

Two Variations on Lark's Tongues in Aspic of King Crimson

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The story is the literary expression of a musical piece and has no connections with the original fragmentation of the works by King Crimson

The wedding of Marianma

“One spring morning Marianma princess walked to the hut of her father King Kaunda in Tanzania to offer him the tribute of the first flowers of Baobab and the villagers joyfully celebrated an event that filled with joy. The princess adorned her hair with a garland with white baobab flowers and her big black eyes, fleshy lips, and white teeth were filled with immeasurable joy as she prepared to marry the little prince Mwana Simba (lion cub), from the neighboring village. The little woman would end with her gesture of sincere love to a rivalry that had both families apart for a long time. The small Dada Wazuri, the sister of Marianma, swung in a rusty hammock that was dilapidated over the years, and the lack of adequate lubrication was given a pleasant and monotonous grinding”.

The revolution

The rioters began to crowd outside the gates of the Imperial Palace, the emperor and his concubines were terrified. The cries of the crowd became increasingly enraged.

Open doors or we will topple it!, concubines wept and lamented the fate that would run, but despite the best efforts of the palace guards, these were not enough and finally the crowd, armed with a battering ram forced the fence and entry by the power to imperial units, chaos gripped every corner, every room, every object; the vandals had no mercy. Looting, theft, plunder and rape were the strong response of a people punished by hunger and prolonged droughts.

Meanwhile around the palace one second barrage of looters who waved their swords against their shields was preparing to attack. The fate of the emperor was cast. The few defenders bled badly injured and shocked gave their blood for the Emperor, and fell with her flesh sunk by steel as the brawl earned increasingly larger, though no one knew at this point where the emperor was.

Suddenly the heat of battle faded, and the resistance had been defeated and only a few plaintive and monotonous voices, in a misfortune tune, persistently sought the emperor who awaited the arrival of the Royal Swallow, was heard. Where is the Emperor? They asked his flagging and dying servers, but no one was right with his whereabouts.

The emperor in a vain act of cowardice recalled that his grandfather, founder of the dynasty had told him, being small, of the existence of an obscure corridor which was moldy and smelly and travels directly to the mouths of the Hoang Ho. Only it had to drive a back door to exit to a tunnel and fall in the saving waters of beneficial estuary. The Empress had been taken prisoner by the rebels meanwhile the emperor ran away with his beloved Lian Hua (Lotus Flower) favorite of the royal concubines.

The Emperor thought that if he could arrive the Royal Swallow, his boat, could reach across the river and thus to take distance from their pursuers involved in the struggle, but in the end of the tunnel, the menacing presence of a dragon spewing fire did blanch at the beautiful Lian Hua. The emperor recited a spell and the dragon disappeared, leaving the way clear for the fugitives.

The emperor and the beautiful Lian Hua embarked on Yanzi Shi, The Royal Swallow march toward freedom, between pampering huggers and whispers, quietly browsing the Yellow River, crossed lotus and green water

The dance of the mbira (kalimba in Swahili)

In the village of Bulawayo in Zimbabwe there was a huge expectation, since that would take place on the feast of the mbira. Young and old dressed in their best clothes were preparing to thank the gods for bountiful harvest. Shamans recited spells to light the fire and in the eyes of the little ones could glimpse a hint of anxiety and fascination for ancient rite evoked the benevolence of the gods. The actions of the men had pleased the gods and the rains left-covered fields of life and vegetables. The elders of the village began to recite the phrases of mercy.

Far away Tendai and Munashi swung in an old rusty hammock outside the celebration, while the flames of passion in their hearts grew and drew their red tongues fire in the dark and deep eyes off her. The kalimba, distant and monotonous, gazelles cut in the shadows of Kilimanjaro jumped one after another, shamans, fire, brilliance and love both grow in the light of the moon.

The flood

The sound of the water disturbed the villagers, the incessant rains had caused an unusual flood and everything suggested in an overflow. Vain were the attempts to contain the fierce thrust of the current and the water moved by dragging trunks, animals and all that was passing. Suddenly the floodgates did not supply and gave wide causing the flood from entering unabated, flooding everything around, houses, mills, animals, all swept away by the raging waters, the cries of the families, their houses flooded and water peeking through the windows of the first floor .

The few who had taken refuge on top of a hill, a few fools of the hill, expected lowering of the water to return home and see that everything could be saved from the flood disaster, when a second wave brought more anxiety and grief.

By late afternoon all was despair, cries of sorrow and pain were added to those who were looking for their loved ones washed away. Giorgio, clinging to a log screaming to the edge of their forces claiming the presence of Simonetta, but his words seemed to float in the wind, wanted nothing more than to be reunited with her, until a desperate and pitiful moan warned her, she would adrift in a rickety canoe chipped path at the foot of the waterfall. With great courage Giorgio swam fiercely, carried away by the force of the water, and when he could be a considerable distance from the canoe, threw a hollowed trunk that made the canoe will be embedded and stopped their march to death, exhausted, soaked at the end of his tether, Giorgio and Simonetta heaved a sigh, and took shelter beneath the rickety canoe on the shore *del fiume*

At the dawn of the new day, he opened his eyes knew that nothing could ever separate them, they turned the boat, tried to plug the gaps and prepared for a long journey, together they sailed away from the village, the nightmare was over, at least for them.