

AGAVE SIDE – 1 Woman

AGAVE

You, people of this high-towered city,
Subjects of this mighty country, look!
Here is my trophy! *Here* is the quarry
We, your women, hunted down, yes *we* –
And not with nets or hooks or pointed spears –
But with our own bare arms, our hands, our delicate fingers.
Now what are they worth, your manly boasts?
Where *is* the pride in power that relies
On hideous tools of war? *We* didn't need them.
With our hands we captured this beast of prey
And ripped it limb from limb.
But where is my father?
He is old, but he should come.
And Pentheus, my son,
Where is he? Fetch him, someone. Tell him
His mother wants him. With a ladder.
He shall set it up against the front
Of his palace. Firmly – for he musn't slip –
And nail high upon the highest wall,
So all the town can see
His mother's triumph in the hunt,
This lion's head, my trophy, yes *mine*!