

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

Hecuba

by Fran Duffield

I love acting,
it's so much more real than life:
our vision blurs with sorrow
at a shadow queen's fading:
Hamlet, amazed,
asks, what's Hecuba to him?

but Hecuba's agony is perfect,
rehearsed, convincing
us that life,
our little life, could be spot-lit,
chiaroscuro, a rich tableau,
full of the meaning we scabble
to retrieve:
the actor has it grasped
in the momentary motion of a hand,
a deep look in the eyes:

always saying the right thing,
to the right person

all ends well, or all die heroes:
we, picking at our tangle of half-truths,
our shuffle of dropped pages,
dance blithe or stumble dimly
to our mis-timed endings,
with no encore

we, not being actors,
don't get to take a bow
when the play is ended