

Action II

(Music is pepper. It is sweet and hot)

This wicked music that we know not how to dance. Is it with
hand on the floor and feet afloat? With uprooted buttocks
and empty stomach? Is it with rage of madness

or stifled wails?

Remember the ravages of wars and raids and other
mournful acolytes of a dreadful time.

I shall sing a dirge for the dead, all the dead,
before my final defeat of that deadly death
that thinks it reigns.