

*(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!