

Untitled

By

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This is a found piece that uses the following sources: "Saltwater Slavery: A Middle Passage from Africa to American Diaspora" by Stephanie Smallwood, a spiritual originating during the period of US slavery, a Hebrew prayer, "Where Can I Go?" by Laura Marling, "Hamlet" by William Shakespeare, and "Beginning" by Ayelet Schrek.

Who is this woman? A Hecuba.

A woman alone on stage.

WOMAN

"Outrageous fortune" leaves no room for outrage. Rail against the gods and all you're left with is grief. There is an emptiness to blaming fate. There is an emptiness to blame. Poor substitute for what is lost.

Took everything. Killed everything. Raped everything. "Powerful and dangerous capacity to consume." Consummation left this. Me. Only carrion left. Carry me to their ships. Greedy fuckers. Carrion is left for worms. No worms where we're going. Only salt.

I stand at the "locus of unparalleled displacement."
"Always in motion but never seeming to reach [a] destination." "Where can I go?"

Sung:

"Nobody knows the trouble I've seen. Nobody knows my sorrow."

Motherfuckers raped me. Too many know that sorrow. Generations of it. Pass it down. Push her down. Feel your power to sunder a life.

Sung:

"V'ahavta et Adonai Elohecha, b'chol l'avvcha uv'chol nafsh'cha uv'chol m'odecha. V'hayu had'varim ha-eileh asher anochi m'tzav'cha hayom al l'avvecha. V'shinantam l'vanecha."

Let me be your incubator. Slide into me all your hatred and fear, my womb will swell with it. Let me birth your next great monster. Or better yet, never let me birth. Keep thrusting into me, I will measure time by your thrusts. The swelling has become unreliable. Interminable. I feel the sea swell beneath me.

Sung:

"Fare thee well forgotten friends I hope you'll come to shore/Blanketed beneath the wind awash with love and

(MORE)

WOMAN (cont'd)

lore/If you sink beneath the waves I'll learn to love
the land/If you grow a mast and sails I guess I'll
understand/If I have not forgone my chance I'd like to
know you're well/If I have forgone my chance I'll join
you there inside the swell/I'll dive into the sea and
the swell."

I am poised to leap. Throw myself like you threw my
child. What you teach my children I learn. No children
left for me to teach.

A time ago I would have leapt. A time ago you were
telling my story.

The sea swells under me and I am unsteady. I will live
in that motion. "Time [is] lived in motion." I will
live in time.