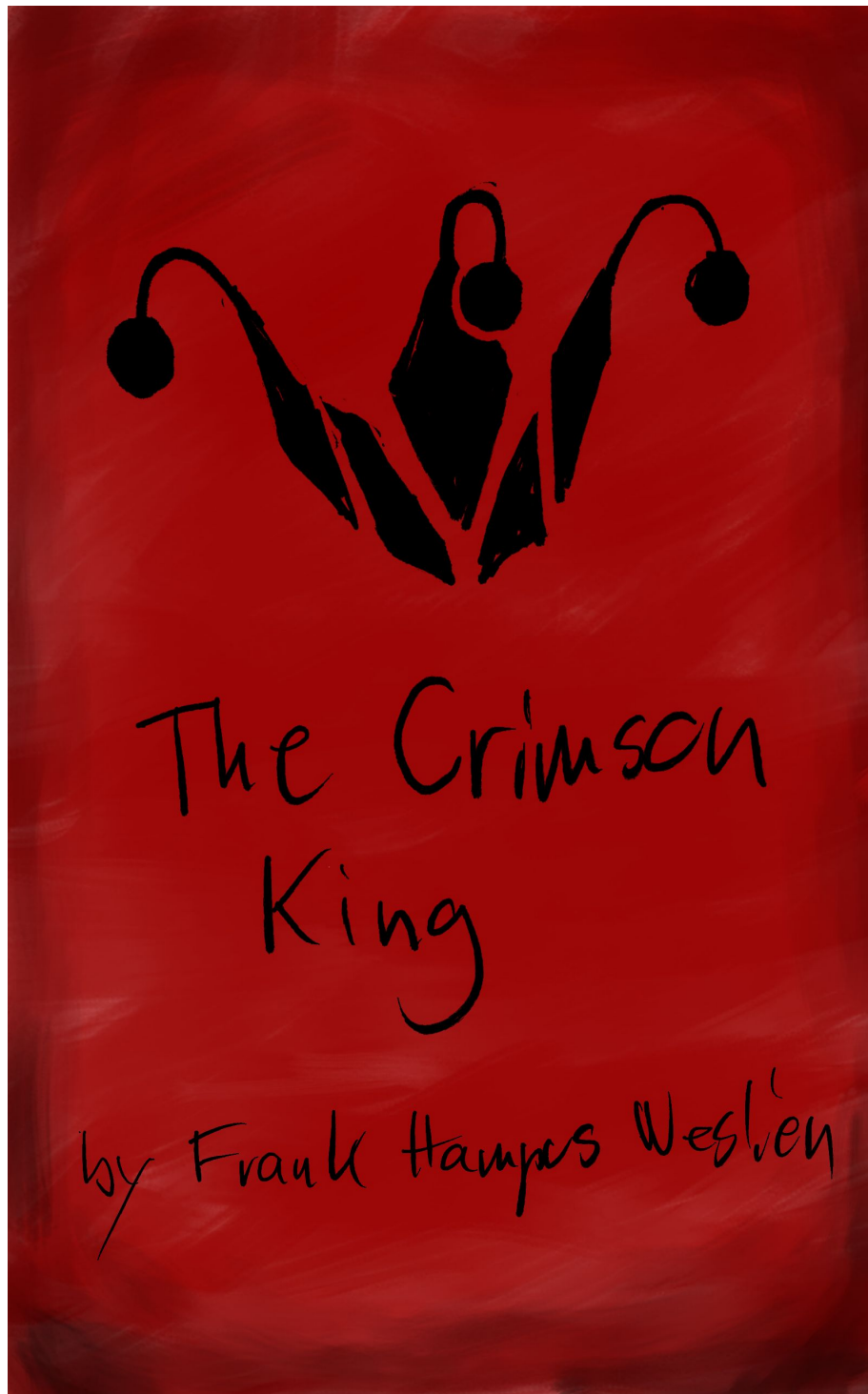


The Crimson King

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How could it fall into your hands rosy maid?

How could it fall into your hands, rosy maid?
The snows of winter now in pouring spring.
The Crimson King, who mourns on feathers laid
say, "Love across the lake, must art this bring?
My canvas, fair, insight for all to bear.
My world of ice, the beauty of winter's gloom
now face the rising sun to sweat, to tear;
its beauty lay revealed in bleeding bloom."
But let it bleed, let it cry, let the white dove die,
you gnawing wraiths drink its blood
the wisping winds whip its love
fault in form but form is fault

Have autumn decay the way it was meant,
while love remains our sweetest budding scent.

Lady Fair

Kindle my spirit, spirit of a dove,
the rock in rock 'n' roll love;

fair lady, lady fair,
who's wicked love turned me sane,
to give such a gift so carelessly away!

Set a flame, flames above the tops
of church towers and wedding props;
lovely lady, lady love,
the virgin mistress who drinks my crimson.
Oh! how love turns what simply isn't.

Pulling my strings, stringing me along
an eternal tour through the land of wrong;
prized lady, lady prizes,
taken at dusk to be returned by dawn,
if I could only keep you beyond the morn'!

The Grand Ball

A full moon knocked on heaven's door,
where a slender body boiled in water,
pulled to be spread on the marble floor,
fair skinned, earth's most cherished daughter.
His eyes were blank, there was nothing but white.
A lump hot steaming mess fixed in agony,
one of the great-great souls brought back to sight,
a half-hearted retort to life's supposed monogamy.

"One of those days, just one of those days"
as foreign carriages approached the castle
where colored dots and swarms of gray
spilled out to view their conquered vassal.
They were greeted by a royal smile,
but favored instead the crimson red,
muttering for the miracle child,
exclaiming, "where—where is it?"

Bathed in salt, as if formed in ocean,
on top a shell, to be draped by Spring
the eternal lover's favorite motion
with copper hair curled just like the wind.
The theater was laid in silverlight
and a purple haze embraced the crowd
roaring at the hint of a shadow of a sign
the rich mood dampened as the wind began to howl

A stir in the clouds — an acid rain

a giant's fist's shattering sound
— a pinch of pain — trembling in awe
edged to the brim—boiling in rage
that's when she threw himself on stage

It's here! It lives, it moves us!
It behooves us! To take it where it groves us!
My pencil, pen and rockstar muse...
So obtuse, it fades — (barely used)

Do not ring my door, this is not my home
all parties must part their ways
and I drink my crimson red alone

Ode to a Princess

Princess — from which spring did you sprung?
Yesteryear, like a flood down rolling mountains,
or tomorrow bursting from a soaking tongue.
You — the most oozing of youthful fountains,
the prized picture in my crystal ball.
Favorite niece, sweet child of mine,
my youth, my home, my love, my crown!
Stranger, a mist that twirls and twines,
a comfortable fog who you dare not call
a cloud of mind to the wonder of it all.
Beloved subject, one day I'll turn you down!

For I am nostalgic for the days of yore,
the days when you weren't fixed in form.
In our breath, our thought, but wasn't sure,
but a distant haze, a buzzing swarm.
Who came and laid the greens in a fiery show;
fireflies — millions upon millions more
flickering under the sun and its mistress
kissing — the land blushing, shocked sore —
with the red cloaks singing even though
their desire is mired in the golden glow
of hellfire, hellfire, heaven's light, and hellfire.

Brave knight, you can not save what burned to ash,
the fierce flames send shivers down your spine,
a tingle, a sensation so subtle until it clash
and wreaks havoc under the guise of "I feel fine".
The raging emptiness you hold inside,
will it seep into a new idea, a brilliant phrase?

Set things straight that didn't need to be aligned.
A curiosity exploring a warrior's heart, a lunar phase,
the white colossus of the sky that pulls the tide,
in and out, day and night, the sun's destined bride.
To think that the great eight once were nine.

A Wandering Star

I had not cleared my path — been dwarfed — I fell
through a crack, my eyes watered from the speed
of the wind that blew past me, as I entered hell.
I was measured, weighted, and told to cry my plead
because it would be deep and know no end.
I'd spilled sober thoughts to the wrong friend.

I searched the hall for a dead man's boots
“lucky as always”, my stoned self stammered.
My bones and yaw were tangled in roots,
for one of nature's spirits had got me hammered
and soon it all would vanish — the miracle die —
and another brave cosmonaut be stuck in the sky.

There was still fuel with which to tease his guest
chained between the best and the better world
in the state of fixed but not possessed.
Its potential crumbled as his head was whirled
from his stumble across the creases — hard pressed —
to scared to let my comfort be undressed.

Are you not the famed cosmic dancer?
Visiting yourself on your ‘tour de Chambre’.
A bright light that holds no answer
but themes were the subjects drown in rum.
Answering every question with the whirling words:
“We live in the best of all possible worlds!”

By the river young men were skipping rocks
inviting me to join their fine pastime
and seeing as passion is but a black box
perhaps a skip and plunge could restore my prime,
taking me on top the hill that kept me blind,
and let me view the orchards of my mind.

Describe yourself — naked — in the flesh
pulling your mind through the thick of herbs,
letting your image crack, exposed afresh,

and hear yourself spill the words
you've kept so close though they hurt,
telling truth in a fictitious flirt

Perhaps your kink is to be dressed down,
to fell it raw on raw — love without bounds.
Pacing your moans as it eclipses your crown
and peaks as you sip the wine made from the sound
of silence where nothing is covered up
and one drop gives way to an entire cup.

You demon — angel — with claws and fangs,
strokes of danger, and crimson flair,
endangered beast, hunted by gangs
of wealthy thieves with silver hair.
Tell me, why do you love me so?
There is nothing I won't let you know.

Once sober, I contemplated my pledge.
The young men urging me to dissolve
my rough life full of edges,
throw away my duties, abdicate and evolve
my state of being, from a lifeless essence
to an immutable immortal adolescence.

Everything was left spinning
from when I pulled the safety pin.
The explosion left my ears ringing.
Is this what it means to win?
To be covered in feathers and tar,
thinking yourself a wandering star.

Little Light

Fickle, fickle, little light,
how I beg you to guide my sight.
In darkness lurks evil things,
the hungry ends of blushing kings.

Fickle, fickle, little light,
how I beg you to guide my sight.
When my king is on the run,
lost in darkness, lost in fun,
then you bargain for my soul.
Fickle, fickle, I am told.

Fickle, fickle, little light,
How I beg you to guide my sight.

A Siren's Song

Mystique was first to grab my hand,
my childishness her joy.
With rhythmic thrusts to a mellow beat
she charmed me acting coy.

Shaped into what I had in mind
I let myself run wild,
and made my myth a hollow craze
and begged to be beguiled.

My cosmic wave had sent me straight
on a quest across the sky;
where empty space is made to matter
and ancient legends lie.

But among the stars and planets,
the empty space between,
the electric warrior's furious tune
couldn't fill the scene.

His bleeding solo gave no echo:
it simply fucking died.
So he smeared his blood to eternity
hoping some would dry.

Like every other fool before
whose blood now glazed the sky
and left us all forever awed
at beauty's transcending eye.

You drifted, but then I saw your bride,
the body for which you're bound,
and you must felt my crimson burning
for you shot for solid ground.

I dived into the hands of Mars,
embraced by off-world charm.
Looking warm but cold at heart,
what could be the harm?

Did you know, pretty prince, my wish
for you to conquer stars,

to put them all in bulbs one day
all labeled: Made on Mars.

My heart, it jumped and made a ripple
and a cosmic wave was born,
bestowing life to this siren's song
forever and evermore.

All Along the Interlude

Through mist, the rider came damp in heavy clothes,
“Is this the way?”, he asked
for he wasn't sure.
“Depends,” said the gentleman.
“Of course,” the charlatan.
“Never,” spoke the crow.
They all died in laughter, the prelude
to the tale all along the interlude.

He mounted his bike that bleak morning
when wind scuffled the leaves
and rode the trees.
When the levee breaks we'll have no place.
Can you hear the caw over wind and wave,
awakening their deepest, most inner rage:
crying floods, a burning temper. How rude—
to flush us down all along the interlude.

The alleys crawled with sickening thoughts,
passing them by under flickering lights.
“Thanks for tonight,”
said as their hands unlocked
and their (final?) eclipse was broken off.
The spectacle, caught in the wrong view,
by one who watch, one who pursue,
eternal figures all along the interlude.

The past will change, blow by blow,
until there is no more shelter from the storm
where people come and go
talking about comics and games for adults;
the horrors of children's' toys.
Letting the crow sing over wind and wave,
while watchmen keep their view
on the borders all along the interlude.

Is this his thrill? The beg, the moan.
“The night doesn’t need to end here.”
Hesitations unknown.
And their glowing black was pulled together,
by a night that seemed to last forever.
A spectacle that sure looked like a crime,
from a distant watch in a tilted mood,
like another forced entry all along the interlude.

Smoke curled around them, a demon? A wit?
No, a hypocrite refusing to play tricks,
for he was war,
madness in a suit. Throwing himself at headlines,
cashing in on past renown, bigger and better
than any other star committing crimes
and speaks the truth, the right-wing renewed,
“think of the children” all along the interlude.

The gentleman was the third seal that broke
as he swooned and dined with mad men,
lucky strikes with golden pens.
“Friend, there is a lot to be gained!”
Radiating blissful intent.
Leaving a fat tip and calling it a day,
while one peddles poison to the prude and crude
chanting “I broke no law!” all along the interlude.

— The Sirens’ Tune —

The masked man strikes again!

— Two scared to death

Sunday morning a vigilante saved the day,
or so he thought, before he was chased away
by a man-made hurricane, a distraction for the crow.
Please call the police if you have any clue
why war rides all along the interlude.

The fourth had been there biding his time,
day by day, the routine of your life:
“a most trusted advisor.”

Who you must call at once.

For you find yourself amidst the worst of floods
and fear needs no more than a spark to turn hot,
so you watch as the Empire subdue:
“You rebel scum!” all along the interlude.

“My office, now”, demanded the sweaty man,
the puppet in control, whose flick of a switch
could burn a world.

While a watchman pulled off the greatest heist
by staging Armageddon for the ultimate prize:
to pass the day of our extinction.
So let us raise a glass of crimson, to our fortitude
against the waves all along the interlude.

Bobcats growled just like the wind,
while a dying fender cried out its sin.
“Yes”, they swore:
the gentleman, charlatan, and the crow.
For no more chaos to be brought;
that they leave this world, its perfect storm,
while the forth was left to reap his due
to judge each soul all along the interlude.

I wish I could just die; I wish I was alive

With ribbons in their mouths, the sky as their floor,
that shifts and moves in see-through pinks and blues.
The wonders of cosmos soon lost by the shore
of oblivion, stronger than any other brew,
longer lasting, the most mellow of the hues,
as colored dots and swarms of grey arrive;
I greet them with jokes while showing off the view.
I wish I could just die; I wish I was alive.

Later, thinking about the doomsday-four,
the quartet to orchestrate the coup
on human life with all its joy and chore
and sing it out on a bittersweet adieu!
That twists one’s heart as if it caught the flu,
like a stray comment that hit you in the side,
and poured you on the rocks—starving for advice.
I wish I could just die; I wish I was alive.

Don’t you hear the cosmic dancers rave and play?
The legends bombard every inch of floor.
Can’t you feel the shock on every single day
as they tap their feet chanting: “Nevermore!”
Don’t you feel it slip — déjà vu, déjà vu —
I write a rave review, a four out of five,
and forget I ever uttered death’s sweet woo:
I wish I could just die; I wish I was alive.

But then that eerie feeling strikes and undo
all worldly joys and treats that give us drive,

and for a moment only otherworldly do:
I wish I could just die; I wish I was alive.

The Castle

The spell was broken, the castle about to fall
under the sun's thousand-year-old pressure
on the crimson cloaks to tear down its walls
and leave the king with his only treasure.
To catch him naked and then undress him,
stuttering his answers to their every whim.

The first to fall was the gaudy chandelier,
a centerpiece that stole too much attention,
a display of wealth to detract from the austere
condition that its shadow would never mention.
And as his brilliant candles hit the floor,
it cracked so deep its shadow leapt from the wall.

He knew that future men would one day say
that the crack was where it all began
and never hail the sun that gave away
its rays to shine on the burgeoning mountain
built from the rubble of this abandoned castle,
solid, with no halls to hide in.

Do you think of the dark side of the moon?
Or the light that never kisses a body?
Believing the two immortals know of bliss
where all pain is shared with one another?
Fear not, however close we are miles apart,
two cosmonauts who just happened to cross paths.

Throne Of Might

Fall from your throne, your dying seat of might,
and flee this castle and its stolen tract.
Be borne on the wind to ever higher height.

Among hot sheets of silk lies our fight.
The aftermath of bloody Mars' loving act.
Fall from your throne, your dying seat of might.

May what sprung prove worthy above all right,
A bastard demi-god who'll have the world sacked;

Be borne on the wind to ever higher height.
Conquering each other's fears in the sacred rite.
White stone beaten soft, beautifully cracked.
Fall from your throne, your dying seat of might.

Brave the violent seas and tumble by its smite,
Lick the warm salt, embrace your loving pact;
Be borne on the wind to ever higher height.

Fear a dove's loving lie, its shroud of white
Wash ashore, soaked in blisters, still intact.
Fall from your throne, your dying seat of might;
be borne on the wind to ever higher height.

I could not find the faults in my shapeless form

I could not find the faults in my shapeless form,
nor could I keep the sun and moon from kissing;
eternal figures shy not to perform,
while I am drifting as a cloud gone missing.
“Ha,” laughs the crimson king, “our stupid lore,
a portrait missing all that others should know
instead you rippled from the weight of war,
and was charmed by myth and mystique dancing slow.
Sigh, he and I are speaking with one tongue
about us filling empty buckets full,
to feel them overflow, the spring be sprung
to warmth, to prince to princess, to have it pull
you back into a simple twist of fate —
lacking breath I'd swallowed my own bait.