(PROLOGUE:)

(in bitter sorrow:)
The land lies barren and waste -- the wake of unprecedented devastation!
(lays)

(half-voice:)
It is the dying of the day.

(more forceful:)
He stands at the penultimate hour of tribulation!
(point)

(breathy, with pathos:)
and even the air is fraught with a deathly still.

(gentle:)
By his side is a child – whom fate could ordain to lead an entire race!
(crescendo:)(who is his entire responsibility, and also his progeny to carry forth the work)

(quiet:)
Now --'neath the dim fire of dawning stars,
dusk shrouds each tender face.

(stoic:)
They are surrounded by a wall that is both massive, and clothed in heavy guard.

(under)

(more forceful:)
(cry out:)
There is no known means... of escape!

(Low voice, halting. Thick: as though forcing the words through a deepening espair:)
A na----tion... is DY------ing.
G-g-g-g----god I--s... in A----gony... 
(anguished whisper:)
and no-one... speaks...
I.

(solemn; subdued; flowing)

"On my left hand stands a child. On my right hand stands a wall."

(intensify)

In my heart all is still, though Titans fall: And pA---triots grIE-(ie-ie)--ive. . .

(supplication; undertone)

"Leave this place, itinerant one!" a suppliant cries.

(supplication; outcry)

"Leave this place, Prometheus! Mankind has more need of thee than these few... last...

(urgent whisper)

Has-ten thee!"

(subdued pathos)

"My heart is still. I only see this child..."

(sorrowfully)

No one knows me --why I give all--, though the moment to intercede is past,

(slowing, fade)

or has not yet... come:

(subdued pathos)

"No. I am not numb.

(intensify)

My nerve-fibers bristle with a surfeit of senseate a-che....

My voice cries slumberless!-- through thin... dawn...

(intense whisper)

I listen: to the song of the un-marked graves, ‘Gone!, Gone!,’

(intensify)

and my wrath knows NO delay...:

(subdued pathos)

"Yet my heart lies-- oh, so ocean-still..."

(slight agitato)

Swallows glide numberless--- o'er the waves. I see them plunge one by one, towards the sea, 'neath the foam. My own heart sinks with thee..."
II.

(agitato; half-voice:)
“I remember --lest my heart still seem a cool green meadow-home--
where trees would grow, and swallows nest, and little children come to play one by one--how you

(slight crescendo:)
came --washed in pain! ‘neath the setting of the sun, a raging, moon-swept sea wrest
from every hour and age, from every time and need:

(agitato; half-voice:)
“From the childhood of your questioning eyes, from the wasted youth of your unrefrained
desire, a fire that only dies, dies, dies....

(cresc.:.......
fade.......
.......
fade...
.......
.......
.......
.......
)
From a land where dreams are cast aside, and fortunes capsized and turned, lives submerged and lost...

(to full voice:)
In the madness of your thwarted cries, for ‘Time’ -- past all reprieve! Begging
amnesty for all sins past; and destiny of all future guise....

(agitato; half-voice:)
“And each one asked a favor. And each one asked a wile. And no child thought one drop
of sweetness drawn could exile mean from such a sweet, sweet land...

(slightly more agitato:)
“I remember --lest your dreams, love, still seem a reverie that gods would fire and breathe,
make real for thee and glean--
as you think, ‘Oh how good, how sweet, how fine to come as a little child, how I
(Listened)
(peals:) (full voice:) (softer:)
-listened to the song of the unmarked graves: ‘Gone!, Gone!’ and turned NOT/ away. Aye,

(wistful; sorrowful:)
“No vision will bring peace. No. No longing will bring calm, nor even a balm, not for
me, but even for thee: a-s

(deep-toned; tremulous:)
the grey world waits, and orphans shamefully weep; and you hear the pleas to see, to feel, to know, to speak:
(full voice, soft pleading:) "To **remember!!!** --lest this moment die deep. . . within the dying of a world’s last rays, in vain. . . . --:

(intensify, . . . )

how you too came, and exclaimed in ecstatic murmurings, ‘Oh my Saviour, *just* in time!’ -- a-s

(deep-toned, to half-voice, . . :) the grim earth quakes with failing breath, and faltering steps, with scarcely time at all:

(intensify and build:) "Too late to mend, progressed past arrest--- too soon for men to heed and grasp---

Haunted the past, the future --foredoomed-- looms and

(anguished, insistent:)

cries, cries, cries its all-too- present **deaths!!!**

(WHY-------------- have you slept?  WHY-------- have you slept?

(softer; fade. . .)

WHY. . . . . . have you... sle--p--t?"

III.

(measured, strong:)

"Yes, it is time **indeed!** And though it bring me only grief to impart to you the **graveness** of this day --what you must do and know and say. . .:"

/agitated; intensifying: . . . )

Though it brings my heart to your **keenest** need, though you’d not believe it, I say:

‘I give to you the **best** of days!’"

(undertone:)

--(And some shuddered. And some were like **stone**. And some walked on, on, on. . .):--

(gentle, defiant::)

“To live in a **hallowed** grief. . . . . or **freely die!!!**

(undertone, agitato;)

And some ran. And some turned. And some faltered. And some hid.

(more forceful:)

Yet some rose brave, and claimed:
“You see, there is no garden here. only what you’ve made --of need, of fear, of pain:

(I came, I love. . . I feed. . .).

There never was a garden-home, only what your pain, your need would prescribe.
And when you laid your woes on this altar of ALL life, you relinquished all claim.

to distance. . . apathy. . . or retreat:

Arise, ye people, wake!

Their voice fell, snow-silent as a dying dove, as a swallow cast in flight, towards death, towards night,

loft-- a brimming breath--. . of the dark-. . dawned.. sea. . .

“And the sentries of my heart did grieve, and sorrowfully shook their heads: ‘Aye, it’s true, I fear. There is no garden here. They have plucked the fruit -- the best!

Now non---e can-- en-ter- in--. . .”

IV.

Who would hold you strong now as you shook, and wept, and grieved?
Who will move on (--while you sleep--), as the wars rage, and innocents die?

My heart --laid waste!-- would cry, bleed, drain ‘neath the dead weight. . . of slain men’s. . bo--nes. . .

CRUSH(shshsh)----ed.
(gentle; soft; agitato:)
“Hush. No recourse waits. My heart has known its last reprieve.

(with weariness:)
My heart beats on, on, on. I would not deceive you: it has been long to come.

(intent; discerning:)
Yet when all is known, yet when all is done, it puzzles me:
Though you long not for pain, yet you long not for love: a love to make you strong!
Whilst love is cast; your will is bent; and you wither... within the sweet rays of my sun...

(slowing:)
with no... protest...?

(bitter, but not harsh:)
“Oh, mourn not your garden-loss! Love in this present place is a fearful thing, an awesome weight.

(undervoice; stronger:)
Love --as a memory-- can be kissed and blessed -- recognized, reconciled, yea! -- extolled!

(half-voice:)
And you’ll hear it... as though the light of the Sun were sound, a gold far chime:
‘He said,

(voice from a distance, gentle, beseeching:)
“Come, my sons, my daughters, a new world’s at your behest.
I would bring you through the slaughter. I will bring you through each test.
Though men be blind, and falter I--- give credence to your best.

(comforting; fading:)
That my heart would be your altar. And my love... would be your rest.”

(barsh:)
The sentries round the outer wall are brute and gray.
“No. I never saw him pass this way ---

(cry out:)
BE GONE!!”
V.

(steady; instilling confidence)
“Now you’ll gather ‘round. Soon it will all be told to thee. Those who gather in a quickening trust shall hold.
And with my vision as your eyes --a searing fire!-- you’ll know, you’ll know, you’ll know, why I must
(proudly):
Send you forth as a warrior into the darkest night--- Send you forth as a warrior to uphold and claim the right!
And I send you forth a proud warrior, divest of dreams and wanton hopes.

(undercurrent; building to...)
“For the shelter of my heart a fortress is, a tower shall be, and you shall scale its walls.
The power of the poor, the low is with thee, if you will just give all!
(declaration:)
And I send you forth a warrior!!
(quiet:)
--He who bringeth peace... The gentlest one...--
(defiant:)
He who bringeth the sword!!

(sorrow and pride:)
“And you can be the noblest ones to grace this earth. For I send forth you last first-born of this anguished place
(slowing:)
Yet I send forth you last as first, into no midst of battle-blaze; but only through this dim dawn’s haze. . . .

(with tenderness:)
“And one died. And I laid him in a shelter ‘neath the trees. His day is done.
The sun did not scorche his lithe frame. Nor did many grieve for him. He seemed so calm
(whisper)
(--pass on...!--)
(gentle)
and overborne with shade.
“Another died -- as he sobbed wretchedly on his last, torn breath,

That I might live! to redeem a travesty of mistakes, trials, and sorrows.’

Who cried for him, cried past rest; and nestled at last within a web of insulate pain.

Yet another died -- as with a shout, he cried: ‘My death shall be avenged, by all brave women and men!’

I would not bury him --though the very oceans weep--, but I laid him ‘neath the setting of the sun, for all mankind to see, and justly grieve:

the epiphany of me -- flesh of my flesh, pain of my pain. . . .

My heart is full. . . still. . . sealed. . . . contained.”

VI.

Now the vultures come --grey carrions of death--: they pick, pluck, peck, tear at his flesh with cruel-eyed intent, and crudely jest:

“I will save thee.” Ha!, mock call! Who will save thee this day? So few would enter in, and stay.”

And as they incessantly peck at his bile in rude thrusts, they even smile, because “It is not He,” they say.

Humanity, humanity, will you not . . . be saved? And the martyrs bleed. And hypocrites pray,

One by one. Now they plunder, and disarray the nest. The land is bereft of trees.

Children weep. Grief. . . . has expended its war--bor-n toll . . .

Now the sentries wait.
(with deep feeling:)
“The guardians of my heart are crimson, dark, and green. (bitter:)
The guardians of the wall are brute, and grey.

(with tenderness:)
Weep not, my little child, for I do encircle thee, though this day, your die is cast:

Though flanked by *liars and thieves!*, they say,

this day you are christened: crowned in autumn leaves, and bedecked in new-fallen snow:
You’ll be not afraid, you’ll see a road, you’ll *know* a way.

(growing more declarative:)
“Your greens have turned to amber now, your golds will blaze and fade: no longer a child to be.
You’ll set upon a long, untrammelled road, to set my people *free!*
And though all men may deny your fate, and though no man may know your name --

Though you’d be *defamed!, THAT day lead forth a company... of daughters, and sons.*

(quieter:)
(probing, puzzled:)
(What had you to find, lost child? incipient warrior? antithetical god?)
(clear, direct:)
You must move *on* this ominous day, whate’er befall your fate!

(resolute:)
For I have made a covenant with thee.
I appear to be in chains. Yet I shall leave thee . . . FREE!

(level:)
“Only three things did I ask:
That you vow to move on; though every sign may read, ‘No hope.’
That you know you are right; though every step are your feet alone.
That you *never* turn back.

(imitating:)
And some said, ‘I will see.’ And some cried, ‘It is *pain!*’
And some claimed, ‘I need thee past victory, agony, ....or demise.’
“But still the covenant remains, if only one its honor give.

For as I live, I would share all with thee. And with each

nerve-torn fiber of my time-worn heart, I proclaim, I’d stay!

Yet all I would say, you would never listen.

Thus you must weep, and you must bleed, and you must grieve. Yet you must speak!

I spoke for all, I spoke for each one that none would defend, nor hear, nor save.

I spoke to free each slave, from unjust shares, ruthless gains, the power men crave.

I spoke of prisons, youth, and unsung graves.

None spoke more true, none spoke more brave. Yet you must speak, too,

where the unspoken --devastatingly!-- failed:

The deliberate mercies; the reckless affirmations; the joy feigned, and the agony well-concealed.

No. It did its work too well, in a way.

But if this earth continues to quake, race against race, war after war --
If the bondage will not break, for laureates will not rise to the fore --
If the valiant will not stand, to defend their own though laid waste is their land! --

If you deny the oppressed a home, or leave this call to fend alone-- then-- though--

a-ll this heart would render Aa--ches --you'll not feel its pain, you'll not heed its law--

Though my heart for you asun-der BRE------ EA--K-S. . . .

Then shall I speak no more; then shall I speak . . . no more.”
(Pause. Then slowly begin:)

VII.

(low; undercurrent of deep desolation;)
The song rises . . . from a thousand un-mark-ed graves, its strains fl-tering through thin--. . . dawn--. . .

(very low, but compelling;)
Rass--ping. Wrestling to expound in a dark, un-certain key;

(gaining bearing: . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . (gaining pace, emphasis, volume;)
to express in wa--vering tones a dirge too low to justly grieve, a song too weak for a too-wrong death!!
(towards outcry;)
One voice rises higher than foul-decaying flesh, “All power to thee!”
(subdued) (breath-speech;)
Yet: where even spectres scarcely cry:

(plaintive;)
“Arise! Arise! The last shall fall to thee. The last shall fall . . . to thee. .”

(somber;)
You longed for interpretation. But the interpreter is gone.
The play is done. Now you the player shall be.
(gentle;)
Only the silent voice within speaks plain, to you, true bearer of the faith:

(steadfast, but not harsh;)
You stand alone. Hence I send you forth.
(with pathos;)
Through calvaries of night, on this pilgrimage of dust and bliss-tering rain.

(with veiled passion;)
Though men be blind, you see a distant light. Though men be dumb, you speak with fervent tongue --

(sorrowfully;)
yet all you greet are blind, and deaf, and dumb . . .

(uplifting;)
And so --unwavering!--, you climb the wall, though men’s brute guns wai-t- at your feet-, hoist-
the swee-t- child aloft your shoulder blades, to meet- your call:

(resume motion;)
With your left hand, you secure his hold. With your right hand now you lift a proud torch, and journey on -- un-fed, un-bedded, un-shorn:
VIII.

(forceful; in waves of motion:)

**BLACK** Prometheus!, your face is richly dark, and no fire-flies guide your feet.

Thus your **flames are pure** --

**BLACK** Prometheus!, wanderer through ten thousand **nights** and days --first, last--
to endure this earth’s **cruel** sacrifice fate.

(softener; wondrous; harsh; exultant:)

Prometheus, you are verdant black: dark, yet green; **Strafed.** Yet **exulant** of life!

(full-voiced:)

Prometheus, you are black. . . proud tower of light:

Shine forth!, Cry **out!**, Cry **loud!**, Cry **FREE---** . . .

(soft again:)

Cry **grief**, Promethean one, for all this darkening world --**alas**!-- has need of thee,

yet turns, turns, turns:

(steady motion; insistent; openly emotional:)

None will feel the pure, still heart of Thee, **TURNS!**

None will speak Thy words of life.

**TURNS!** nor take this surrogate plight, turns,

**turns!!** Thy mountain glimmerrrr-------- with a light too **bright** for Man to see!

(continual outpouring:)

None see that no sun pours down light more **ra--diant** than **your brave eyes** --

**turns, turns, turns:**

(full-voiced:)

**Prometheus spurned!** -- **bound.** Yet free--. .

(with defiant pride:)

A vulture’s glee are your inward wounds and pains -- makes mockery of your chains-- **TURNS!!:**

(progress to full voice:)

Yet still this self-same tragedy confirms: Mankind --not thee-- is doomed.

Mankind has bound **himself** in chains!!:
Go forth, Prometheus!! from this A---LIEN RACE!!!!

To another clime, to another time and place. Where your face is not

“An anathema!” ... to the blind; nor your words, “A blasphemy!” ... to the deaf.

Where free beings speak -- where dreams are left behind, for goodness li---ves...

IX.

Then. ... at some fine, indeterminate point of distant reckoning: you will be seen as a rising, waxing star -- Aye. Too late, too dim, too far....

Seen and known to “raise the very angels from their rest”....

to tread the purest edge of quickening sun....

Bid each, last, grief-laden one a new farewell -- smile; nod; “Be bra----ve.”

Wave one last, fast-fading farewell. ....... Pity the earth- hell- grave. Then tur------n. :.

To eternally tread that path forlorn, from dawn, to dawn... (.nn. in the beginning there will always

BE---........ but thee.) to Ddi------.

-i------mmm--------ly fil-- -------tering daw--------nn--.n ...
The tears flow now fi--nally -- in full, pouring torrents of bitter-sweet, salt, and dusky rain.

Who you would have taken with you! yet so few would chance the rude, hard journey. . . .

Who you would have taken with you! yet so few would chance the rude, hard journey. . . .

How many you would have taken with you! But now, it will all be too late. . . .

Now it is not a matter of who you would --with full, sweet-willing heart!-- carry aloft your back.

Now it is all --only!-- what you would leave to remain.

Now it is all --only!-- what you would leave to remain.

Your mission of rescue has become -- TRAGICALLY!! -- a mission . . of legacy.

X.

Yet your heart i---s still. Not a moment’s waver, not a shade.
You’d lay down your hallowed, yet/ weary frame.
Even humble yourself to be called just,
“the last of men; the first of saints.”

For them to trample, scorn, and maim -- For them to castigate, denigrate, and shame--

“NO.  IT IS WORSE YOU’VE MADE TRAVESTY OF/ MY/ SPI--------- RI----T!!”

For only the non-flesh-ridden to extol the NA--------AA-------------------mmme------. . .