

**ABSALOM / DAVID / ABSALOM: a monologue**

© 2010 *Martin Burke*  
*All rights reserved.*  
©2010 *Publication Scene4 Magazine*

Published as formatted by the author in the May 2010 issue of *SCENE4 Magazine*  
([www.scene4.com](http://www.scene4.com)) and provided as a free PDF download.  
Permission is granted to print one copy of this version for personal reading purposes.  
All Rights Reserved by the Author

©2010 Martin Burke. *Abasalom / David / Absalom: a monologue* is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America and international copyright laws. All rights, including the rights of translation into foreign languages, adaptations in motion pictures, television, video, radio, various other electronic media, recitation, public reading, and any other adaptations and are strictly reserved. Performances of any kind require the payment of a royalty. You may display this book for your personal, non-commercial use. But you may not otherwise reproduce or distribute copies of this book or any part thereof in any form (including by email or other electronic means), without the prior written consent of the owner. All inquiries should be directed to Martin Burke at [martin.burke@telenet.be](mailto:martin.burke@telenet.be)

*A barren stage. Spots of light here & there. Shadows everywhere.*

Everything is simple to begin with.

You wake up. It is the first of April or it is the first of June. The sun is shining. The day stands waiting for you.

So you get out of bed. You yawn. You stretch your arms, you stretch your legs. You rub your eyes. You scratch your balls. You move towards the open window.

Then what do you do?

You can do whatever you want to at this point. You can return to bed or you can go out into the garden.

It's as simple as that.

Everything begins with simple facts and choices and this is the first choice you have to make is between the garden and the bed.

Of course if someone is waiting for you in that bed then the choice is made that much simpler. Sex. Early morning sex. Nothing like it for cleaning the wax out of your ears and the cobwebs from the corners of your mind.

It is however totally your choice. Yours alone. No one else can make it for you.

Yet whatever you do, and you will have to do something. Whatever you do at that moment will affect everything else that you do during the day and possible affect you for the rest of your life.

Think of it. You get out of bed and the world starts to makes its demands of you. What are you going to do? What are you going to say to yourself. It sounds complicated when you think about it –and you will have to think about it even though you have begun from a simple beginning.

Yes, everything is simple to begin with.

It is only after you have made the first choice that matters get complicated. I should know. Everything I do starts off in a simple fashion but only later does it get complicated.

Of course, there are complications and there are complications. It's a question of degree, of intensity, but that does not really matter. One complication is as good as another on the first of June or the first of April. The trick is in knowing which is which and in knowing what you are going to do next.

However my own choices, those which I made of my own free will and those which I was forced to make by those circumstances imposed on me, have all been set in motion by the particular history I was born into.

No, I'm not making excuses. That's not my style. Not my style at all. I don't go in for the current fashion in political correctness in blaming circumstances for everything. But the fact remains that history, a specific history, a special history, mark me from the beginning. I would like to avoid history but I can't. The hound of heaven, or perhaps it was the hound of hell –if you can tell the difference between them, chased me into this particular time and place and the result –well, you can judge for yourself what the result has been.

You will have your judgement but, and this is important, I will have mine. and since I am the one who has to live with the choices I make, my judgement will always be of more importance to me that yours.

Father never understood this. But then, father never understood so much.

Call it a condition of his training. Call it a condition of his position in society. Perhaps he felt that he did not need to understand. Perhaps he even didn't fully understand. Or perhaps he just didn't want to understand.

Whatever his motivation was he disguised it well. He had his expectation of me. I had my expectations of myself. But I also had my expectations of him.

This was a mistake.

This is something that I should have seen from the beginning. But when the beginning of everything begins with simple things, even if they are mistakes which they frequently are, how can you see the future?

Father was famous. Musicians loved him. The people loved him. God loved him. In such a position he thought that I would love him also. He had a perfect right to expect this. and he expected it.

Expected it? He took it for granted and never questioned its base in reality.

It was a simple but profound mistake.

One of the very few that he made.

But he made it.

He should have known better.

He should have looked at history and seen it for what it was and not what he wanted it to be.

He should have seen what was under his nose to see.

He gave love. He expected love. and, mostly, this was given. You could say that he was a banker, a trader dealing in emotion. Everything was measured as profit or loss. He kept good accounts. But he gave no account to what might be my particular feeling in the matter. He gave love, he expected love; he expected a blind and total love from me.

But when you are the third son as I was; when you are third in line to the throne that should be yours by right as I was—who has any right to expect blind love from you?

So you see, in spite of history, in spite of the fact that he was king and I was a prince, this is a very simple story.

The oldest story of the world.

The story of a father and son.

Need I point out then that the situation was entirely of his own making?

It was.

I was born and born into a situation over which I had no control, but which was one I never accepted.

Seen in this light you cannot but judge me innocent of every and any crime. He set the terms by which everything that happened would happen.

In begetting me he begot the future I brought with me.

The responsibility is his alone.

Granted, those were turbulent years. The kingdom was not yet under his total control. There were others who claimed to be king. War followed.

Followed? It never let up.

It was one battle after another. It was one endless campaign for the hearts and minds of the people.

He had success. But never enough to give him final victory. One battle followed another. He won or he lost. The war went on and on.

But don't worry. I'm not going to go into any detail of those wars. Wars are uninteresting in themselves. They are only interesting in what they achieve.

I am only interested in achievement.

Means do not matter to me. Only ends do. and if war is need to achieve those ends then so be it.

It is a price that I will pay. Or should I say, that it is a price I will call on other to pay on my behalf.

I am a strategist.

The actual day-to-day fighting I leave to other suited to the task. They can live or they can die. That is not important. What is important is that the aim which war serves be achieved.

Results. That's what counts. Only that.

When I weigh up the cost of war I do not think of the dead. I only think how much I have invested to achieve my aims and what has been the return on my investment.

All generals are capitalists in their heart. But don't despise me for that.

Or do if you want to. I don't care. I have my aims and those aims will be achieved.

There are those who serve and those who lead.

I am one of those who lead.

Service is for other to give to me. I give my service to no one.

It's as simple as that.

You won't catch me dancing naked in the street like my father did.

I have no time for useless gestures. I have no use for useless, meaningless gestures that serve no visible purpose.

Sometimes I dance –but if I do then this is a tactic serving my own ends. In itself it means nothing to me and never will.

I serve nothing but the workings of my fertile mind.

If I made wise investment on behalf of my claim to the throne then David, my father, did likewise.

His policy in war was simple: trust in God and kill your enemies.

It was a combination that worked very well.

Which was why, I think, he married my mother –who was a queen in her own right; but by doing so he made a friend out of a potential enemy and so had one less care to worry about.

Speaking of my mother I should tell you that she was very beautiful. People say that I have inherited her looks. That I am almost as beautiful as she was.

Well, it is something to be proud of. After all, I would rather be beautiful than ugly. Ugliness serves nothing. But beauty, ah beauty can serve any end you want it to. Beauty puts a clean face on ugly facts. Beauty is the best disguise of a scheming mind. Beauty is the one thing that people can't resist, believing that what is beautiful on the outside is beautiful on the inside. They believe that beauty is incapable of deception. That it is innocent of the crimes of the world. That it serves no ulterior motive.

Fools.

Beauty is the servant of the one who posses it. I posses it. I used it. It is a weapon in my arsenal. Everything I posses is a weapon in my service. But you will have come to realise this for yourself by now. I don't have to spell out every fact for you.

Still mother was beautiful and if she is the one I have inherited my good looks from then so much the better. There is however little else from her that I can use.

She loved my father.

She served my father.

This was an aspect of her that I could never reconcile myself to. But then I don't have to reconcile myself to anything that I don't want to reconcile myself to. That's my choice. That's my tactic. Get used to it. I am not here to ask for your approval. I'll explain myself for reasons of my own but I warn you in advance: if as you listen to me you are serving my purpose in a way that you do not, cannot understand.

My mother, my father, war in the kingdom, alliances made and enemies shattered. What a charming combination it proved to be. What an excellent education it proved to be! Apart from having been born as the first son I could not have had a better, more exciting future laid out before me.

The future that was laid out however was one of service. Not just to my father. That in itself would have been tolerable for it would come to an end. No, the service that was laid out before me was one of service first to my father and then to my brother when he would assume the kingship of the chosen tribe.

Not, you will admit, an attractive prospect.

Not something I could reconcile myself to.

I saw this from the beginning and it was a simple beginning.

As soon as I saw this I began to make my plans.

Let's take stock of the situation so far

My father is king. He has been appointed by God –we will come to this later.

He has sons who rank above me in their claim to the throne.

The land in is turmoil

The war in which changes its name with every change of enemy is the same endless war that he is engaged in

there are plots and there are prizes

I have my mothers claim on beauty

I have a natural desire for power

Put all this together and what do you get?

You get a situation that is as inevitable as getting out of bed on the first of June.

I got out of bed. I went to the window. I saw the lands of the world before me. I wanted them all.

Everything after that was simple. No matter how complex it was always simple. and the simplicity was this: that the distance between me and the throne would be narrowed and narrowed; that everything I did would help this along; that I would do nothing which did not serve this end; that like my father I would dance naked in the streets if it helped me to achieve my aim. Fortunately, it never came to that –though like my father, I would kill every enemy that stood in my way.

Do I detect a dislike for war on your part? Is it something you find distasteful? Perhaps you think war can be avoided and that history will be better served by peace?

What a foolish notion you have

What a lame-duck idea you possess.

War is the driving force of history.

Nothing else is.

Not peace –no, war.

Peace is nothing less than the temporary stillness between acts of the endless war.

War will always achieve what peace longs for but cannot give form to.

You want progress? You want achievements of science and welfare to improve your lives?

Then give me a war and I will give you what you want. Without war there is no progress.

Without war there is only the stagnation of the human race. It's also as simple as that. War

serves the ideas of great men who shape the world according to their desires. You live in a world shaped by great men.

I am such a man.

War is the brother I claim as my true brother.

My other brothers however, those other sons of my father, were and are nothing but a bunch of simpletons who were happy to serve the existing order of the world.

That say thong like: “What a joy it is to serve our father who is so brave and wise”

I can’t begin to describe the disgust I felt on hearing words like these.

I did not however let them see what my reaction, my real reaction was. Instead I played along.

I also praised our father. I also attended the rituals. When the priests came to daily bless my father I clenched my teeth but said nothing.

Saying nothing –that was my first tactic.

That was the first weapon I used.

Once you begin with silence and listening then cunning come to serve you in unexpected ways.

My oldest brother, even now I dislike using his name; my oldest brother was the eternal problem. Remove him from the picture and the picture become that much simpler. Remove one and you could remove another.

Once you start you have to finish.

I was ready to start and finish.

Speaking of my brothers –they liked me; in fact, they really like me. I didn’t have to do anything to encourage this but of course I encourage it in every way I could.

“Absalom, come out to play” they would call

“Absalom come with us –we are going on an expedition”

Come out to play –the innocence of those words hides all the power structures of the world.

There is nothing innocent about them. At least, not in my use of them. If I asked or if I replied, I was always thinking about where they would lead. They would lead where I led them. Nothing innocent about that. There never was and there never will be. However this evening is not a lesson in linguistics. Linguistics do not interest me. Nothing interests me but power. I will serve any master that serves my power. Only that interests me. There rest is merely a diversion as far as I am concerned –and I, as you will have come to realise by now, have no use for diversions.

And so they called and so I obeyed – I always went whenever they called, and they always called.

I made sure that they would. I made myself indispensable to their world

Even then, even from such an early and unpromising beginning, I could see that simple choices could lead to difficult situations. Situations, I need hardly add, which would be difficult for other more than they would be for me.

We played games. War games. We imitated our father’s successful battles. It seems that every child imitates his father in one way or another. This is the way I imitated him. It was something I could not deny in myself.

There was however, as you will have guessed by now, an underlying purpose to my role-playing.

My brothers played games. I was watching and learning.

We played war games. Every child does. We were no different.

Except that, even then, I was aware of the roles involved and how I would have to take the role allotted me.

Not that I complained. My brothers played the role and king and general. I played the role of the dutiful servant. No complaint was ever heard from me and my brothers assumed that this was because I was happy in my lot and ready to accept what they expected of me.

But I was watching. I was learning. I saw the way their minds began to work. I saw the tactics they favoured and the moves they liked to make. I saw the deceptions they used to deceive the enemy but as they did not see me as their enemy they had no idea as to what my deceptions were.

By the time we left childhood and entered adolescence I knew the way their minds worked. Nothing they would do or say could surprise me. I know what they were thinking. I knew what strategies they would eventually use.

Their childhood had been, in spite of all the wars raging on about us, a relatively simple and straight-forward one. In comparison to them –mine had been an education which they were not aware that they had given me.

There were however unexpected moments, unexpected facts about myself which surprised even me to find them within myself. It seemed I inherited more of my father's character than I cared to admit. He has 'traits' which I did not approve. But they had entered into my blood and bones and there was apparently no getting rid of them.

Let me give you an example.

We were children. Eight or nine years old. No more than that. My oldest brother and I. Out for a walk behind our father's tent. Walking in the wilderness of a land called Hebron. A nowhere. A nothing. A landscape only fit for snakes. Snakes and a few crawling inhabitants who are not worth mentioning.

Oh, you are shocked by this description?

Don't be.

I have no lessons in brother-love to give you though I will admit that what I am about to tell you borders on brotherly-love in a way that repels me even from myself.

So picture it.

Two brothers out for a walk in a desolate landscape.

Nothing to do and all day to do it.

I saw it happen before it happened.

We were throwing rock at the lizards sunning themselves in the sunshine.

I passed by a rock –then passed on

My brother followed –taking the same steps that I had taken, passing by the self-same rock.

That's when it happened

A snake slid from under the rock, my brother did not see this, the snake, a deadly one, bit him.

In that moment I also had a choice

In that moment everything was simple

I only had to do nothing, to let the poison work its unobstructed way to his heart –and hey presto, he would die, I would have one less brother in my way, I would be that much neared to the throne

But that's when it got complicated

Did I do what I should have done? Did I do what every thought in my active brain was telling me to do?

I didn't

Instead, I rushed towards him, got him to lie on the ground, and then, o horror, I sucked the poison from his leg.

He would live. I would live. Yet I would be as far from my ambition as I had ever been.

I know, you don't understand my actions.

I don't understand them



Even the praise which my brother offered our father about me and the praise which my father then offered me was an embarrassment

Don't you see –I wanted to cry out: don't you see that this is not what I intended? that I wanted him to die? That I should have let him die? That in saving him I betrayed myself in a way I will never be able to forgive myself for?

As usual however, I kept my thoughts to myself.

I had allowed a golden opportunity to pass me by –but on the other hand, I had done something that only served to increase the affection and esteem in which I was held.

I was held up as model to the other children as to how they should act. It seemed that everything I did thereafter was viewed in the special light of what was referred to as 'my selflessness'

Selflessness indeed!

I became a symbol of everything that is repugnant to me

I had planted the enemies flag within myself

I had become my own enemy

When you start a war do you know what the first thing is which you need?

An army?

No, you already have that or you wouldn't go to war in the first place.

No, the first thing, the very first thing which you need is good publicity, good propaganda.

Give me half-a-dozen good writers and I'll win any war you want me to.

David knew this also.

He never did anything without it being recorded in the most favourable light.

He had writers, good writers, they worked day and night to tell his story in such a way that regardless of whatever the truth of a given situation might be, it was always known by the version which he set in motion

Good publicity. You can't beat it.

The Greeks knew that

They gave Homer a jumble of stories –and look what he did with them!

David had an advantage that Homer however did not.

David had god.

Don't laugh. It's not a laughing matter.

It's one thing to tell yours story to a poet – it is another matter however to have your action sanctioned in advance by the voice of the Godhead.

Everything David did was recorded in the sacred book and passed from hand to hand as if it were the infallible truth.

David liked to write what he called "my little poesies" –and would you believe it, but those scribblings of his were added to the book of the tribe as if that was what God had always intended!

Good publicity. Accurate propaganda. Nothing can match it.

You might loose a battle but if the poet tells a different tale and only the tale is remembered by history then you have lost nothing and you have won everything.

Add God to this and you have the recipe for immortality

Not that I wanted immortality at that age

At fourteen you already feel you have it

No, what I wanted was sex.

Pure and simple: sex, sex, sex.

If you are a prince, all be it only a lowly prince, and there are serving girls about, then you can have all the sex you want and no one will complain.

I need hardly add that this was a department in which I made sure I got plenty of good publicity.

Word spread. First among the servant girls, then among the better girls at the court of my father, and then the high-born ladies came seeking me out

I was easy to find and I made no distinctions-

A whore or a princess, they were both just tits and pussy to me

One was as good as another –or one was better than another. Even when it was bad it was good.

There is no such thing as a bad fuck

Sex wasn't war but it came close to it –and, I'm not ashamed to admit it, I learned as much from the bedroom as I did from the battle-field.

Simply put –I fucked my way from one woman to the next and never grew tired of it.

Fourteen, fifteen, sex and God –what better combination, what better education could I have possibly had?

Now it would be satisfying to say that I was special in this and was able to help my brothers by pointing out who were the better women to be had.

The truth is however that they were just as rampant as I was and, being princes in their own right, needed no help from me at all.

We were the favoured sons of the tribe

We could do no wrong

The bed I shared tonight a brother had shared the night before me and a brother would share the night after me

I didn't mind

Why should I mind when I was getting such good publicity?

Of course I never lost sight of what I wanted to achieved but by then I realised that the bedroom was as good a place as any to assemble a willing army

I bribed the poets.

Poems began to circulate.

I was the hero of my own drama.

I was an actor writing my own text.

That's part of the privilege of being a prince –you get to write the text. What is denied to another is granted to you. You claim every prize and avoid every penalty. The drama you play in it always of your own making.

There are however other dramas. Dramas that take place in the same place and time as the drama you set in motion.

One such drama was about to happen.

There was to be a prize but there was no penalty

It was the one time that I sought justice from my father and he refused me.

This is something I would never forget. This was something I would never forgive

Perhaps I should not have been surprised –after all, when you are king you are the one who says what justice is and what justice is not.

It was one more lesson in the power of kingship which I wanted for myself.

Let me give you the context:

I am sixteen.

I have started to take a leading role in my fathers battle.

I am a good soldier but, and this is something my father recognised from the beginning, I am an even better tactician.

I could plot moves. I could mark out strategies. I could lay the groundwork for others to follow, and while they did so, while the simple soldiers of our race fought and fought, I remained in my chariot watching everything unfold as I had planned.

So, I am of age, I am respected; a third prince in line to the throne it is true but a prince of the army of David who had by now all but established his authority over all the kingdoms on which he set his heart.

It's true all my victories became his victories –but I was patient. The army knew my worth. There were generals who looked to me more than they looked to my brothers. I was, needless to say, totally humble in my approach to their admiration and affection. I was biding my time. I knew what I was worth and the army knew what I was worth. I was slowly building a power-base from which I would later operate.

So see the victorious army return to David's capital.

See the tribute paid to us by a thankful population

See the sacrifices and rituals which we dutifully attended

See the lavish feasts, one following another like a fall of soft snow on our shoulders.

See us, the victorious ones, who have no cause to fear; who have won a prize for which we have paid no penalty.

Then, into this picture, in innocence, with no knowledge of what will happen, see my sister Tamar arrive to join the celebrations.

If I am beautiful then she is even more so.

If I am beloved then she is even more so

If I have inherited the gifts of my mother then so has she and even more so

Tamar, my sister, the only person in my life who I have ever loved

Don't misunderstand me. When I say love I mean love. I don't mean sex. I don't mean lust. I mean love –love that is simple and unadorned. That does not seek anything beyond itself. Love that offers a purity to a sordid world. Love for which there was no precedence in my life and for which there was never to be an equal.

I should of course point out that in accordance with local custom I was married at this stage.

Not one but several wives. This was pleasing. This meant nothing.

These were simply the traditions of the tribe. There was nothing unusual in them. There was nothing out of the ordinary. Everyone of my age was married –but, it's true, not everyone had the same choice of sprightly brides that as the king's son were mine to pick and choose.

I say all this, I emphasise all this to stress that when I say I loved my sister that I did so without having any ulterior motive. She was my sister. She was beautiful. I loved her without needing to own her. Sex would have destroyed everything.

Sex did destroy everything of course but it was not, this once, of my doing.

Amnon.

Oldest brother.

Heir to the throne.

A proper bastard if there ever was one.

I should have left him to the snake that bit him!

However -

We are at one of the innumerable feasts.

Food and wine in overflow

Poets reciting verses

Singer sing plaintive songs –they are good at that

The half-naked dancing girls moving for our titillation –they are very good at that  
 A normal feast  
 One that happened every night  
 But on this night, this particular night that could have been any night, into the feasting tent  
 stepped Thamar  
 I see her  
 She sees me  
 Amnon see her  
 I do not see the look he gives her  
 I mistake her shy blush as an act of purity in a den of whores  
 The feast goes on  
 Nothing has happened but the future has happened and cannot be stopped  
 The beginning is simple but all my choices have been made for me

The story is simple and sordid.  
 Amnon pretends to be sick and stays in bed the next day  
 David, ever the dutiful father comes to visit him  
 What do you need? He asks  
 “If Thamar could nurse me....”  
 “I’ll send her to you”

A king commands and we obey  
 David commanded and Thamar obeyed

Do I have to go into details for you?  
 Do you need me to spell out the sordid scene?  
 No, you can picture it for yourself any way that you want to  
 The simple fact is that he rapes her, violently, not once, not twice, but several times. After that  
 he throws her out of his tent  
 She is of no more use to him  
 She has nothing that he wants  
 As he tells a companion later ‘It was just another fuck –not great and not bad, but not worth  
 repeating’  
 What can be done?  
 Nothing can be done  
 He is a prince and of more worth than the sister of the third prince  
 He feels safe in his position  
 He returns to the servant girls

I see the distress she tries to hide from me  
 She tells me what has happened –and I had a choice: revenge or justice  
 For the second time in my life I made the wrong decision about my brother  
 I went to the king for justice

David enjoyed being king –who wouldn’t? –but he saw his position as that of the anointed of  
 God –it was an assessment which I did not take fully into account.  
 This was a mistake –but it was another mistake from which I learned.  
 Yes, the future had started –the only question was, when would it happen as I wanted it to  
 happen?  
 I thought the future was mine to choose but it wasn’t

The future that was given me was given me one innocent morning when I stepped out of bed on the first day of June and went to the open window.

David was with the poets. This is what he enjoyed most. Poets and priests –he set more store by them than he did by his generals.

We lived in tents – he lived in a palace

O yes, David knew what it was to be king and he enjoyed the role

Anything which showed just how different he was from the common people was something he delighted in

Vain? Yes, he was vain –but what of it: he was no more vain than I was; he felt no more love for the common people than I did

In so many ways I was my father's son

David was standing by an open window when I entered his apartments

“Listen, listen to this”, he said, without taking any real notice of me, “I have just composed it”:

*Blessed is the man who doesn't walk in the counsel of the wicked,*

*nor stand in the way of sinners,*

*nor sit in the seat of scoffers;*

*but his delight is in Yahweh's law.*

*On his law he meditates day and night.*

*He will be like a tree planted by the streams of water,*

*that brings forth its fruit in its season,*

*whose leaf also does not wither.*

*Whatever he does shall prosper.*

The poets applauded, the priests spoke lavishly in their praise of his work: David was flushed with success as if he had just conquered the territories west and north of the Jordan.

I moved as close to him as his imperial guard would allow

“I need to speak to you. It is important. It is private –very private”

the poets looked at each other to see if any knew what this matter might be. The priests looked indignant at not knowing a matter meant only for the king's ear.

“Important?”

“Yes”

“It cannot wait? My many duties....”

“It cannot wait”

“You have never asked this before”

“Which is why I am asking it now”

“I have no secrets from the priesthood”

“This is a family matter”

That got to him. He was a king, a powerful king, a regional power to be reckoned with; a king intent on leaving his stamp on history –but, and not everyone realised this, he was first and foremost a family man. Not out of love, not out of duty. O no, his family were important to him in so far as they could serve his historical needs.

He looked at me in that quizzing way of his and once again I saw why he was king.

He was a sentimentalist with the poets and a believer with the priests. But he was always king.

That's what mattered to him. King, and no man's servant. A king determined to serve all those ends which would ensure that his kingdom survived.

His family were the guarantee of the future

His family were a treasure to be guarded

The poets left.

The priests left.

The imperial guard drew away to a discrete distance.

I told him why I had come

Here is his reply:

*(The actor moves centre stage & is lit by a spotlight)*

“So the prince who would be king comes seeking the justice of the king.

Is that why you have come? Or do you think that you can dress up revenge in the robes of justice and that the people will applaud it?

I see your schemes.

I know your motives.

You are not the closed book that you think you are. What the people and the generals believe you to be is not what I know you to be.

You have a foreign blood in your veins, you have a foreigners outlook.

You do not see what I see. You see what your mother thought you and that drives you forward. I, however, know that blood, I know what secrets she thought you. I see the secrets of your heart even before you tell them to yourself.

You think ambition can disguise itself?

It can't.

I see through every disguise. I see the truth in every deception –and you, you my son, for that is what you are, you are a creature of deception.

You are the prince who would be king but you are not the king and you never will be.

This is the cold truth that itches your soul, the itch you scratch and scratch –but what do you get from that apart from a blemish on your skin to match the deeper blemish on your soul?

You get nothing

You have gotten nothing from it in the past and you will get nothing from it in the future.”

I was stunned. This was not the soft-hearted doddering David surrounding himself with poets and priests. This was not the David dancing naked in the streets. No, this was David as I had never seen, never known him. This was David as he saw himself. This was the David hidden from public view –but a David reserved for the few; a David who saw more than he pretended to see; a David that had never entered my calculations.

“So you begin to understand? That's good. I see it in your eyes and I see it in your heart.

Don't be surprised –this nation holds no secrets from me, neither does my family.

My family – how can you ever begin to understand the many elements which I have drawn together in that web for a purpose which eludes you?

How can you understand the ways of kingship when the only thing you know about being a king is the jealousy which scuttles your heart and mind?

You know nothing of the true nature of kingship. You know nothing about the true nature of power.

Do you think that power is something you learn about as you crawl from bed to bed in an exercise that does nothing but appease your vanity?

Yes, I know the stories. I know your supposed 'reputation' in this matter. and am I impressed?

I am not.

The hero of whores can never know what a king knows or needs to know  
 Yet the whores smile and you deceive yourself that you are building up a power-base –but  
 what are you really building?  
 You are building nothing but a kingdom of clouds and shadows –therefore all your dreams, all  
 your lust for power, all the schemes that swirl in your brain-box are nothing more than clouds  
 and shadows, they will lead you to nothing but clouds and shadows.  
 You are capable of satisfying the whores but you will always be unable to satisfy the nation.”

I couldn't move. There was a cunning, a calculation, a strength, a power in his voice and  
 attitude in his voice and way of walking about the room that I could not match.  
 All my calculations about him had been wrong  
 I would have to start again –but where could I start from?  
 He knew me but I did not know him  
 We were not equals.  
 He was the king and I was but the third prince  
 I knew it and he knew it  
 It was a knowledge I could not move against.  
 He had placed me in a position I could not escape from  
 In that moment I realised that I did not envy him – no, in that moment I realised that I truly  
 hated him

“However, since you are interested in power, let me give you a few pointers about it –it will  
 do your education a lot of good.  
 Power is first of all the product and servant of a strong and powerful mind.  
 Do you have such a mind? You do not  
 Do I have such a mind? I do  
 That is one more difference between us  
 Power must be learned from a suitable master: you think you can learn it from whores  
 whereas I – I have learned it from God.  
 Do I need to instruct you in the nature of god –that terrible, raging, un-wieldable force you  
 must bow down to or be burned by? Yet unless you are burned you are nothing. If the divine  
 fire has not scorched your heart and mind –how can you be the bearer of that necessary force  
 in the world?  
 The raging fire burned my heart and anointed my mind. This is a fire that you will never  
 know.  
 I bear the mark of the living lord – you bear the mark of Cain  
 You are a bitter soul, you are a twisted soul. You despise the position you were born into  
 when in fact it is yourself who you despise. You cannot reconcile yourself to yourself. You go  
 from whore to whore, you cultivate your popularity with the generals; you think that because  
 you are the darling of the mob that the mob will follow where you lead.  
 They will not.  
 They never have in the past and they never will in the future  
 They may be a mob but they know where power lies, they know which one of us bears the  
 mark of the living lord  
 I am the one who carries that mark.  
 I am the one who wields that power.  
 You are nothing. You are a side-issue of history, a side-issue in the story of my life.  
 You may be mention in the future annals of our nation but you will only be mentioned  
 because of me.  
 You cannot escape that

You cannot escape me.  
 I wield the power and you chase after a shadow.  
 Well, I will allow you that shadow. I have done so in the past and I will do so in the future.  
 You did not know I was doing this but whether you knew it or not, let me tell you now that I am the one who has placed that shadow before you. I am the one who gave you that kingdom in the clouds.  
 That's what it means to have power – to control the dreams of lesser men who attempt to be what they will never be.”

The bastard!  
 More than ever I hated him  
 But hate was useless  
 He knew what I did not know  
 He would always know what I would never know  
 He had beaten me even before I started  
 From the moment I woke up on the first of June he was the one who had opened the window through which I walked

“No, don't leave yet; your education isn't finished. You are my son, a wayward son it is true but one who is useful to me in ways that you cannot even begin to suspect, therefore your education is close, very close to the concerns of my heart.  
 The mark of the living lord and the mark of Cain: that is the indelible motif of our tribe, a motif that you will never be able to escape.  
 You think the stories of our nation are just stories, useless stories out of a past that that can have no bearing on the future.  
 This is a mistake, a fundamental mistake.  
 You think we are a tribe? Well yes, we are a tribe -but we are more than a tribe. We are a prophecy of heaven come alive in history  
 Everything I do is based on that premise; everything I don't do is based on that premise.  
 So you see, action or inaction –inaction with regard to a warring tribe or inaction with regard to a son who would like to dispose of me –all this serves those ends I serve.  
 I serve many ends but all ends serve the one end.  
 Everything I do is aimed at this.  
 Everything I don't do fits neatly into the same pattern.  
 Will I tell you what that pattern is or do you already know it?  
 No, you don't know it so I will tell it to you  
 The pattern I serve is this: that we survive as a nation; that we outlast the use history may think it has of us; that we lay the foundations of those kingdoms that will come after us; that we survive no matter what happen; that we serve our destiny.  
 Yes, you like the word 'destiny'. You think that you have one –an important one, but you do not.  
 You are a player in a drama that God, through me, writes the script of. You are confined within those limits. You cannot move beyond those borders. You, perhaps more than most, are a prisoner of the circumstance into which you have been cast.  
 You think God choose me because I am pious?  
 Pious men are ten-a-penny in this kingdom. Piety is good for individual conduct –it can however offer little to the State.  
 So, did God choose me because I was pious?  
 No, he choose me because I am resolute.



That is a quality you do not possess. You possess anger, you possess cunning, you possess battle skills, but you are not resolute.

You waste away your life in little schemes and occasional plottings –but what do they come to?

They come to nothing.

Camp whores divert your attention and your energy.

You give yourself to any thought that comes into your head –but you can follow nothing through to its conclusion.

You would like to be king but you have no idea what that means.

You do not have the strength to administer a kingdom

You do not have the skill to hold the several factions together.

You like the trappings of power but have no idea what holding that power would mean.

Adulation? Yes, you like adulation; like it? You love it

That is your weakness

I however do not care about adulation. I do not care if I am popular or not

I make no account of myself to the people who serve me –I make my account to the living lord who anointed me –and so far, he is pleased with what I have achieved.

But what have you achieved?

Apart from sucking the poison from the foot of a brother you hate –what have you done?

You have done nothing.

And now you come to me –demanding ‘justice’ as you put it for the fact that your brother did what you have done a thousand times but this time he did it with your sister.

Let me spell it out for you if you haven’t understood it by now:

Your sister is meaningless to me

What your brother did is his own concern and I will not punish him for it

Why not? I’ll tell you why not.

He is heir to the throne. He must lead, he will lead.

Nothing, nothing whatsoever must be allowed to interfere with this.

I don’t care if he rapes or murders in a hundred different ways a hundred times a day –in the plan I work according to such facts are meaningless

So do not come to me for ‘justice’ –you will not get it

Do not come with complaints against your brother – I will not listen

He is to be king and king he will be

He will not be discredited.

His reputation will remain unblemished.

The throne will be served, the tribe will be served

The prophecy of heaven must, and will, achieve its destiny.”

There are two types of clarity: there is the clarity given by truth, and there is the clarity given by hate. He had given me lessons in both.

He gave me truth, he gave me hate, yet I had only hate to give in return but I could only give it in silence.

The guards drew near

David resumed the pose of the doddering king

The guards smirked

I was a beaten cur who walked away with his tail between his legs

Nothing had changed but everything had changed

I had no more control over my life than a flea on a dog had

Everything I had ever said or done or thought –everything! everything had been planned for me and I had followed the pattern without ever seeing that there had been one.

David was king but David was my father

As king and father he had dictated all my choices

I was nothing more than what he allowed me to be

I was the sun total of his calculations

Did he know how much I hated him in that moment?

Yes, he knew –he knew but he didn't care. He had calculated for it, he had given it a place in his thinking and strategy

Nothing I did would surprise him –therefore I would not surprise him. I would do what he expected me to do –but I would do it openly.

No more hiding behind being Mr nice-guy. No more sucking poison from my hateful brothers foot.

I would suck out instead the poison in my soul and spit it in his face.

David was king but David was my enemy. That enemy was hateful to me. That enemy was a hateful name. I would not call my enemy my friend –no, I would call him by that most hateful name, the only name that brought comfort to my soul.

I had however learned a powerful lesson from my father. Perhaps he did not mean to teach it to me yet it was from that I learned it. He had shown me the true value of patience in service to a goal. Well I had such a goal and I already had shown a degree of patience in wanting to achieve it. Now however a new urgency had entered my life but one which I would dress in my new found patience.

Everything had changed but nothing had changed

I would be his scheming song but that would be a cover for the scheme I was laying for the years ahead.

As yes, David was king and I was but the third prince – a third prince however has certain advantages and I would make the best use of every one of them.

I took my sister into my care. I saw to it that she would have the best that could be offered.

She said nothing and I said nothing. We both knew however what the end result was going to be.

Would you believe me but that in my servitude I found a new and greater freedom. I no longer had to act as the dutiful son, I no longer needed to pretend at being the loving prince of my father

I was the enemy within the castle walls – it was a role which suited me well.

Of course the spies were everywhere –but what did that matter? They knew who I was and I knew who they were. I knew what they were looking for and I made sure to give it to them. I had no secrets from them just as I had no secrets from David

When you have nothing to hide, when your motives are known, when your intentions are known, then you have a freedom to act which nothing else can give you

Spies of my father, spies of my brother –for yes, he was watching and waiting, knowing I would strike, living in fear of a moment he knew would come though he never knew when it would come.

He lived in fear. I lived in the enjoyment of that fear.

Now there is an important point on which I wish to set the record straight.

According to the chronicles of our tribe I never spoke thereafter to my brother.

This is wrong, is totally wrong and as such is an error that needs correcting.

Amnon was watching me but I was ignoring him –except that is when we passed each other in the halls of my fathers palace and I would call out: ‘Did you sleep well?’

Or I would pass him in the town square and I would call out ‘Be careful brother, there are a lot of unsavoury characters about today’

Or at some feast, of which there were plenty, I would send the serving-men to him with a glass of wine, instructing them to say: ‘This comes from your brother. He wants you to enjoy it to the full’

Needless to say, he never drank the wine.

Once again I was standing before the open window.

Once again there was someone waiting for me in bed.

Once again the choice was mine

During all of this David was having success after success on the battle-field, and I, I played my part to the full in these victories.

I served him better than any man did.

I worked out new tactics

I deployed the men in new formations

I advised when and where we should attack

I was a master at the deceptive retreat

I called on those who served me to serve David with total devotion –and this they did in an obedience which was almost as exemplary as was my own to the king

We won

I chased my father’s enemies as if they were my own

I scattered those who opposed him

I did everything to increase his popularity among the nation

Yes, he could plot but I could plot.

I might have had what he called ‘foreign blood’ in my veins but I also had the blood of my father and I mixed both to a powerful combination.

He called me to him:

“You do not deceive me. I see what your intentions are”

And I? I replied:

“But father, I have absolutely no intention of deceiving you”

No, I did not want him to be deceived. I wanted him to know that my intentions had not changed. I wanted him to know that in serving him I was serving myself. Yet it was a service he could not refuse.

I began to speak openly of ‘my men’

I referred to my brother as a rapist, a braggart, a drunkard

I called down retribution upon the tribe whenever I could

I decried our history

I spoke with total disdain of any so called mission

Everything that was sacred to the priests I trampled underfoot

I laughed at the poets in public

I composed blasphemous verse based on my father’s poems

Best of all, once, in a battle, I rushed to my brothers defence, I saved him that day, but as I said openly and loudly enough for everyone to hear

“I only did so so that I can have him for myself. He’s mine. No one else can have him”

He laughed:

“I used to be scared of you but there is nothing to be scared about. You will always serve me because you must. You are nothing but a bag of wind and I need have no fear of the wind – I will deal with you in my own time”:

He had no idea how happy I was to hear say that. I had him where I wanted him. Already he was as good as dead.

In everything I did, in everything I said, I spoke and acted so openly and acted in being what I was that no one believed what I was.

The truth of my intentions were the deceptions of my intentions.

David alone was shrewd in knowing that in so doing, in showing my hand so openly and plainly, I was disarming those who might oppose me

My enemies did not believe what I said. I spoke so often about taking up my own army that they grew weary of hearing it.

Fools! What did they know? They knew nothing.

David knew but I did not care; in fact, the more he knew the better

In making me a prisoner he had given me my freedom. Because I did not have to hide my intentions I was free to act as I pleased

Of course, what he knew and what he would do about it were two different things. After all, regardless of what I was and what I might do, I was first and foremost family, and he was, as I have said, a family man.

Two years. Do you know what two years are? They are nothing and they are a life-time. They are what you make of them to be.

Two years of plots. Two years of strategy. It was a life-time but that life-time was nothing.

Every day I hated my brother

Ever night I nursed my sister

Nothing was forgotten

Nothing was forgiven

I was waiting for a moment –that moment came.

We were by now a nation but tribal customs still flourished in the minds of the population and the rituals of the priests. We spoke of the future but we looked to the past. That past showed me the road to vengeance.

There was to be a festival. A yearly ritual. The festival at which the king and princes came to shear the sheep. As I said –a meaningless ritual; boring; but one which could not be avoided by the nobility of the nation.

David would be present. My brothers would be present. I saw this as the perfect moment to make my own sacrificial offering on the altar of my hate.

I spoke to those I needed to speak to. They were with me and were waiting to act. Another simple beginning had begun.

We move now from David’s palace in David’s city to a non-descript field in a non-descript location that has long since fallen out of history.

It is here that the ritual begins

The priests bless the sheep

The princes shear them

The wool is offered to the priests who bring it to the altar.

A sacrifice is made

The nation is happy

Custom has been satisfied.

But has it?

No one asks out loud why David is not present and why Amnon has taken his place.

If only they knew

If only they knew that it was I who suggested to David, that he absent himself from that years ritual and that he send his favourite son in his place.

I said this face to face

He looked at me – I did not flinch

I suggested and he complied

He knew what was going to happen – he knew what was going to happen but he allowed it to happen

Once again his inaction was serving his action –but it was also serving me.

As soon as he agreed to my proposal the future I planned for began.

Rituals are rituals –we need not concern ourselves with it. What we will concern ourselves with however is the lavish feast that is laid out for the princes and which, again dutifully, we attend.

Amnon took what would have been David’s place. He looked at me and said:

“The crown, it fits me well don’t you think”

I said nothing. I let him have his triumph. His triumph was nothing more than the overture to his death.

A death can serve many ends.

It can serve history.

It can serve politics.

It can serve personal revenge.

On certain occasions –all three unite in a beautiful whole and are served by the one act. This was such an occasion.

So, wine, plenty of wine

Food, an abundance of food

Dancers and whores were, as always, in attendance

In other words, everything went according to the ritual of such occasions –but this time there was once crucial difference

Amnon drank, I did not

He got drunk, I stayed sober

He let his guard down, I did not.

The history of the tribe was in my mind but the history of my sister was a stronger force

I am a man of the stronger force

This was the moment to unloose that force upon the world

Have you ever slaughtered a sheep?

No?

It’s easy

All you need is the will and a knife.

Nothing else.

No great conspiracy, no great planning. There is a time for sheep to die and when that time comes they cannot escape it.

So you take the knife in your right hand and walk towards the sheep. He sees you coming but he does nothing. He has seen this many times before. You have nurtured that sheep. You have cared for it in difficult moments. You have seen that it reached adulthood unblemished –why then should it fear you? It sees the knife and it sees the look in your eye but it is incapable of making the terrible connection between the two. So you hold the knife ready, you yank back

its head, then slowly, at least on this occasion, you slit its throat from ear to ear. The blood flows out of it

That's how Amnon died

Slowly, painfully; in disbelief that I was acting in a way that I always said I would

This time it was the poison from my own foot that I sucked out and spit in his dying face.

His final word was:

“David”

If two years is nothing then four years is double nothing – or a double life-time worth living twice.

David moaned and wailed over the loss of his son –but I did not believe those tears. I suggested, he complied; he knew what I was suggesting, I knew what he complied with; I rightly thought of him as my co-conspirator in the dead of a pig. His tears were good to be seen by a nation but I was looking into his heart and there were no tears to be found there. Not that I stayed to see those tears.

I knew what the situation was: I knew what penalty would be demanded so I went to the kingdom of Gessur, the kingdom of my grandfather

There I was safe

There I was protected

Four years –double nothing or a double life-time. However you looked at it, I came out with the better part of the bargain.

I wrote David a letter:

‘You will forgive me?’

He replied:

No, I do not forgive you’

Now take note of the face that he did not answer my question.

I asked will you and he replied I do not.

This said nothing about the future.

This only said that for the present the situation was what the situation was and would not change.

In changing the grammar of his answer from the grammar of my question, David betrayed himself.

Yes, he was ruthless; he was also sly.

Somehow in serving myself I had served him –but what of it? As I said, a death can serve several ends at once.

I had acted for myself but my father was not displeased. I had serve myself but this somehow fitted in with his plans. I didn't see how this could be but it didn't bother me. He was the father I was the son –what could ever change that?

Knowingly or unknowingly we were playing a game of grieving father and dutiful son Well, I could play that game.

Play it? I was an expert in it.

But so was he.

Perhaps there was more of his blood in me than even he realised. Which is why I knew that it was only a matter of time before David would want to have me back in his kingdom again.

I wrote my mother a letter:

‘Why did you bed down with him?’

Her reply?

‘Perhaps your present exile is the answer’

My 'exile' was the sweeter for her answer.

We were never out of each others thinking  
 He had his spies, I had my spies  
 I tried to probe the darkness of his mind  
 He tried to probe the darkness of my mind  
 The only light we found was a pale and murky swamp-light which showed us to be two bull  
 frogs fucking each other to death

Letters came, letters went. I maintained my contact with certain generals and captains. I  
 cultivated those ministers at court who were friendly to my cause.  
 'My cause' –how grand that sounds! How noble the prospect it seems to open before the gates  
 of my nation.

Well let me tell you that I don't give a tinkers curse for 'my nation'  
 It's history does not interest me; it's 'destiny' forms no part of my plans.  
 Shall I tell you what 'my cause' was?  
 It was what it had always been: the love of power –the love of power and the will to seize it at  
 the opportune moment.  
 Nothing else interested me.  
 Nothing ever had, nothing ever would.  
 I wanted David's power and nothing, not even David himself, the anointed, the chosen, would  
 be allowed to stand in my way.  
 Everything I did I did for this end – and I had plenty of time to do it.  
 Double nothing or a double life-time –they both amount to the same thing.  
 I amused myself in the usual ways  
 I waited for David to call me home.

The word when it came was simple  
 An ambassador arrived with a single sheet of parchment.  
 There were no embellishments.  
 There was not even a signature.  
 It contained a single word:  
 "Come".

The mirror I held up to him was the mirror he held up to me.  
 We avoided each other  
 Sometimes it was necessary for us both to be present at some ritual, or at some festival, or  
 some priestly occasion which required the king and his princes.  
 One by one, we his sons, for he had other sons also but they do not matter –one by one we  
 traipsed into the ceremonial hall and play the expected part.  
 Yet I was watching him in the way that he was watching me.  
 Spies were not needed –in fact they were never needed. They were extras, decorative props in  
 the drama we were writing but which we knew the script of from the beginning. We knew the  
 first and second act –the ending however held two possibilities though we each believed the  
 ending that suited us best.  
 My mother secretly wrote me from the women's quarters where she was housed:  
 'I am with you in this'  
 Tamar wrote me:  
 'I have never left your side'  
 When David casually asked one day:

‘Have you heard from your mother?’

I answered:

‘Yes, she sends her best wishes’

He knew and I knew

This was the way we both wanted it

Plots in the darkness

Meeting with generals

David doing what I did knowing that I did it

Factions forming

The fault-line of the kingdom dividing itself into opposing camps

A secret so large that every one knew it

A secret so large that no one spoke about it

One day he called me to him.

He was in his apartments. For once there was no imperial guard surrounding him.

I could have done it there and then

He knew I could have done it there and then

But I didn’t

I wanted more than the death of my father – I wanted the doom of his kingdom

“You are going to go through with this?”

My answer to him was a single word:”

Yes”

“That is all I wanted to know”

Then it was all down to timing. That’s all. Everything was ready. When the spring season came, when my army was ready to march I would be ready to act.

I waited with patience for winter to pass

It passed

Then I went to see him

“I’m going to go north for a while”

he did not turn to look at me. He did not answer me. I left him there facing an open window.

But I had made a mistake –a mistake which I quickly realised.

I loved war. I revelled in it. Strategy is my first delight. The planning, the plotting, the deceptions, the slaughter, the victory –there is nothing like it.

But if I loved war then so did David.

If I was good at planning so was he.

That was my mistake.

He loved what I loved. He was as good at it as I was –if not better and had more experience.

I thought he would be reluctant to lay waste to the land in pursuit of me but I was wrong.

David was a general at heart along with being a king. In fact he was king because he was a general.

A good one. Adept at countering my every move. Anticipating where I would strike. Having his army ready to stop me. Harrying me at every ambush & skirmish. A born fighter. Ruthless as god intended him to be. He would say that the hand of living flame was guiding his decisions. I had no such guidance.

I had my skills, I had my calculations, but David had more men –and that made all the difference.



My generals looked questioningly at me. This is not what they expected. This is not what they had been led to believe. This was not the quick victory they had promised themselves. This was not the firm grasp of power which was the treasure we sought.

They looked at me & I could not answer their questions

The first desertions began

More followed

Grumbling in the ranks that the generals did nothing to quell

History, or God, had turned against me

I was fighting a losing battle

Some deserted, some stayed with me.

Those who felt they had no hope of pardon from the king fought now for their own lives –not mine.

Survival was uppermost in all our minds

Those who thought they would be forgiven slunk off in the night & went to his camp.

He forgave every one of them

He rewarded them for returning to the true fold

My remaining men heard of this & began to wonder if that same mercy would be extended to them

The night stream of those who walked to David's camp could no longer be contained.

He was bleeding me slowly

I was a dying man waiting for death

The blood was going out of me as surely as the blood had gone out of my brother

David had not forgotten

David had not forgiven

And so he came –not for justice, which did not interest him, but for revenge.

Nothing less would satisfy him

He sent a messenger

Again a single sheet of parchment with no signature, containing the words:

'How do you like your death?'

He taunted, he harried, there was no let-up

I moved backwards into the forests & hills

This was never my intention but this was David's intention which I had to bend to

Backwards

Backwards

Always going backwards

Losing men

In battle

In dissertations

A would-be king become a fugitive –this was his greatest triumph –the mockery of myself which he presented to me –to me & those who remained, taunting us, prodding us, forcing us to turn right, then to turn left, boxing us into a corner

Which was when the general came

'It's every man for himself' he said

He said nothing which I did not already know

I had no army

I had only a few stragglers who sought to escape the death which waited for them

It was every man for himself

They went their way, I went mine

If only I could get to my Grandfather's house, then there...perhaps...

There was no perhaps  
 I sought a rock to crawl under –but even these were David’s allies & so all that I found were  
 snakes waiting to infect me with their poison

The end?  
 The end was simple  
 A forest  
 Trying to escape one of his scouting parties  
 Urging my horse faster & faster through the tangles of bushes & branches  
 Getting tangled in those branches  
 Hanging there  
 Unable to escape  
 A pig hung out to dry  
 Nothing left me  
 Nothing  
 Listening as voice grew louder, then louder  
 Seeing a soldier approach  
 Watching him draw his sword

*(the stage is in total darkness)*

Now I am dead.  
 A ghost of the dark places  
 A ghost mocked by other ghosts  
 David lives  
 I do not, the bright world is denied me  
 I have no open window to stand before  
 There is no garden  
 There is no waiting comfort of a bed  
 There never was, there never will be  
 The desolation after death is worse then death itself  
 Ghosts & shades – I am tempted to join their mockery  
 We can give no comfort to each other  
 Each accuses the other – & I am accused  
 I would accuse -but what is the worth of an accusation?  
 The dead accuse the living but the living laugh in reply  
 The mockery of hell cannot outwit the laughter of the world  
 This world, that world  
 I am in this death what I was in that life yet I do not know what I have become  
 Darkness  
 Darkness  
 Ice & ice-winds  
 There is no end to emptiness  
 David lives, I do not  
 I would pay any price to move in the bright world again