

FERVENT CLARITY

URBANPOET.CO

FRAMMENTO

EXCERPTS FROM:

INITIATIONS OF IDYLIA

(WORKING TITLE)

BY NICOLE BONOMI (2018)/2022

BACKDROP:

The following Framment Work is a poem entitled FERVENT CLARITY. The poem is extracted from a first draft play I started years ago called INITIATIONS OF IDYLIA (working title).

Originally, INITIATIONS OF IDYLIA explored the internal struggle of Marcellus, a punctilious and yet capricious statesman who wrangles with the primordial concepts of 'unity' and 'conquest'. Seemingly inauspicious events arise but ultimately lead Marcellus to Santos, a teacher who is detained for alleged crimes against the state. Marcellus learns that Santos' teachings are revered among the people, particularly within a group with which Marcellus holds no favour. Marcellus does the unthinkable and asks Santos for mentorship in exchange for his freedom. Santos initially declines but changes his mind when he discovers that Aeliana, who he is sworn to protect, is looking for him after she escapes a betrothal that she, nor Santos, ever approved. Before Marcellus receives news that Santos has changed his mind, he decides to release Santos anyway. Moved by Marcellus' gesture, Santos commits himself to mentoring the statesman. Marcellus' obsessive focus on the progression of the state, causes his impatience. He becomes bothered that all of Santos' advanced teachings must follow foundational concepts of 'sacred unity' and 'love'. That is, until Marcellus accidentally meets Aeliana. What ensues, is a rapidly progressing state, The Initiations of Idylia and 'a compendium of philosophies in-love', that become dangerously envied by enemy states.

I have edited this version of FERVENT CLARITY so it can stand alone as a poem - kind of, hence it's Frammento. I've removed stage direction, parenthesis, acts, scenes etc. It is *not* in correct playwright format. Excerpts are originally from ACT 4 SCENE 2 and ACT 4 SCENE 3 & 4 and ACT 7 SCENE 2 but I have cut and mixed. At this point, it could be read as a triologue, as a soliloquy by AVALON (or AELIANA), followed by a duologue. My preference is that you let your imagination run and you read it however you feel it.

Nicole Bonomi

AVALON IN AELIANA'S DREAM:

...

AVALON: Oh that ye shall wake with fervent clarity,
Oh that ye shall rise in a linen of thine own,
And that thou can sing to Oneself that,

“IES, I am true.”

...

That not bottle caps,
Nor pots with wax,
Doth corrupt thine own,

...

*“And my sincerity,
A higher reigning authority,
A deity - seen only by a deity.”*

Such as the exchange of the knight and the rose.

ROSE: My, that you bring the poetry back,
In a moment of this clarity.
And contracts are fulfilled,
In the aether there is no more a disparity.

Your fire fire air,
Knew mine so many before.
But a promise to keep,
Is the unkempt no more.
That a chance alive,
Was like an open door.

KNIGHT: Teach me the nature of a promise.
Is it true that what does bud by water pure,
Need never fear the shadows of **a lure?**

FERVENT CLARITY

EXCERPTS FROM: INITIATIONS OF IDYLIA (WORKING TITLE)
BY NICOLE BONOMI 2022

URBAN
POET
.CO

ROSE: Yes. And you'd honour to pick me not.
Preserved my own core in the soil,
First to yourSelf you must learn to be loyal.
To love rouge,
But encourage a thorn to grow,
Is to come to One's Power,
Is to learn "To Know".

KNIGHT: And you would confirm what you always were,
Pure water from a mountain,
To be loved, I confer.

ROSE: First be left to wake alone.
To reclaim the position in the seat of One's throne.

KNIGHT: Rise the Rose,
For you, that throne is the mind,
Yours, a poetic-mill,
And one of its kind.

ROSE: When the mind becomes One,
It fills with Great Light.
No battle befalls.
Inner crusade is won.
One Knows what is Right.

KNIGHT: And what's right is what's good.

ROSE: And what's good is what's true,
And if she's good for your life,
To herself she lives true.

KNIGHT: And if One finds you,
And he claims the same?
If he claims a match to your mill,
That to love you deeply is his only will?
If he claims that like you, to himself he is true,
Then ask if he loves your thorns as much as your scarlette hue.
For God grew the rose with both petal and thorn -

ROSE: - Not to cut but from what is humble, I wish not to be torn.

KNIGHT: Wise is the rose to deter he who cannot fathom
That grace is born from humility and power,
A king her match, like he, she builds a fort,
And the thorn is her tower.

If then your grace misunderstood,
If your power should cause his respite,
Then he is still crusading,
He is no king, he is thus but a knight.

But if a king he be,
Then he will love all of you,
From your sepal to your roots,
And all your thorns too.

ROSE: With all of you too she'll be in-love,
Soul, Mind, body, every scar,
- Remove your armour,
Anything left to heal,
She'll make it her dharma.

KNIGHT: Words like water from a rose
Rosewater poured, blessed in-love,
Crown to toes.

Even ArchAngel Michael,
God gifted a sword.
Defend the delicate of heart,
No pain can they afford.

ROSE: Then understood you have,
The premise for promise sweet knight.
This begins the end of your crusades,
When the Sun conquers your night.

...

AVALON: Then if thou shall wake,
Wrapped in thine own,
A linen forevermore,
It matters not -
Only that one learns the lesson,
Of a soul's open-door.