

# ***ALLEGORY***

by

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(with fluidity and pathos throughout:)

**(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:)*

*(crescendo:)*

By his side is a child – whom fate could ordain to lead an entire **race!**

(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 despair:)*

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 *(hold)* a wall. *(resolve.)*  
*(intensify:)* In my heart all is still, though Titans fall: And pA---triot *(high cry of pathos; fade and fall:)* grIE-(ie-ie)--ieve. . .”

*(supplication:)* “Leave this place, itinerant one!” *(undertone:)* a suppliant cries.  
*(supplication:)* “Leave this place, *(outcry:)* **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. . .  
*(fade:)* My voice cries **slumberless!**-- through thin. . . dawn. . .  
*(intense whisper:)* I listen: to the song of the un-marked graves, *(peals:)* **‘Gone!, Gone!’**  
*(intensify:)* and my wrath knows *(fade:)* **NO** delay. . . :  
*(subdued pathos:)* “Yet my heart lies-- *(breath-speech:)* oh, so ocean-still. . .  
*(slight agitato:)* Swallows glide numberless--- o’er the waves. *(rhythmic:)* I see them plunge one by one, towards  
*(fade:)* the sea, ‘neath the foam. My own heart sinks with thee. . .”

## II.

*(agitato; half-voice:)*

“I remember --lest my heart still seem a cool gree--n 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, *(fade:...* 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 unrestrained  
*(fade:)* desire, a fire that only dies, dies, dies. . . .  
*(cresc.: . . .)* From a land where dreams are cast aside, and fortunes *fade* capsized and turned, lives submerged and lost. . . .  
*(to full voice:)* In the madness of your thwarted cries, for ‘Time!’ - ***past*** all reprieve! *(half-voice:)* 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***  
*(intense undercurrent:)* Listened to the song of the unmarked graves: *(peals:)* ‘***Gone!, Gone!***’ and turned *(full voice:)* ***NOT!*** *(softer:)* 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:  
*(to full voice. . . .)*

*(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!’ -- *(soft:)* 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!!!!**  
*(full-voiced waves:)* *(a little softer:)* . . . . .  
**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:)* *(slightly softer:)* *(fade:)*  
And some ran. And some turned. And some faltered. And some hid.  
*(more forceful:)*  
Yet some rose brave, and claimed:

*(faster, agitated:)*

“You see, there is no garden here. only what you’ve made --of need, of fear, of pain:

*(muted; undertone:)*

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

*(with cogency:)*

“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. . .

*(fade; slowing:)*

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

*(cry out:)*

Arise, ye people, wake! **A-RI-----SE**. . . . . :

*(fade: . . . . .)*

*(somber; with subdued pain:)*

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

*(fade:)*

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

*(sorrowful:)*

“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.

*(with depth of feeling:)*

“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?

*(anguished:)*

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

*(fade; slowing:)*

*(land heavily:)*

**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.”

*(harsh:)*

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!**

And I send you forth *(declaration:)* 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

Yet I send forth you last as first, into no midst of battle-blaze; but only through this *(slowing:)* 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.

*(with building agitation:)*

“Another died -- as he sobbed wretchedly on his last, torn breath,

*(protesting:)*

“That I might **live!** to redeem a travesty *(fading:)* of mistakes, trials, and sorrows.’

*(with deep feeling:)*

Who cried for him, cried past rest; *(calming:)* and nestled at last within a web of insulate pain.

*(forcefully:)*

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

*(softer; flowing; plangent:)*

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:

*(impassioned:)*

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

*(softer; slowing:)*

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

## VI.

*(hard-driving, contemptuous:)*

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

*(mocking:)*

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

*(bitter, but somber:)*

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

*(level:)*

Humanity, humanity, will you not . . . be saved? *(forceful:)* And the martyrs bleed. *(outcry:)* And **hypocrites** pray,

*(calmer:)*

*(agitato:)*

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

*(anguished:)*

*(fade; slowing:)*

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

*(subdued:)*

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 *(shout out: . . . . .)* ***‘liars and thieves!’*** **they** say,

*(with assurance:)*

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 --

*(full voice:)*

*(fading:)*

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

*(quieter:)*

“Think. But think not, ‘Who will choose? Who will stand? Who will stay? Who will lose-- all? .

*(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!

*(that)*

*(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.’

*(resolute:)*

“But still the covenant remains, if only one its honor give.

*(with veiled pathos:)*

For as I live, I would share all with thee. *(pace out:)* And with each

*(deep-toned; tremulous:)*

*(assertive:)* **nerve**-torn fiber of my **time**-worn heart, I proclaim, ‘I’d **stay!**

*(sorrowful:)*

Yet all I would say, you would never listen.

*(slowly building intensity. . .*

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

*(lower; then again build in waves. . .*

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.

*(soft-toned:)*

I spoke of prisons, youth, and unsung graves. . . .

*(declamatory:)*

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

*(anguished:)*

where the un-spoken **--devastatingly!--** failed: *(quiet:)*

*(sorrowful:)*

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

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

*(building gradually; emotional:)*

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! --

*(broad:)*

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

*(deep-toned; with pathos; pick up pace:)*

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

*(voice rising:)*

*(high-pitched cry:)*

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

*(slightly lower tone; then fade:)*

*(sorrowfully:)*

Then shall I speak no more; then shall I speak . . .no more.”

(Pause. Then slowly begin:)

VII.

(low; undercurrent of deep desolation:)

The song ri--ses. . . from a **thousand** un-mark-ed graves, its strains <sup>(fade:)</sup> fi-l-tering through thin--... dawn--...

(very low, but compelling:)

Ras--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 spec-tres scarcely cry:

(plaintive:)

**Arise! Arise!** *The last shall fall to thee.* *The last shall* <sup>(fade:)</sup> **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:

(comrade)

(steadfast, but not harsh:)

You stand alone. Hence I send **you** forth.

(with pathos:)

Through calvaries of night, on this pilgrimage of dry 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 **brut-e** guns **wai-t-** at your **feet-**, **hoist-** the **swee-t-** child aloft your shoulder blades, to **meet-** your call:

(resume motion:)

(voice rising:)

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.

*(softer:)*

*(wondrous:)*

*(harsh:)*

*(exultant:)*

Prometheus, you are verdant black: dark, yet green; Strafed. Yet exudant 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,

*(growing louder:)*

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,

*(luminous:)*

**turns!!** Thy mountain glimmerrrr-----s 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:)*

*(slight pause; then incisive)*

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!!:

(in anguish; **full voice and strength**.)

**Go forth, Prometheus!!, from this A---LIEN RACE!!!!**

(still anguished, but slightly softer:)

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

(shoot out:)

(quieter:)

(shoot out:)

(quieter:)

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

(with longing:)

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

(echo:)

(“No one knows me, why I give all. . .”)

## IX.

(wistful:)

(secure:)

Then. . . ., at some fine, indeterminate point of distant reckoning: you will be seen as a rising, waxing star --

(regretfully:)

Aye. Too late, too dim, too far. . . .

(assuring:)

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

(gently:)

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

(sorrowfully:)

Bid each, last, grief-laden one a new farewell -- smile; nod;

(bold:) **“Be bra----ve.”**

(distant:)

(very deep-toned; slower:)

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

(resume motion:)

(breath-speech, crescendo. . .

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

(attack, then fade:

(bit high, then...)

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

(fall and fade:)

(intensify at the last of “dawn”; go directly into “the tears. . .”)

-i-----mmm-----ly fil- -----tering daw-----nn--.n . .n . . .

*(pour out onto deep breaths:)* (n- . . . nnn-) The tears flow now *(easing off; slowing:)* **fi--nally**-- in **full, pouring torrents** of bitter-sweet, salt, and dusky rain.

*(outpouring of breath:)* Who you would have taken *(softer:)* **with** you! yet so few would chance the rude, hard journey. . . .  
*(luminous. . .)* to the very **heart** of the **most** • **shining** • **five** • **pointed** • **star**. . .

*(outpouring of breath:)* How many you would have **taken** with you! *(remorsefully:)* But now, it will all be too late. . . .  
Now it is not a matter of who you would *(passion; outpouring of breath:)* --with full, **sweet**-willing heart!-- *(soft again:)* carry aloft your back.  
Now it is all *(outcry:)* --**only!**-- *(soft again:)* what you would leave to remain.  
Your mission of rescue has become *(outcry:)* --**TRAGICALLY!**-- *(quiet:)* a mission . . .of legacy.

## X.

*(quiet; expectant:)* Yet your heart *i---* still. Not a moment's waver, not a shade.  
*(tenderness and subdued grief:)* You'd lay down your hallowed, yet/ weary frame.  
Even humble yourself to be called just,  
“the last of men; the first of saints.”

*(upsurge of intensity. . .)* . . . . .  
For them to trample, scorn, and maim -- For them to castigate, denigrate, and shame--  
*(floodwater cry; amplified from all sides:)* **“NO. IT IS WORSE YOU’VE MADE TRAVESTY OF/ MY/ SPI----- RI-----T!”** *(high note, fall:)*  
*(stoic, but with deep feeling:)* *(voice rise in tone and intensity; fade and fall:)*  
For only the non-flesh-ridden to extol the **NA-----AA-----**mmme----- . . .