

COMPOSER IS MAGICIAN

PREMIÈRE SÉRIE // PT1. AR // BY NICOLE BONOMI

Dear Poet,

If your brain should be bound by the tongue,
If the 'word' insufficient,
If the palate tongue should suffocate the Soul Mind,
[Remember]
Sufficient is My Grace,
And Grace a language.

Go [you] to the Composer,
And ask He to fill your cup with Arrangements,
- Directions to a new path.

For Composer is Magician,
Call in does he, through sound,
Baton his wand,
The language
The vibration of The Multiverse
The Power,
The Grace,
The Governance to the Oasis.
- There is no desert without Oasis.

Embrace the moments of thirst with defiant joy
That ***ye shall Know to call He***
Yes, laugh at your own thirst,
Then call He
Call The Composer,
Call The Magician,
He of beauty,
The Conductor,
Conductor of Light,
Light posing as Sound.

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As He waves his Baton to draw in Direction,
He fills your cup with Arrangements.
Drink the Arrangements and Know the path.

Light guides your path to the Oasis
- Any and every time [should] you thirst in the desert of Mind.

There in One's Oasis,
One waves pen to page, like baton to air,
And flow word unbound,
Word above matter,
Word composed by Arrangement of Light.

Kindred Spirits,
Deepest friends eternally,
The One with The Baton,
And the One with The Quill.
Those with Deity of Wrist,
Hold Wands.

Thank you
Great Maestro,
Light Conductor,
For *new pathways*.

Grazie per i nuovi percorsi, ti chiamerò sempre.

Unbound Word.
Unbound Mind.
Unbound Soul.
Unbound Love.

Nicole Bonomi