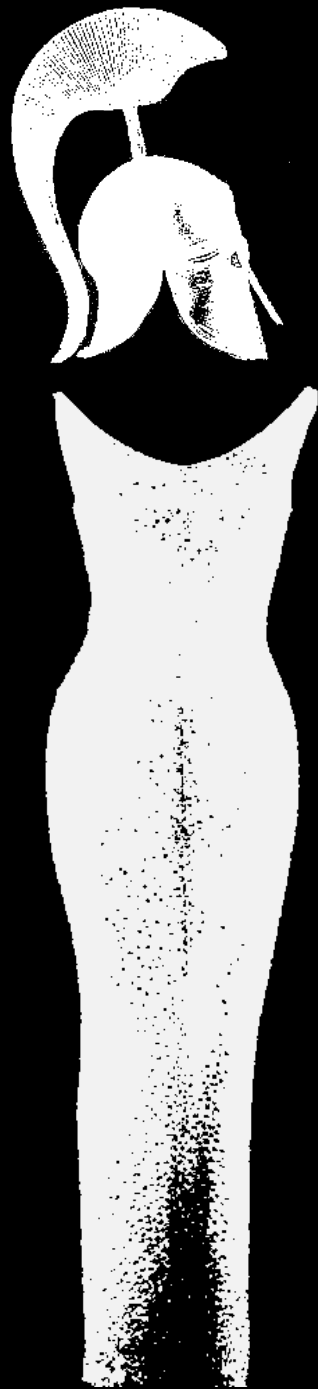


ANTI TONE

An atomic
soliloquy



PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE

ALL NIGHT LONG WE WATCHED,
ALL NIGHT LONG WE WATCHED

THE SUN STOOD HIGH IN HEAVEN, AND HIS BLAZING BEAMS SMOTE US.
THE SUN STOOD HIGH IN HEAVEN, AND HIS BLAZING BEAMS SMOTE US.

A SUDDEN WHIRLWIND THEN UPRaised A CLOUD OF DUST THAT BLOTTED OUT THE SKY,
A SUDDEN WHIRLWIND THEN UPRaised A CLOUD OF DUST THAT BLOTTED OUT THE SKY.

AND SWEEPED THE PLAIN, AND STRIPPED THE WOODLANDS BARE,
AND SWEEPED THE PLAIN, AND STRIPPED THE WOODLANDS BARE.

AND SHOOK THE FIRMAMENT. WE CLOSED OUR EYES
AND SHOOK THE FIRMAMENT. WE CLOSED OUR EYES

AND WAITED TILL THE HEAVEN-SENT PLAGUE SHOULD PASS. AT LAST IT CEASED,
AND WAITED TILL THE HEAVEN-SENT PLAGUE SHOULD PASS. AT LAST IT CEASED.

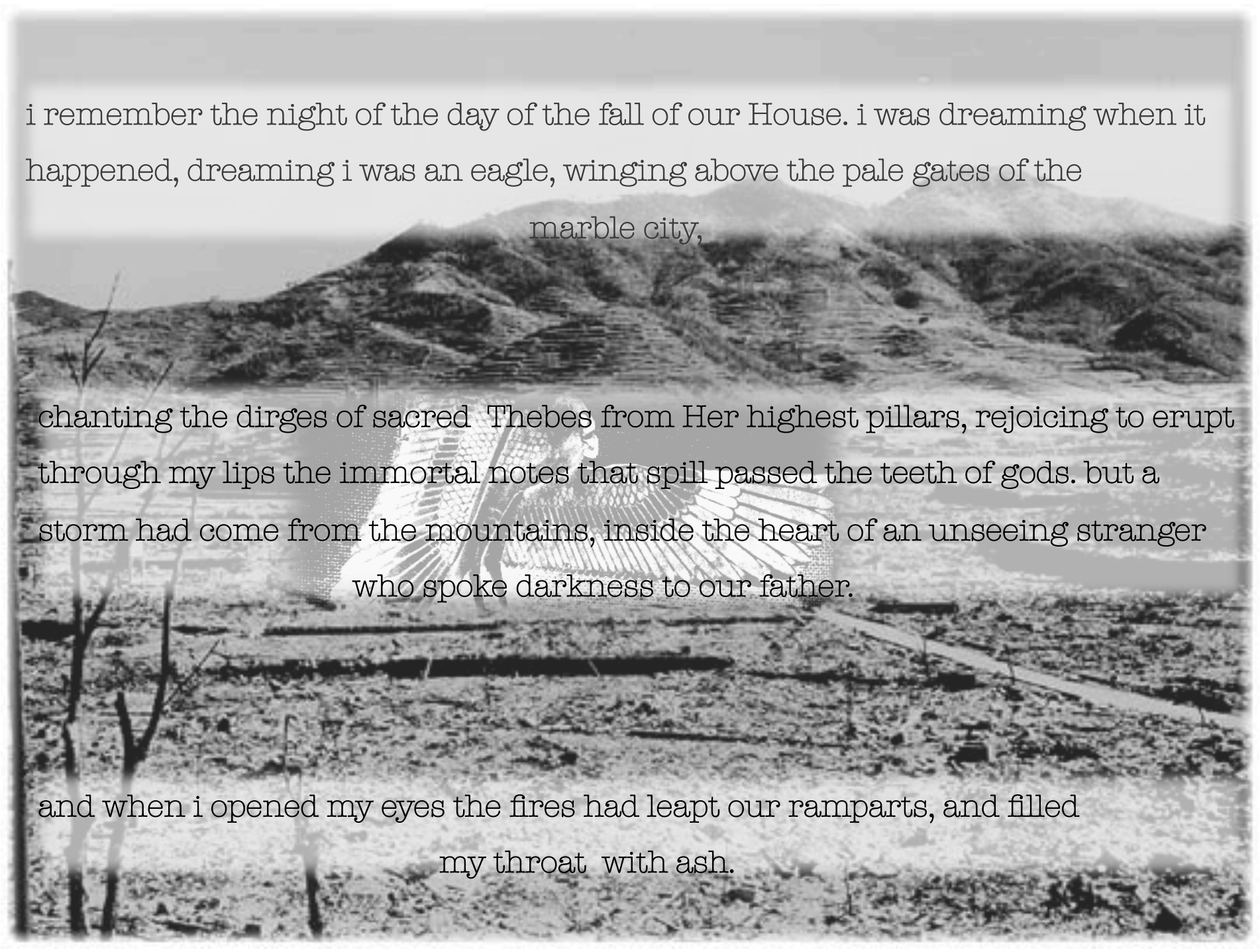
AND LO! THERE STOOD THIS MAID.
AND LO! THERE STOOD THIS MAID.





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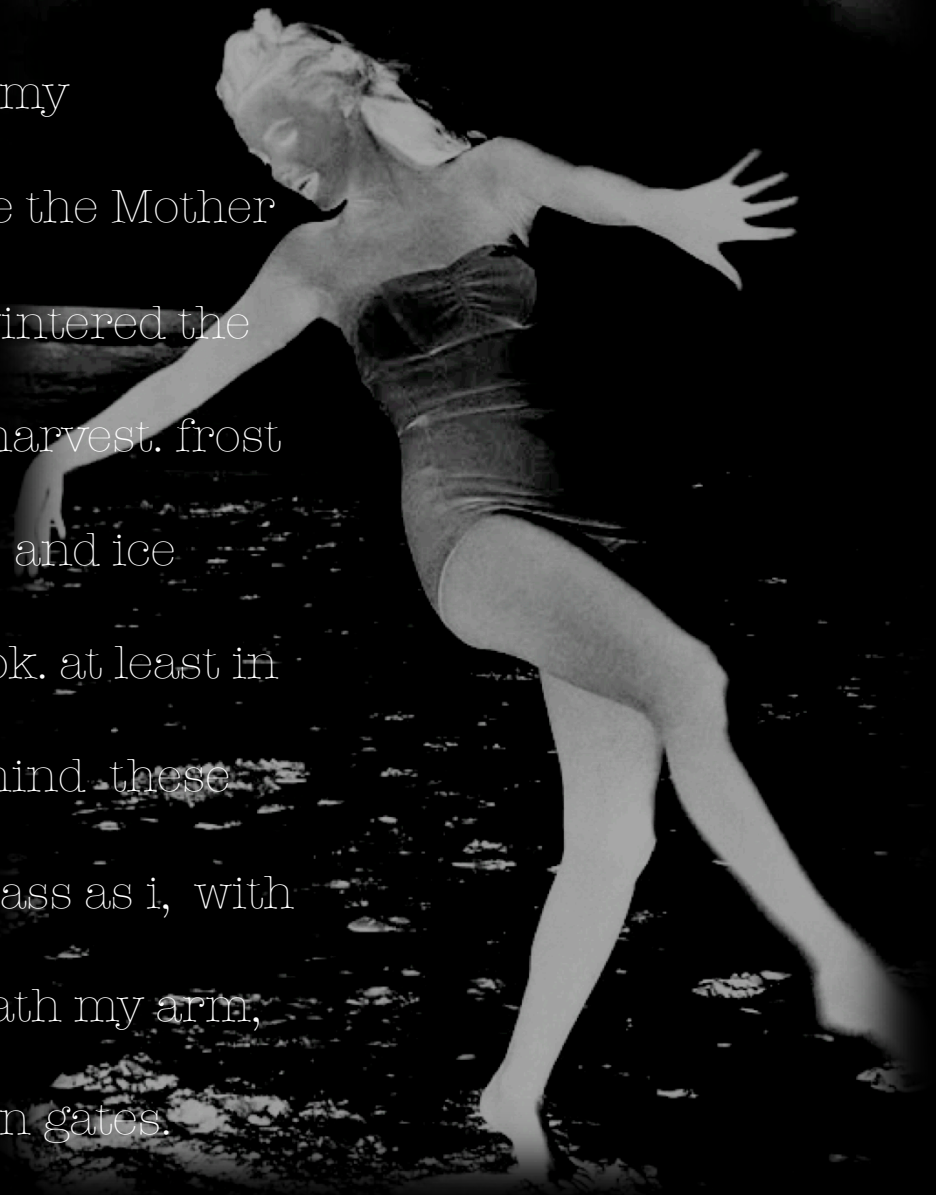
A black and white photograph of a desolate, mountainous landscape. In the center, a large, winged figure, possibly an eagle or a person in a costume, is superimposed, appearing to be in a dynamic pose. The figure's wings are spread wide, and its body is angled towards the viewer. The background consists of rugged, rocky hills or mountains under a pale sky. The foreground is a flat, rocky or sandy area with some sparse, dark vegetation. The overall mood is somber and dramatic.

i remember the night of the day of the fall of our House. i was dreaming when it
happened, dreaming i was an eagle, winging above the pale gates of the
marble city,

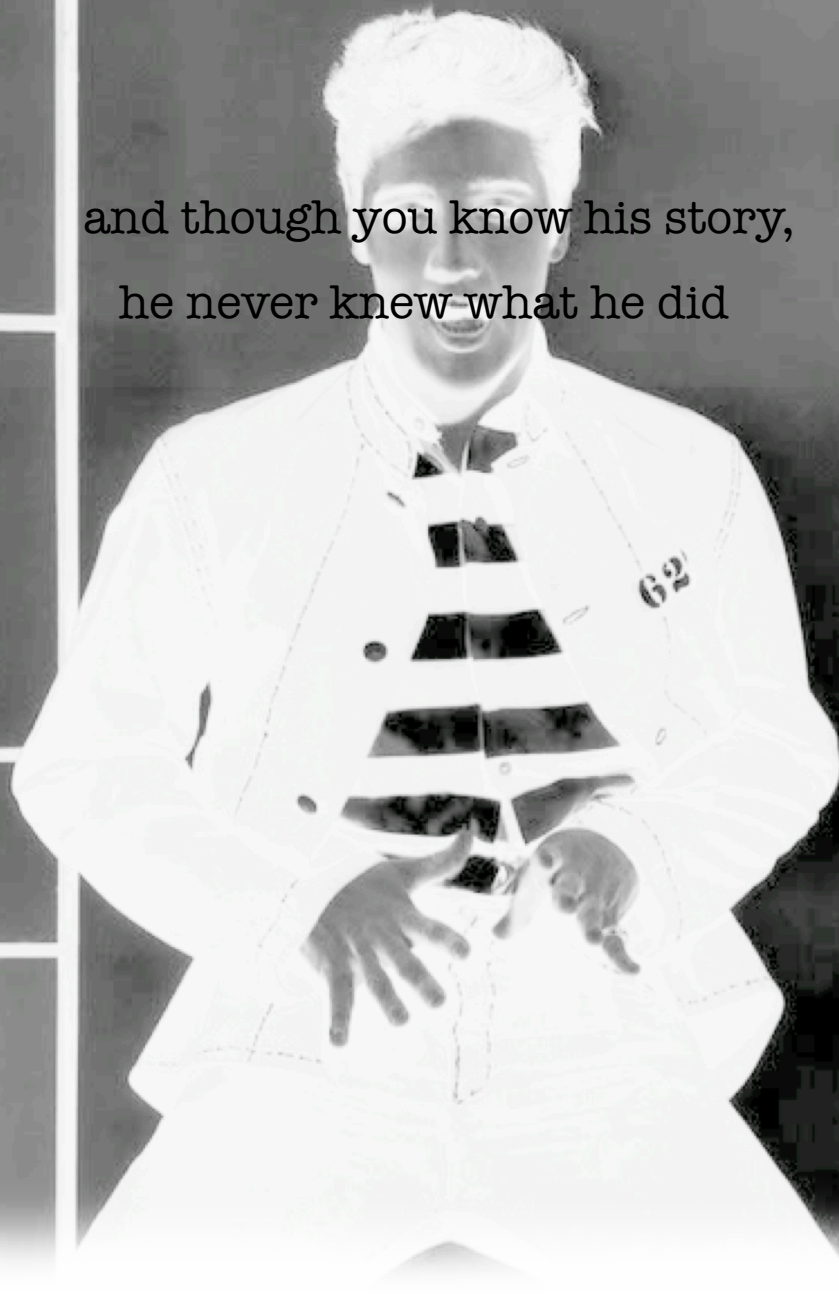
chanting the dirges of sacred Thebes from Her highest pillars, rejoicing to erupt
through my lips the immortal notes that spill passed the teeth of gods. but a
storm had come from the mountains, inside the heart of an unseeing stranger
who spoke darkness to our father.

and when i opened my eyes the fires had leapt our ramparts, and filled
my throat with ash.

then the black winds raged within our
walls, possessing the air, strangling my
voice in their thin pale arms. and like the Mother
of the Seasons, my afflicted heart wintered the
land and lay waste the harvest. frost
cloyed the groves and ice
choked the brook. at least in
my sorrowed mind these
things came to pass as i, with
our father beneath my arm,
bade faresick the seven gates.



and though you know his story,
he never knew what he did



τέκνον τυφλοῦ γέροντος Ἀντιγόνη, τίνας
χώρους ἀφίγμεθ' ἢ τίνων ἀνδρῶν πόλιν;
τίς τὸν πλανήτην Οἰδίπουν καθ' ἡμέραν

but it's a long road and the rumors of travelers have a way of wandering;

σμικρὸν μὲν ἔξαιτοῦντα, τοῦ σμικροῦ δ'
ἔτι

and in the faces of exiles I see they wonder at my bronzed arms and

μεῖλον φέροντα; καὶ τόδ' ἔξαρκεῖν ἐμοί:

wind-fired eyes. i turn from their marvel, for I was a princess

στέργειν γὰρ αἶ πάθαι με χῶ χρόνος ξυνῶν
brought low by Thunder Himself.

μακρὸς διδάσκει καὶ τὸ γενναῖον τρίτον.

ἀλλ', ὦ τέκνον, θάκησιν εἴ τινα βλέπεις

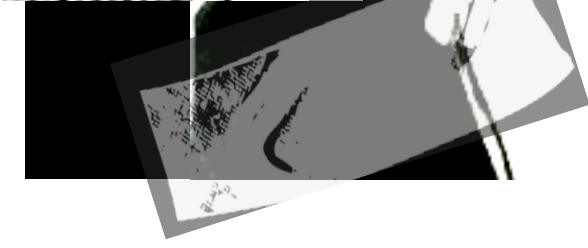
ἢ πρὸς βεβήλοισι ἢ πρὸς ἄλσεσιν θεῶν,
they call me a beautiful pollution
and i stay silent for his sake.

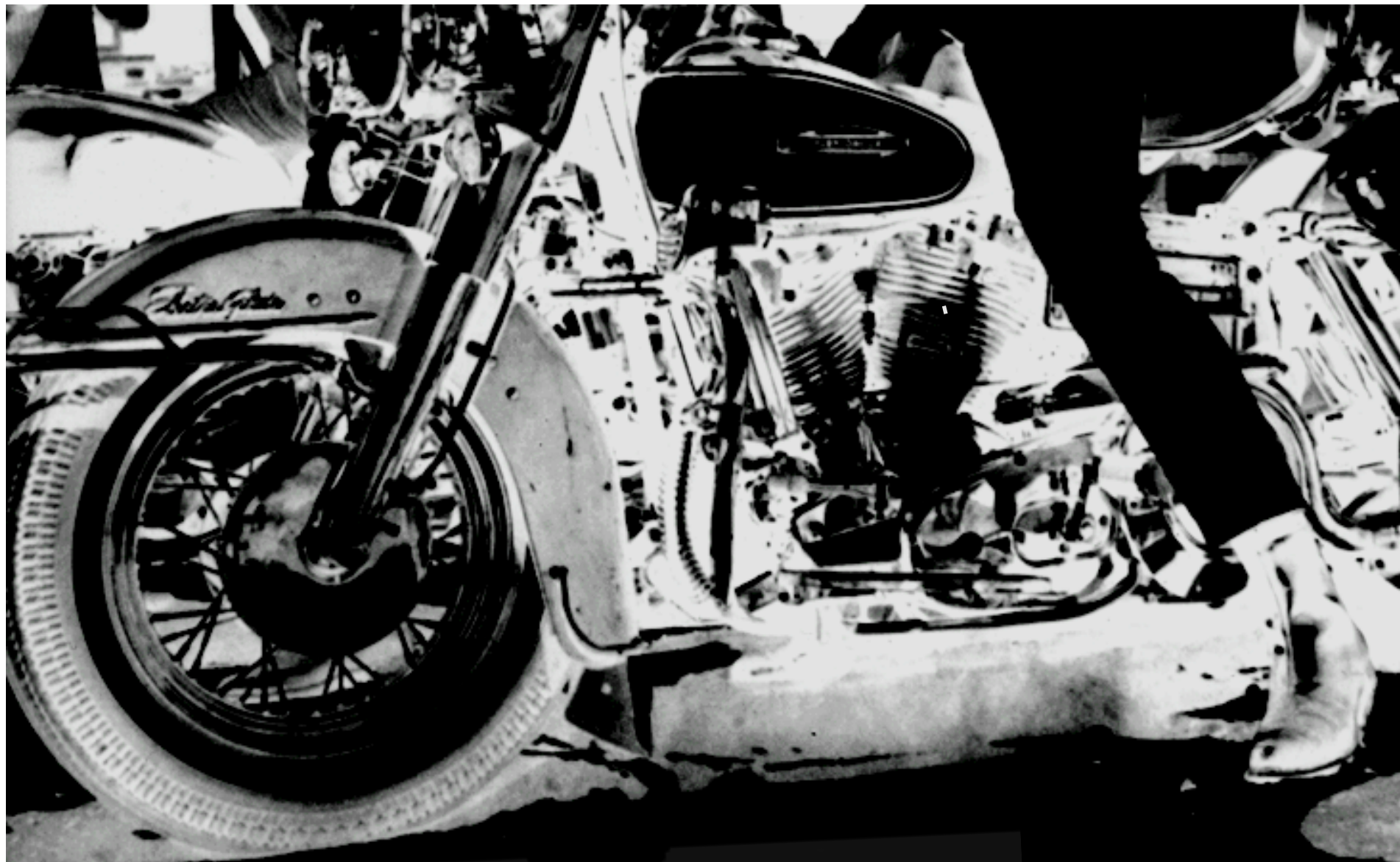
σῆσόν με κἄξιδρυσον, ὥς πυθώμεθα

ὅπου ποτ' ἐσμέν· μανθάνειν γὰρ ἤκουεν

one may long for the past
though at the time it seemed
nothing but wretchedness and evil.

life was not sweet,
yet i found it so.





but i swore i would come back to you,
a heritage unappeased,
and the oathkeepers above have heard me.

and the gods who threw me down
sustain me now.





yet this place has voices
of screams,
of screams
suffocating and engulfing.
my mother hanging
and my father's bleeding eyes.

in other days I stood up under it,
enduring
the unrelenting horror
and bewildering mystery

how did tragedy come to pass?

tell me as I meet
the ghosts of this dust.



you tell me i suffer because
I was the daughter of an
insolent man?

a beggar,
bent,
who lurched long
by my side.

he called himself a carcass;
You, Gods, his butchers.

inflexible hearts
break first.

i sometimes imagine
the lightning,

the dark bright flare that
lit the nighted glade and
spirited away our father's
life.

i saw it not,
because i was forbidden.

perhaps i was struck too
but it passed on

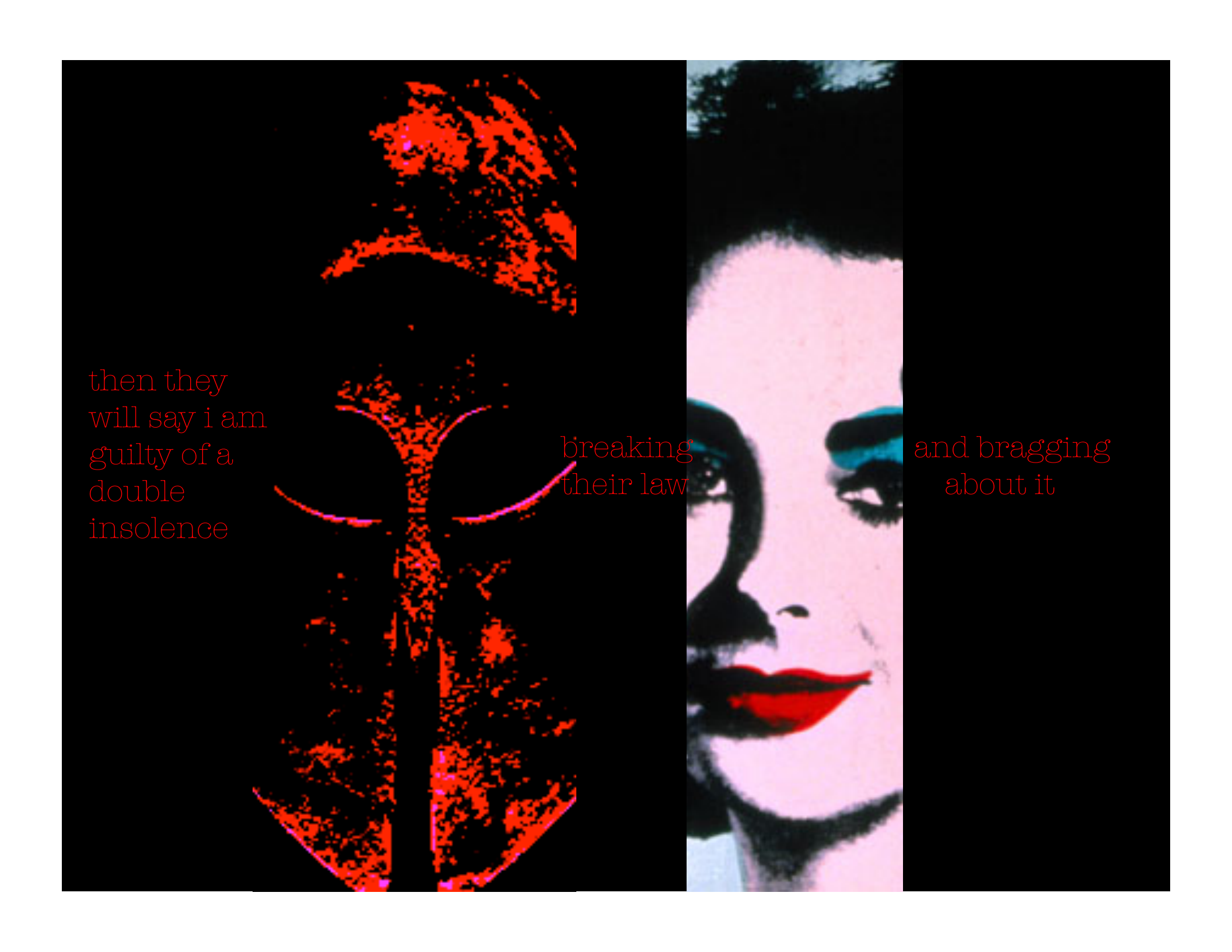
because the place of my
death lay elsewhere.



here,
brother.

where a wrong must be made
right.





then they
will say i am
guilty of a
double
insolence

breaking
their law

and bragging
about it

still i will make it right when i wake





but let me dream awhile