

George: Dear healers, please be with us now and answer my and Electra's questions about her mother. Did Electra's mother try to kill her?

Electra is sitting in her child's position, rigid.

George: Yes. Did Electra's mother try to burn her when she was a child? No. Did Electra's mother try to kill her before she was born? Yes. When she was three months in the womb? When you were seven months in the womb, your mother tried to abort you using something to do with heat, a method common in those days.

Electra: I know this.

George: The abortion didn't work because you were meant to be born. You were helpless when all this happened. That's why you're scared.

Electra: What do I do?

George: May you go back to that child who existed before your mother tried to abort her, so that she can grow up in love. Give her the help that she needs to do what she has to do while alive. Amen.

REQUIEM

Electra sings in a clear, strong child's voice:

"Who, if I cried out, would hear me
among the angels?"

I know the answer:
no one.

Tell me: from where does love come?

An angel is sitting on my face.
To whom can I run?

Take me in your arms, death,
I'm so scared;
do anything to me that will make me
safe
while I kick my heels and shout out in
total fear,
while we hurtle through your crags
to where it's blacker:
Orpheus' head eaten by rats,
what's left of the world scatters, in the
Lethe the poet's hairs,
below where there's no ground,
down into your hole,
because you want me to eat your sperm.

Death. I know.

"Every angel is terrifying."

Because of this, because I have met
death,
I must keep my death in me,
gently,
and yet go on living.
Because of this, because I have met my
death,
I give myself birth.

Remember that Persephone
raped by Hades
then by him brought into the Kingdom
of Death
there gave birth to Dionysius.

You were the terrorized child,
Mother,
Now be no more.
Requiat in pacem.

Tell me: from where does love come?

"Emerging at last from violent insight
"Sing out in jubilation and in praise."
to the angels who terrified away the
night.

Let not one string of my forever-child's
heart and cunt fail to sing.

Open up this body half in the realm of
life, half in death
and give breathe.

For to breathe is always to pray.

You language where language goes
away.

You were the terrorized child,
Mother,
Be no more.
Requiat in pacem.

Requiem. For it was you I loved.