

PIERCED! (excerpt)

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Based on "Atalanta and the Golden Apples"
from Ovid's Metamorphoses

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Ancient Greece. A castle. Atalanta's bedroom. She is dreaming. Perhaps the first half of this dream is voice-over.

ATALANTA

Tired girl
Cheek on arm
One eye shut
Deep breath
Easy exhale
Tired toe to head.
Arrows-
Oh no,
Not this time of day again.
Morning rushed
She's all a-flushed
Rushing, rushing
Towards the fuss.
Pounding heart
What a start
To another Wednesday race.
Heart a-flutter
Bread and butter
Is all she'll have for lunch.
No time to pack
For looking back
Never
Ever
Looking back.
Dashing through rain
And what comes her way

A champion
In this endless race.
Faster, faster
No prize to be won.
Faster, faster
Her work never done.
She runs for her soul
She runs for fun
To prove that she's someone
She's someone
She's one-
One in millions
Nothing more
Searching for solace
And gasping for air.
She pounds
And she pants
And she never looks back
And the rain pelts her face
But increases her pace
And the sky explodes
Unfamiliar roads.
There's lightning and thunder
And the sound of her laugh
As she tears
Through each town
And never looks back.

She never looks back
Or down at her feet
She charges ahead
Even when she can't see.
There are tears in her eyes
But she'll say it's just rain
And her feet and her sides are
Aching with pain.
But she knows that she's here
Her feet smack the earth
She runs in the rain
For an attempt at rebirth.
She's here- and she's fast

And she doesn't want rings
Or kings
Or things
She only wants wings.
She's here and she's running
Night after night
Though her feet are of lead
She tries to take flight.
She has to keep running
Like each night before
Or she'll run out of air
And fall through a door--

No more voice-over, if used at all. Now Atalanta speaks in real time. The kind of dream that feels eerily real even upon waking.

... Into a house
A kitchen
A hearth
A man
And a baby
And dinner
And warmth.
It's dry
And it's gold
From the fire he's made
And I'm soaking
And tired
And I need to be saved.
There is rain in my hair
In my eyes
From the south
And I've stolen the moon
It's hid in my mouth.
I can't speak a word
Or the truth might come out
The truth of the rain
And what running's about.
There's a blanket before me
My feet crave a rub
I stand there before him
The baby
A tub.

Why do you want me?
I hardly exist
Except for my heart rate
My pain
And my fists.
They've taken my brother
And with him, my soul;
I know nothing of family
Of softness, of...
Oh,
But your fire
It looks good to me
And my feet are so tired
And so are my knees.
But I'm soaked through and through
And chilled to the bone
Your fire can't melt
A heart made of stone.
The thunder will roar
And my breath will respond
And your offer,
Kind sir,
Will go unreturned.

(End of excerpt.)