

The Orange Dreams: Theme of Influence  
Daniel Bolton

Dedication.

The summer moon had floated by;  
We understood her reasons why.  
Two cute shoes of muted hues  
Shine as rubies by velvet blues.

Weary fingers scribe thy prose,  
While idly lie thine inflam'd toes.  
Esteem'd voices call at night,  
Though only omens seem to fight.

With bones to pick between my teeth,  
And rotting flesh still underneath:  
Dull light falls on sunken faces,  
And fear from eyes in fluid traces.

Act I, Scene i- Ballroom.

[Enter Ludwig]

Ludwig:

[Aside]

Guests loathed wait,  
Spun in careless collect.  
Dancing in crippled gait,  
They soon connect.

Eyelids form lines,  
And brains produce phrases.  
Hands clasp and scan for signs,  
Wed in mazes.

When quavers sound,  
Their desires distend.  
Although arms remain bound,  
Their thoughts descend.

In ignorance,  
Can these patrons find bliss?  
Will they lose innocence,  
If truth they'd miss?

From a safe, plain place,  
A glance I dare take,  
And 'fore your vain face,  
I brave to awake.

A tightly-laced, feign'd,  
Tailor-made display,  
You gaze as though pain'd,  
Save the eyelids' stay.

Betraying the weight,  
My body I raise,  
And though raving fate,  
My caution I raze.

When my tastes cascade,

I may chase escape,  
Only to evade-  
Yet fail to take shape.

[Enter Käthe]

Madam, I might dare confess desire-  
Your name I seek and I must inquire.

Käthe:  
Should one ask, then may I give an answer,  
But to you, sir, a mystery dancer?

Ludwig:  
O, Now I must appear as quite the fool,  
Having left my name before a jewel.  
Your pardon, I beg via next appeal;  
Your presence , I find to seem most surreal.  
Pleas'd to meet you; Ludwig is my name.

Käthe:  
Ludwig- I see; and from whence you came?

Ludwig:  
'Tis not my turn of this little game?

Käthe :  
Very well; I am called Käthe.  
Next in our exchange of data,  
I request you, sir, please explain  
To me the point of this acquaintance.

Ludwig:  
I seek not to break your humour, here.  
You see, you caught my eye, my dear.

Käthe:  
I believe you seek me for the Waltz.

Ludwig:  
You must see through my awkward faults!

Käthe:  
You have them not in latchèd vaults;  
Your folly, then, itself exalts.

Ludwig:

[Aside]  
Now I face a few quite daunting choices:  
I could veil myself amidst the voices,  
And disappear as fate rejoices,  
Lose myself amidst those voices.  
Too, I have this second option-  
To reject the first with fair adoption  
Of feelings gain'd and sold at auction,  
To accept true desire's fair adoption.

Act I, Scene ii- A busy street

[Enter Simay, Käthe]

Simay:

The weather is nice to us today.  
Would you not agree?  
Autumn reminds me of early May,  
Though the leaves won't stay.

Käthe:

Sorry, my mind is elsewhere Simay,  
Yet not wand'ring free.  
Its occupation is to defy  
Questions who ask »Why?«

Simay:

Dear, carry no burden alone,  
And leave not your worries unknown.

Käthe:

Rather than attempt to atone,  
The spill, I prefer to postpone.

Simay:

Behold such insolence thus!  
You gain what from quietus?

Käthe:

I seek not to make a fuss,  
Nor such a vain stimulus.

Simay:

As you wish, it will be pretermitted

Act II, Scene ?- Ludwig's study.

[Ludwig is writing at his desk. Enter Käthe]

Käthe:

Last night, a strange dream bestowed upon me  
Ardours never noticed to exist.  
Preferring to hold antinomy,  
I find my tongue pressèd to persist.  
Thus, I shall, but not in adoration;  
I feel eaten, and nearly dissolv'd.  
If you should receive my mind's creation,  
Please, question not the motifs involv'd.

Ludwig:

You hast nothing here to justify.  
What comes curious in sleep  
May daunt and plague the coming day.  
Now, a moral plight you find,  
In lieu of that queer dream.  
What so great must you say?

Ludwig :

As I slept, my dreams were fire,  
Mercenaries who kill for higher-  
O, heed my decree of a panic dire!  
My explanations form this layer,  
Which resembles a rehears'd prayer-  
Like teeth in the beak of a base soothsayer.  
With nightfall comes to us the power  
To trespass on the very hour  
Of sleep in the keep of Hypnos' high tower.

Act ?, Scene ?- ?

Käthe:

Until we met, O, had I pride!  
My person, though, diminishes;  
This game has turned the tide.  
Before the time it finishes,  
My valour shall subside.  
Although I have confess'd with this,  
Your name still brings no bliss.  
Where one would find a love's attempt,  
My heart feels just contempt.  
I hold no human feeling for you,  
And bid you but adieu.

Ludwig:

I don't deserve the title »Human,«  
So am I »sub-« or nighly »super-«?

Käthe :

Ludwig, have you no reserve?

Ludwig :

When words are there, I shan't conserve.