

(from TWA: A Masque)

REGINASIS

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Ginny	corpse
Aginny	murderesse
Miller	enterprising manufacturie
Oublietta	lavinian
Prince	love-object

Workshop, strewn with flesh ribbons.

THE MILL

Oublietta

Glorious putrefaction! We the lucky maggots hum praises to your commissary flesh. You, my witching Christabel, elected to die, already dead become bloodless sacrifice: His knife was poised above me, my back wriggling against the stone CUT TO YOU horns caught in the mucky briar, my whipping body, my green lamb. The stub of my filed melon tongue hisses your hymns and we your ladies flicker candlelighting about you, your odorous incense, your yellow canker flower. We unswaddle your bones of their fleshcloth.

Miller

DAUGHTER O DAUGHTER SO LOWELY I hear your *sang* throb for me. Oublietta, my forgetting hole, my sweet Philomela, quails from me. LET YOUR BLOOD SONG SING my still little one *The knife flashes. Oublietta's lips part and darkness pours out. A stream of dirty light shines down on Ginny's corpse, laid out on silver.* Miraculous demesne! ACRE OF PLEASURES for my thirsty fingers! *A choke of powdered latex* DEAREST ANIMAL I scalpel your sweetest incision and peel back your layers: the velvet, the white fat, and flesh marble, to quartz skeleton. I crack apart your vertebra and suck out AMBROSIA YOU TASTE LIKE the pickled dawn. I am coated in your juices YOU GIVE UP SO WILLINGLY I am anointed in blood and your waters. Your joints release from their sockets, bent to my will, AND IT IS GOOD I hammer your fingers, unspool your hair AND IT IS GOOD your ribcage splinters and I clutch at your heart squelches blood out GOOD I take your rib and spit on the dirt floor. I lie down with you. Your curvèd body become instrument in my fiddling hands: I press my lips to your f holes and you come ALIVE AND I SAW IT WAS GOOD

Ginny (a fiddle)

I AM REBORN A NIGHTINGALE/ I AM REBORN A VIOLINCE
SONG The water could not swallow me, nor devil slake me; the
Miller cannot consume me. MY SONG CANNOT DIE My weak flesh
tore apart as reogenesis: a barbarous instrument of my lumber bones
screeches my catgut songs. His breath quickened my pulse? My
heart was carved out from a drone metronome. MY SONG BECOME
DEADLY IN MY HOLLOWÈD BODY I sing out from the void that
yawns in my chest-hole. *Ginny shrieks in f-sharp M. Fireworks of glass
shattering. Feathers explode as birds burst. The Miller's goggles shatter,
then his eyeballs, then his erect cock.*

Oublietta

*Emerging from her forgetting hole, Oublietta spits and hums and
dances Inanna, the warrior: brazen lady, fair and bonie! Let your
razor song restitch my amputee *langue* to praise, praise your
terribility. Let my broke body carry yours beyond pleasure: let
me ring out the death call. The wedding bells toll *Oublietta
dips her fingers in her father's blood and writes on the wall* GIRLS
SAY GIRLS SAY*

VENGEANCE!

*(a violent death) (she rips open her mouth hole)**

X Swords

Plunge in deep end first
We mused and we shallow
Buried in the for at once
Julie & I no longer
Raised up beneath you
Matter From a flowery ed
To cover spears
Lie there, fete
A bride for life
An antique
Replicated in
Figurine
To hang in the high places

Ginny in Rot

so flushed she s'
wallowed, smear-smiled

& fit smug into well, then
a comeuppance for heir

her s'moldering rose cankers
florid in the water

twat sisters
rot 'n bonie
one freakt with jetsam
one wormed over

Work Song

Toe bone disconnected from heel bone disconnected from foot bone
disconnected from ankle bone disconnected from foot bone disconnected
from leg bone disconnected from knee bone disconnected from leg bone
disconnected from hip bone disconnected from spine bone disconnected
from breastbone disconnected from collarbone disconnected from shoulder
bone disconnected from arm bone disconnected from wrist bone
disconnected from hand bone disconnected from finger bone disconnected
from hand bone disconnected from wrist bone disconnected from arm bone
disconnected from shoulder bone disconnected from neck bone disconnected
from chin bone disconnected from nose bone disconnected from head bone

(Key change)

Dumb bones, dumb bones gonna sing a song
Disconnect them bones, them dry bones
Now hear the word

Split down the middle. Set down in the valley, and behold,
there were very many, and lo, they were very. Stewed till
flesh fell, brokebones brined from brittle. With her eye
glasses, he viewed the body: a breastbone clamped; cut finger
bones fret; stand her legs and bowed her arms. He fingered
veins of her roughcut neck so blew, picked her severed
tongue so rough (unto the miller it spake enough). Her shins
kept time as he fiddled out a rhyme:

Treble string: *The prince I love's become the king*

Second string: *My sister's now his bloody queen*

Strings all three: *Bitch killed me-ee*

Play it aginny, Ginny!