

Orestes/Spirit of the Atreides

I am; I wait.
Like some half-remembered
Augury, abandoned by cruel fate,
To wait in silent longing
For catharsis unrequited,
As years slough by,
In suspended anticipation,
Of action uncompleted,
And justice unredeemed.

I am: I wait.
As from the shores of Troas,
Heroes late returning,
With struggles greatly gaining,
Their storied fathers' homeland,
And welcome then receiving,
Unwelcome and unlooked-for,
A final desecration: fell deeds
Instead of praise deserved.

I am; I wait.
The last remaining branch
Of that insidious tree watered
By the blood of kin most dear,
And intimacy not permitted,
By gods nor man. An end
To make of this foul curse,
Ordained at last through son's
Impious deed.

I am; I wait.
Festering, mouldering, hate grown palpable,
The fruit of some dour tree,
That grows more rank when
Cultivated with revenge, instead
Of human sympathy. For sympathy
There is none, in this heart
Schooled in patricide, and
Inflamed by incestuous tyranny.

I am; I wait.
Slowly to unwind my longed-for

Revenge, like some serpent coiled
Upon a throne not earned,
But with deception and violence
Undeservedly gained. Balanced
Here between longing to strike,
And patience for a time
Propitious to the gods.

I am: I wait.
Soon the time will come,
When justice will be served,
Like some feast of children
To their parents given,
But lacking in appreciation,
That gift so grimly served.
Put off such thoughts of idleness,
Now to the deed be reconciled.

I am: I wait no longer,
But rush headlong to the throne,
Where to avenge the death of sister and father,
Must sever ties to one once held dear,
And avenge the loss of life beloved,
Through death's fruit most bitter.
And so with unreserved fury,
I go to render justice, and
Action take against the tyrant.

I am; I pause;
The deed completed, sword uncoiled,
Fury sated, delay undone,
And duty to the dead requited.
And wonder, what augury, what
Prophecy from the gods can
Unmake the curse still
Hanging like some shriveled tree,
Of malice over this house?

I am. I wait
In terror for the answer
To my prayers, soon revealed
In further retribution to be meted out.
As from the furies, new violence bloom,
Like trees giving shade to generations

Unborn, waiting, with pregnant anticipation
To redeem those they loved,
Whose death came by hands once loved.

I am; I wait.