

## Iphigenia

And so it comes to this:  
That I, a maiden of tender years,  
Must be sacrificed, so that the  
Pride of Greek manhood be  
Redeemed, and in unrepentant  
Fury be launched against the

Shores of Troas and reclaim  
That golden apple which the  
Gods in their unfeeling contest  
Did bestow upon that unwitting  
Son of Priam. O father, what  
Fate has so compelled you to

Sacrifice that which lately  
You held so dear? We, unlike the  
Deathless gods cannot discern the  
Paths down which our actions  
Lead: perhaps to glory and  
Renown of arms; or by more

Sinister windings to come at  
Last to justice meted out at  
Furies' hands. Beware the clamor of  
Men's acclaim! Where now they  
Cry for death to mark their  
Bold departure, in later times

Their cries, like those of my  
Mother near at hand, will mark  
The passing of a vengeful spirit  
Taking life before its appointed time,  
And dashing hopes of many a  
Regal line, bereft of heirs.

Come now, father, the time to  
Act descends upon us. Consecrate  
Your host by this unworthy deed.  
Give life to those doomed  
Sometime for death; and in my  
Death, grant life immortal.