

**Anna Perenna**  
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Ovid, *Fasti*, March 15. (Book 3, lines 523 ff.)

Anna Perenna was an old goddess of Italy with uncertain origins. Ovid, in his *Fasti*--which was itself a poem which takes the reader through all the holidays of the Roman year--Ovid makes Anna Perenna the sister of Queen Dido, the ill-fated lover of Aeneas from Vergil's *Aeneid*.

Aeneas preposterously happens upon a shipwrecked Anna and takes her in, but Aeneas's wife quickly becomes jealous and Anna realizes she has to escape. During her escape, she undergoes one of Ovid's famous metamorphoses, and becomes a spring.

Anna Perenna seems to have been, for the most part, a goddess of the recycling year, and the idea of repetition is clear even in her name: Anna (from Latin, *annum*, "year") Per-Anna.

---

Anna stood on the sand  
Watching over the waves  
Wishing the water would wash her away

Anna lay down her head  
With her feet in the foam  
Dreaming of finding a place to call home

Wouldn't it be fantastic  
To merge with the thalassic?

Anna Perenna, No!  
For now go with the flow  
Don't let all your baggage drag you under  
Anna Perenna, stay!  
Maybe you'll get your way  
If you leave, you'll just be left to wonder

With the sun in her eyes  
And a voice in her ear  
Anna jumped up when an old friend appeared

Almost hard to believe  
They should happen to meet  
And he'll help her out till she's back on her feet

His only compensation:  
A little...adoration

Anna Perenna, no!  
Just cause you're feeling low

Doesn't mean that you don't take up room  
Anna Perenna, think!  
Though he seems tickled pink  
You're still a stranger in that bedroom

Don't be naïve; you know that history repeats...

Anna Perenna, go!  
Better that you don't know  
All the trouble that you're getting into  
Anna Perenna, run!  
Though it may seem like fun  
No need to relive what you've been through

Anna, you gotta beware!  
You know life isn't fair  
But it has a way of coming back 'round  
Anna Perenna, stop!  
You can come out on top  
If you disappear into the background

Anna, just one more remark:  
That familiar spark  
Won't bring back what he once took from you

Anna stood on the sand  
Watching over the waves  
Wishing the water would wash her away

## Arma Virumque (The Girl With the Tyrian Eyes)

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Vergil, *Aeneid* Book IV.

Aeneas, the Trojan exile who would go on to pave the way for the founding of Rome in Italy, made a stop at the powerful trading post of Carthage in North Africa. There he met Queen Dido. The two slept together in a cave during a harrowing storm -- an act which Dido took to mean marriage, but which Aeneas took to mean nothing. Aeneas was then called to leave immediately by the god Hermes/Mercury, and he obeyed. Dido, seeing the Trojan's ship sailing into the distance, killed herself, and the smoke and flames from her funeral pyre were visible to the departing sailors.

---

Battered and broken, the boxer barged in  
To a dark, dusty bar where he'd never been  
On the walls, painted pictures of pugilists past  
Who fought and who fell and found fame couldn't last

In his knees, tendons creaked  
In his head, a thought swam  
“What fate am I struck by?”  
And he gathered himself as he sat down to drink  
By the Girl With the Tyrian Eyes

He downed enough rounds to work up a fog  
And coughed on his left as he turned right to talk  
His temples still throbbed and his senses still screamed  
“After one night with her, let my sins be redeemed.”

He reminded her of...  
She reminded him of...  
And both of them heaved out a sigh  
So he took her frail arm, noncommittally charmed  
By the Girl With the Tyrian Eyes

He woke some weeks later to warbling phone  
“Go 'head, get to gabbing, 'cause I'm not at home”  
He groaned and rolled over, 'cause he'd missed the mark  
And she had hear wedding bells toll in the dark

“Look I need us to talk\*  
“And I don't want to wait\*\*  
“Let's mingle what's yours and what's mine  
“I'll be by tomorrow in the morning at eight  
“Bye!” – the Girl With the Tyrian Eyes

Beneath the horned Moon he packed up his bags  
(She dreamt she was drowning and dreamt of the doom)

And cradled his Cuervo as he called a cab  
    (No longer looming with him in the room)  
All the while a mercurial voice in his ear  
    (She promised her people that he'd do no harm)  
“The hers and the mes just don't get along here”  
    (And thought of the first time he'd taken her arm)

He flew from her fury  
She cried as he sighed  
And, deep down, neither surprised  
He sailed to the resurgent Sun as she burned  
    By the light of her Tyrian eyes.

## Binding Song

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Aeschylus, Eumenides (especially lines 299 ff.)

In the Eumenides, the third play in Aeschylus's Oresteia, the eponymous Eumenides ("Kindly Ones" -- a euphemism for the Furies) have been summoned by Orestes's unnatural murder of his mother Clytemnestra. It is their job to pursue him relentlessly until his blood crime is punished. To this end, they sing, at 299 ff., a ghoulish "Binding Song" to attach themselves to Orestes no matter where he goes. Only revenge matters, and the rule of civil law must be invented at the end of the play to overturn the old system of blood guilt.

---

Here we go!

Listen right up, and I'll tell you how it's gonna go  
I'm a pretty little filly, but this ain't my first rodeo  
And I ain't one to take it on the chin  
When I know just where your dirty mitts have been  
Sure, I'll leave, but I won't let it slide  
Till you've paid heart for heart and eye for eye

You can wade into the water  
You can fly into the blue  
You can climb into the mountains  
But I ain't leaving you  
I'll be booby traps and barb wire every path you move along

You can dash full-off to Nashville  
You can change your name, too  
You can move to Chattanooga  
But I'll be dogging you

Revenge ain't so concerned with right and wrong  
And this is my Binding Song  
My Binding Song

Mama always said that the world is a nasty place  
And a girl should be pig iron dressed in lace  
And mama always said that sometimes foul is fair  
And a gal don't need no drum to make a snare

But some ain't got the gumption that I do  
So they need someone to take on creeps like you

You can wade into the waters  
You can fly into the blue  
You can climb into the mountains  
But I ain't leaving you

I'll be booby traps and barb wire every path you move along

You can dash full-off to Nashville  
You can change your name, too  
You can move to Chattanooga  
But I'll be dogging you

Revenge ain't so concerned with right and wrong  
This is my Binding Song

HELL HATH NO FURY LIKE A WOMAN SCORNED...

You can wade into the waters  
You can fly into the blue  
You can climb into the mountains  
But I ain't leaving you  
I'll be booby traps and barb wire every path you move along

You can dash full-off to Nashville  
You can change your name, too  
You can move to Chattanooga  
But I'll be dogging you

Revenge ain't so concerned with right and wrong  
This is my Binding Song  
My Binding Song

Sure, there's probably higher roads to take  
You you gone done already sealed your fate  
So if I see you near my kind or kin  
I'll be there to kick your ass again

You can wade into the waters  
You can fly into the blue  
You can climb into the mountains  
But I ain't leaving you  
I'll be booby traps and barb wire every path you move along

You can dash full-off to Nashville  
You can change your name, too  
You can move to Chattanooga  
But I'll be dogging you

Revenge ain't so concerned with right and wrong  
This is my Binding Song

## Bring the Thunder

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Hesiod, *Theogony* 617 ff.

The Universe began in empty disorder. Then came Love. Then, later, the Titans, two of whom gave birth to the Olympians.

After the young Zeus saved his brothers and sisters from the stomach of their father, the Titan Cronos, the Titans and the newly-freed Olympians waged war, a war which the Titans were fated to lose, despite their secret weapon Typhoeus/Typhon, an enormous monster of chaos who barked and bellowed and baaed a cacophony. This war represented the transition from the chaotic, elemental world represented by the Titans to the ordered, lawful world ruled by Zeus.

---

I, the Lord of Sky and Storm  
Summon forth electric swarm  
I see surrender on your lips  
Death crackles from my fingertips  
Start to say your prayers to one another

We will, we will Bring the Thunder

I the Lord of Roiling Seas  
Command you all down to your knees  
Leave your shields and quit your course  
Trampled by aquatic force  
Shake off these delusions you fight under

We will, we will Bring the Thunder

I, the Lord of Loss and Loam  
Covet close your chthonic throne  
Richest of the rich dies poor  
I, Unseen, rap at your door  
While you're busy 'bove, I'm creeping under

We will, we will Bring the Thunder

## Cassie

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Cassandra, daughter of the Trojan king Priam and sister of Hector and Paris, was so loved by Apollo that he granted her the gift of prophecy. She did not, however, return his affection, so the god laid a curse upon her that, though her prophecies would always prove correct, not a single soul would believe her.

---

Cassie says that something's a-comin'  
Cassie says somethin' ain't right  
Cassie says I'd better get to runnin'  
Cassie says it happens tonight

Cassie says that nobody's listenin'  
Cassie says I play too cool  
Cassie says to cut out the kissin'  
Cassie says I'm playin' the fool

If I had an Injun nickel every time the girl's cried worth  
I'd be Cadillacs and velvet lapels  
But five cents U.S. Is way more than it's worth  
Just you wait: it'll all turn out swell

Hey, you hear about Cassie?  
Yeah, I know. A real shame.  
Oh, well. Maybe next time....

Cassie said that something was comin'  
Cassie said the neighbors smelled smoke  
Cassie whimpered and turned on the plumbing  
Cassie is still one big joke

**Ceilidh at Naxos**  
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Every seven years, Ariadne (the Celtic variation being Arianne) had watched the ship arrive which held the fourteen youths which her father, King Minos of Crete, was to sacrifice to the half-man, half-bull Minotaur. On one of these occasions, she met a young man named Theseus and offered to help him find his way out of the Labyrinth (great maze) where the Minotaur was kept by giving him a ball of yarn to unravel and thus leave a trail. Theseus slew the Minotaur, followed the yarn back outside, and pledged to take Ariadne with him as his wife. Theseus was awoken by the gods while he, his crew, and his passengers were sleeping on the beach of Naxos, and he was told that he must leave immediately, stranding Ariadne on the sand. Although entirely heartbroken, Ariadne's distress was short-lived, as she was found on the beach by Dionysus -- god of wine, revelry, and the wilds -- who immediately crowned her as his own wife.

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**I. The Virgins' Reel**

**II. Saints, What a Fine Man He Be**

**III. The Ravelled Hank of Yarn (Traditional)**

**IV. Tá an Long Imithe**

Tá an Long Imithe  
long an fhir gur shábháileas é  
long an fhir dá raibh grá agam  
Tá an Long Imithe

The ship is gone  
The ship of the man I saved  
The ship of the man I loved  
The ship is gone

i gcéin ó mo dhúchas  
cé hiad a thuigfidh mo theanga anso?  
is iasachta na réaltaí anso  
níl aithne ar an dtalamh so ag mo chois

Far from my homeland  
Who here will understand my tongue?  
The stars are strange  
To this soil, my feet are strangers

Tá an Long Imithe  
long an fhir gur shábháileas é  
long an fhir dá raibh grá agam  
Tá an Long Imithe

The ship is gone  
The ship of the man I saved  
The ship of the man I loved  
The ship is gone

gráin na ndéithe ort  
go dtite píosaí ó do chroí  
agus go bhfása cinn nua ina n-áit  
go dtí nach leat féin é a thuilleadh

May the gods hate you  
Abandon your heart piece by piece  
And replace each with one new  
Until your heart is no longer yours

**V. Arianne**

Oh, I met a lass on Thursday last  
She had a heart of gold  
But it rent in twain as she plied the main  
And left her feeling cold

I stooped and said, "You, pretty maid,  
Shan't lie here in the sand  
An ale or two, I think, will do  
So come be joining my band

Arianne, O Arianne  
A present from a farther land  
Arianne, you think you've lost your way  
If it comes down to him and me  
Well, one and one and one make three  
So, Arianne, let's marry and we'll dance the days away!

The piper piped, the bodhran boomed  
The whisky dripped like dew  
The fiddle and harp were a wee bit sharp  
But no one really knew

And Arianne the alien  
She danced like sun on sea  
She spun a rhyme like thread untwined  
And dandled on my knee

Arianne, O Arianne  
A present from a farther land  
Arianne, you think you've lost your way  
If it comes down to him and me  
Well, one and one and one make three  
So, Arianne, let's marry and we'll dance the days away!

And as first light drove off the night  
A tear streamed down her face  
She told me how her life, till now,  
Had been a muddled maze

I'm saying, "I'm sure that you've hurt more  
"Than a maiden ever should  
"Come be my gall at each bacchanal  
"And stay with me for good!"

Arianne, O Arianne  
A present from a farther land  
Arianne, you think you've lost your way  
If it comes down to him and me  
Well, one and one and one make three  
So, Arianne, let's marry and we'll dance the days away!  
Dance the days away!  
Dance the days away!  
Oh, my Arianne!

## Daphne

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Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 1.452-567.

Once upon a time, Apollo angered Eros/Cupid. In retaliation, the god of love struck Apollo with a sharp golden arrow which would make him fall in love with the first person he saw, and struck Daphne -- a nymph and daughter of the river Peneus -- with a dull leaden arrow, which afflicted her with a total aversion to love. Apollo pursued; Daphne ran. Finally, the exhausted maiden begged her river god father to save her, and he obliged, turning her into a silent, still laurel tree.

---

Oh, Daphne

It was years ago today  
When I told you that I loved you  
And you up and ran away

Oh, Daphne

I've been waiting here so long  
Hoping you would bend your branches to  
My Delphic courtship song

And I still don't know why you ran without a reason  
Like loving me was some sort of sordid treason  
I'm resting on your laurels wondering just what I should do  
Oh, Daphne  
I love you

Oh, Daphne

Yeah, I know we had a fight  
But I'm sitting here convinced  
That you've got bark worse than your bite

Oh, Daphne

I can hear you on the breeze  
While I hope that Fortune smiles twice  
Because good things come in trees

And I don't see why you think I'm such a brute  
Or why you cling so strongly to your roots  
That wooden stare that you've got there is really nothing new  
Oh, Daphne  
I love you

We could have a fine affair  
Out here in the open air  
Sit right down and have a bite  
And not invite any termites

As the summer turns to fall  
I'll still love you as you go bald

And I still don't think that you know what you need  
If you were thinking clear then you'd pick me  
That wooden stare that you've got there is really nothing new  
Oh, Daphne  
I love you

Oh, Daphne  
Well, it's now late in the day  
And my solar responsibilities must spirit me away  
Oh, Daphne  
I'll be back here right at dawn  
And the love that is just blossoming will go on and on and on and on...

And I don't see why you ran without a reason  
Or why you asked to stand here in the seasons  
If any punk ogles your trunk, he'll have me to answer to  
Oh, Daphne  
I love you  
Yeah, I really, really do  
    Cupid's arrow hit me right away  
    Isn't that enough to make you stay?  
    What is going on inside your head?  
    My heart's solid gold and yours is lead  
    I still don't know why you ran without a reason  
    Like loving me was some sort of sordid treason....

## Everyone We Hate is Dead

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Horace (Quintus Horatius Flaccus) wrote beautiful political and scenic poetry, but, when he turned to writing about drinking and grudges, his persona could turn a little...petulant.

---

Calling up my friends, it's about 10:30  
And it's time to show the world just who we are  
Yeah, it's time to get drunk and it's time to get dirty  
Because we'll never stay as young as we've been so far

So let's get out and dance and roll the dice  
Leave the nice girls at home to get on being nice  
Because tonight is time to make trouble instead  
So let's party all night  
Like Everyone We Hate is Dead

Roll up to the club and we've got heads spinning  
Find a hottie with a body and a Rolex on  
Tell the DJ, "Turn it up until it's deafening!"  
'Cause tonight, every song is our favorite song

You say you're rich? That's nice—talking 'bout you boat  
And your butler and your castle with the shark-filled moat  
Just shut up and bring me my next drink instead  
Because we're partying all night  
Like Everyone We Hate is Dead

Pour one for the New Moon  
Pour one for the Stars  
She knows to keep changing  
They know who they are

Pour one 'cause we're young now  
And one 'cause time cuts  
Let's bring back the music  
'Cause it's good to go nuts!

You say that times are tough, but you've still got hope  
'Cause you got a five-year promise from your horoscope  
Bottom's up! Let's live in the now instead  
Yeah, let's party all night  
Like Everyone We Hate is Dead

Everyone We Hate is Dead

## Goin' Home

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Homer's *Odyssey* tells of Odysseus, who, after already having fought for ten years at Troy, was forced by the gods to undertake a perilous sea journey for another ten. Along the way he encounters witches, Cyclopes, monsters, and all other kinds of obstacles, while just trying to get back to Ithaca -- his island kingdom -- and his wife and son.

---

I've been away  
Double decades if a day  
I've seen things a lucky man will never see  
The ends of the earth  
Ain't that great, for what it's worth  
'Cause there's someplace I would much, much rather be

Though I miss ol' Rocky Bay  
I weren't nuts enough to stay  
And that's follered me since I took off to roam  
I've had enough of this guts 'n' glory stuff  
And the way back sure is rough, but I'm Goin' Home

I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
'Cause I'm so hellfired alone  
I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
Best stay out o' my way; I'm Goin' Home

I went with the flow  
With some folks near Tupelo  
Didn't do a bit o' work for weeks  
I went on the lam  
With a a monocular man  
He said, "No One gets what No One ever seeks"

I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
'Cause I've reaped what I have sown  
I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
Best stay out o' my way; I'm Goin' Home

Right near LaSalle  
Spied a guy could tell a tale  
That windbag nearly blew me off o' course  
And sure 'nough there were gals  
But I had pigs for pals

And them sirens made things go from bad to worse

I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
To the heart and hearth I know  
I'm Goin' Home  
I'm Goin' Home  
Best stay out o' my way; I'm Goin' Home

Now I'm back in my place  
Wearing someone else's face  
And I pray that you been faithful, though I ain't  
Though I'm sly as a fox  
I'm 'twixt a hard place and a rock  
'Cause I can't deny you got a good complaint

I've come back home  
I've come back home  
Got a bed to call my own  
I've come back home  
I've come back home  
Can't believe the web you weave; I've come back home

## Gotta be a God (After Sappho)

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SAPPHO 31

He appears to me, that one, equal to the gods,  
the man who, facing you,  
is seated and, up close, that sweet voice of yours  
he listens to

And how you laugh your charming laugh. Why it  
makes my heart flutter within my breast,  
because the moment I look at you, right then, for me,  
to make any sound at all won't work any more.

My tongue has a breakdown and a delicate  
— all of a sudden — fire rushes under my skin.  
With my eyes I see not a thing, and there is a roar  
that my ears make.

Sweat pours down me and a trembling  
seizes all of me; paler than grass  
am I, and a little short of death  
do I appear to me.

---

Sitting at the game last Friday night  
Love flew out of the clear blue sky  
Swooped past me to a ketchup-stained seat and smiled my way

He comes up with a playful poke  
He's got Love's popcorn and her Cherry Coke  
And he cracks some joke about a black-and-white movie that they watched last week

Some girls think their romantic course  
Leads them straight to a prince of a bright, white horse  
Those girls think that I come off jaded  
But when I'm next to you, I'm incapacitated

He's Gotta be a God  
To sit so close to you  
Listening to you, laughing with you  
Things that I could never do

'Cause when you come around  
I turn a greenish hue  
Halfway sick and halfway jealous  
Something 'bout that handsome fella's odd  
He's Gotta be a God

Try to think of times when I felt the same  
When love stole under like a subtle flame  
And I held myself back like a firework waiting till the fuse burns down

But this time's more like a beach and wave  
Judging from how I can't help but behave  
You're the moon; I'm the tide  
I swell and subside when you look my way

Next time that'll be my chance  
Give me one more game or one more dance  
I can see it all now: such a dream come true  
As soon as I can say a single word to you

He's Gotta be a God  
To sit so close to you  
Listening to you, laughing with you  
Things that I could never do

'Cause when you come around  
I turn a greenish hue  
Halfway sick and halfway jealous  
Something 'bout that handsome fella's odd  
He's Gotta be a God

Ears are ringing  
Knees are quaking  
Heart is singing  
Tongue is breaking

He's Gotta be a God  
To sit so close to you  
Listening to you, laughing with you  
Things that I could never do

'Cause when you come around  
I turn a greenish hue  
Halfway sick and halfway jealous  
Something 'bout that handsome fella's odd...

One more win for the hometown team  
And I'm left wondering just what it means  
When you take his arm and head into the future  
Looking back my way

## The Howl-abunga

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**LYCAON:** King of Arcadia, Lycaon test Zeus's omniscience by cooking and serving his own children to the god. Enraged, Zeus transformed Lycaon in a ravenous wolf, the first lycan-thrope. (Here, the story has been bowdlerized to emphasize the guest-right themes)

**MEDUSA:** In early versions of her myth, Medusa was born hideous along with her two sisters, but in Ovid's later version, she was originally a beautiful girl who fell asleep in Athena's temple in hopes of receiving dream prophecy (incubation). Poseidon came to Medusa instead and raped her, and the profanation of Athena's temple turned her into a snake-haired monster.

**MINOTAUR:** The Minotaur (true name Asterion), was born as punishment to his parents and was thus banished to the center of the Labyrinth on Crete. The hero Perseus was meant to be one of fourteen youths sacrificed to him, but slew him instead, finding his way out using Princess Ariadne's idea of unraveling thread to make a trail.

---

Every year when the fall comes 'round  
All the spooks come back to town  
They gather in some deserted spot  
And tell the scariest tales they've got

LYCAON: I was sitting in my castle; wasn't hurting a fly  
When an old man started to knock outside  
I said, "Stay where you are; this visit's awfully strange  
"Because the rain won't seem to touch you and I don't know your name."  
Well, as soon as I could say this, his demeanor gave me pause  
My teeth turned into fangs and my toenails into claws  
And I said, "Zeusy, baby, I hate to be that guy,  
"But I didn't cry 'Wolf!' so get your metaphors right!"

They did the Howl-abunga...

MEDUSA: Strolling through the market when I started to yawn  
I could feel a little afternoon nap coming on  
So I found a shady spot (a little harder than I'd choose)  
And I drifted right off to a theophanic snooze  
In the middle of my dream, a big man shook me awake  
He said, "Let me catch you dinner or I'll give you to the waves"  
I said, "I'm a proper lady!" and refused him then and there  
So now I spend my weekends feeding mouses to my hair

They did the Howl-abunga...

MINOTAUR: Well, your stories sure are something; I could listen for days  
But I'm afraid that you don't know the meaning of "amaze":  
I had guests coming for dinner and I hoped to relax  
But my plans all went to Hades when my main course had an axe

And I promised and I pleaded and I tried to be brave  
I explained that this was no way for a young man to behave  
Just imagine the embarrassment of all my party peers  
He took my knitting yarn, my girlfriend, and six expensive beers

They did the Howl-abunga...

**In the Dark**  
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*Homeric Hymn to Demeter*

Persephone/Proserpina/Kore was the daughter of Demeter/Ceres, goddess of fertility and the harvest. Persephone was abducted by Hades/Pluto, god of the underworld, and taken beneath the earth to be his queen. Demeter looked for her daughter in vain, finally settling into a deep depression during which she allowed nothing to grow upon the earth's surface. Eventually, Hades's plan -- along with Persephone's location -- was discovered and Demeter struck a deal to retrieve her daughter. Persephone could come live above ground for half the year, but, since she had accepted Hades's offer of food while in the Underworld, she must spend the other half below. And during this period, the earth would lie barren.

---

Kore met the morning grinning  
Just like any other day  
Smelled the air so dewy shimm'ring  
Woke and wiped her cares away

Took her time to smell the roses  
Then forgave them for their thorns  
What's this new one, black and frozen?  
Kore, don't say you weren't warned  
Never say that you weren't warned  
You can't say that you weren't warned....

*Baby, I got your number  
Baby, don't need your name  
Baby, you got the hunger  
Come with me, feeling free, don't get any of the blame  
Why sit here in the sun, when life is way more fun In the Dark?*

*There are riches in the ditches  
There are diamonds in the dirt  
There is treasure beyond measure underneath that naughty skirt  
Just forget about decorum  
And cut off the crust you've bred  
Down here, child, we're so wild all our dogs have got three heads  
Why sit here in the sun when life is way more fun In the Dark?*

*You can rest up with the blest  
Where every day is just the same  
Or have dinner with the sinners  
Kissed by ice and licked by flame  
But you gotta give an answer  
'Cause our clock is running down  
It's OK, baby, stay: there's not not a soul around  
Why sit here in the sun when life is way more fun In the Dark?*

Don't say you weren't warned.

## Invocation: Spirit, Sing a Song

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It is traditional for the poet to invoke the Muses and ask for their help in his undertaking.

**Odyssey:** "Tell me, Muse, of that tricky Dick of a man who wandered here and there after the sacking of Troy."

**Aeneid:** "Muse, remind me: what was the queen of the gods hurting about, or what fellow divinity did what to her..."

It's almost like the Muses took possession of the poets and made them speak unthought words. Foreign tongues, almost....

---

*Cante, O Musa, vetustas fabellas renovatas*

*Cantus vel melius minime veteres mihi manda*

*<Sing, O Muse, of old tales made new again*

*Or – even better – of tales that were never really so out-of-date, after all>*

As I limp my way through living  
So many wonders do I meet  
And I'm grateful for what I've been given  
Through the toil, the hardship, and heat

And I wish I could take this feeling  
Let all see what I see  
You sent the sun to the meadows  
And the breeze to the trees  
So, Spirit, Sing a Song in Me

Oh, so come out from wherever you're hiding  
From the soil and sky and sea  
Let me embrace all this grace I'm inviting  
O Spirit, Sing a Song in Me

Sing a Song  
(Oh, Sing a Song)  
Oh, Sing a Song  
(Sing a Song in Me, oh!)  
Spirit, Sing a Song in Me  
Got so much I want to say, but this flesh gets in the way  
So, Spirit, Sing a Song in Me

Oh, this tongue ain't as young as it once was  
But these eyes still plainly see  
Come inspire this mere man  
And we'll make them understand  
Oh, Spirit, Sing a Song in Me

Sing a song about love

Sing a song about joy  
Sing how charity will carry me and evil deeds destroy  
People don't know what they're missin'  
Help me sing and they will listen  
Hit me with some inspiration  
Guide me down this road I'm takin'  
Come on, Spirit, come and get me  
'Cause your absence sure upsets me  
Spirit, Sing a Song in Me!

Oh, Sing a Song!  
(Sing a Song)  
Sing a Song  
(Sing a Song in Me, oh!)  
Spirit, Sing a Song in Me  
There are things need to be heard  
But I cannot find the words  
Spirit, Sing a Song in Me

I got nothing left to lose  
Be you god or ghost or Muse  
Spirit, Sing a Song in Me  
(Sing a Song in Me!)

**I Owe You**  
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Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 1.568-746

In order to hide his marital indiscretion from his wife, Hera, Zeus turned his lover Io into a cow. Hera wasn't fooled, however, and she sent Argus, a being with one hundred eyes, to guard her. After the god Hermes killed Argus -- whose eyes posthumously grace the tailfeathers of peacocks -- Io, still a cow, was set to wandering the Mediterranean and North Africa.

---

Secret glances  
Frozen time  
Brazen daylight  
You'll be mine

And you never have to fear the dark around you  
While the lightning flashes bright above your head  
Face the sky and by and by we'll soon be making one of two  
Io, I Owe You

Silhouetted  
'Gainst the waves  
Now or never  
Time to play

And you never have to fear the dark around you  
While the lightning flashes bright above your head  
But I didn't know about the hundred eyes you answered to  
Io, I Owe You

Strained relations  
Broken vows  
Token sorries  
What happens now?

And you never have to fear the dark around you  
While the lightning flashes bright above your head  
I'll return with lesson learned and fix all that I've put you through  
Io, I Owe You

Never have to fear the dark around you  
While the lightning flashes bright above your head  
I don't know how things will go, but surely this is nothing new  
Io, Oh...

Times are changing

So are we  
And I've got places  
I need to be

**Kiss and Tell**  
©2013 Beau Henson

*Homeric Hymn to Aphrodite*

Through some divine machinations, Aphrodite was made to fall for Anchises, a prince from near Troy, and -- more importantly -- a mortal. She pretended to be a princess and seduced him, keeping him busy for two full weeks.

It was only later, when Aphrodite returned and presented Anchises with their new son, Aeneas (who would go on to star in the *Aeneid*), that Anchises realized his lover was a goddess. She warned him that, if he told anybody of their affair, he would be blasted by Zeus's thunderbolt. Of course, he couldn't keep his conquest to himself, and was crippled for the rest of his life, which is why his son had to carry him on his back from the burning Troy years later.

---

I don't know who you are  
I don't know where you're from  
All I know: you got the best of me

And when you came around  
Bright as the Evening Star  
I heard birds sing diegetically

And I don't mind you stealing my whole hear away  
It's no fun to kiss when lips are sealed  
No, no, no...

I don't deserve this; I cannot reverse this, Oh...  
That's why they say to never  
Kiss and Tell  
You're like my life to me; you took a knife to me  
That's why they say to never  
Kiss and Tell  
Oh, Oh, Oh...  
Kiss and Tell

I don't know where you are  
I don't know who you're from  
All I know: you got a hold on me

And when you disappeared  
I knew you'd leave a scar  
I just thought it wouldn't destroy me

You say I have won a prize of some great worth  
Which goes up in smoke if I let on  
No, no, no

I don't deserve this; I cannot reverse this, Oh...

That's why they say to never

Kiss and Tell

You're like my life to me; you took a knife to me

That's why they say to never

Kiss and Tell

Oh, Oh, Oh...

Kiss and Tell

You walked in then you walked out

I guess that's what it's all about

When the whole world's on your plate

I laid me down; you raised me way up off the ground

I spread it 'round

And now I guess it's only fate

I don't deserve this; I cannot reverse this, Oh...

That's why they say to never

Kiss and Tell

You're like my life to me; you took a knife to me

That's why they say to never

Kiss and Tell

Oh, Oh, Oh...

Kiss and Tell

(Ears are ringing)

(Knees are quaking)

(Heart is singing)

(Tongue is breaking)

**Last a Lifetime**  
©2012 Beau Henson

"What songs the Syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, although puzzling questions are not beyond all conjecture."

– Sir Thomas Browne, "Urn-Burial," quoted as epigraph in Poe's "The Murders in the Rue Morgue"

The Sirens were creatures, half-woman, half-bird, whose songs were so enchanting that no man could resist them. Investigating the source of the beautiful melodies however, led only to death. The famed Odysseus made sure he was able to resist them by ordering his men to tie him to the mast of his ship and stuff their own ears with wax.

---

You and me  
We play this game  
In dirt and dreams and in-between  
But nothing's ever changed, whoa-oa

Same old me  
And same old you  
Still one and one when all the fun  
Comes making one from two

You've got your work; you ain't got time  
But I got plenty – here's the skinny:  
Want you to be mine!

You sail right by and I don't know to laugh or cry  
But if you've got a minute then our love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa  
I need you near and you're pretending not to hear  
But if you've got a minute, then our love can Last a Lifetime  
Love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa

Tick-tock  
Don't mean a thing  
'Cause time stands still right up until  
The sunrise stops my dreams, whoa-oa  
In the dark  
Behind these eyes  
The things we've done are just for fun  
And saying no don't fly, who-oa

You've got that ring; you ain't got time  
Well, I got plenty – here's the skinny:  
Want you to be mine!

You sail right by and I don't know to laugh or cry

But if you've got a minute then our love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa  
I need you near and you're pretending not to hear  
But if you've got a minute, then our love can Last a Lifetime  
Love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa

If you can't, if you couldn't stay  
Then just drop by; be on your way  
If you can't, if you you won't – nevermind, stay!  
Just listen what we have to say

If you can't, if you couldn't stay  
Then just drop by; be on your way  
If you can't, if you you won't – nevermind, stay!  
Just listen what we have to say

You sail right by and I don't know to laugh or cry  
But if you've got a minute then our love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa  
I need you near and you're pretending not to hear  
But if you've got a minute, then our love can Last a Lifetime  
Love can Last a Lifetime, whoa-oa!

**Make You Mine**  
©2012 Beau Henson

Lucan, *Pharsalia* (aka *De Bello Civili*) 3.1-34

Once upon a time, Gnaeus Pompeius Magnus (Pompey the Great) and Gaius Julius Caesar found themselves on opposite sides of a Roman civil war. Pompey had once been married to Caesar's daughter, Julia, but she had died in childbirth. In the midst of the war, it is said that the ghost of Julia visited Pompey in the night asking him to end the war and saying that continuing it would only "Make you mine" -- that is doom him to death as well.

---

I know that it's late and I'm sorry to wake you  
But I thought I might be someone who you wanted to talk to  
And I know that suddenly you see right through me  
And I mean right through

I've been lying sleeping kinda, but the details are hazy  
And I know you think my coming here is more than just amazing  
But I promise you, my love, that you're not crazy  
Unless you think that you are

Don't you ever think that the drink made me forget  
Or that I wouldn't know that you were doing all of this  
I know what you're thinking -- you can come in for a kiss  
Soon enough

'Cause this cause is gonna Make You Mine

I've been down in waters; I've been sad on fire freezing  
I've seen kings here doing things that are nothing more than teasing  
But I gotta tell you: telling makes me just a little queasy  
So shh!

Don't you ever think that the drink made me forget  
Or that I see rhyme or rhythm in your doing all of this  
You can't come with kindness, but you'll get here by the fist  
Soon enough

'Cause this cause is gonna Make You Mine

When you finally get here, we'll be waiting here to see you  
But now's the time to sign off of this turned around nekyia  
Though before I go, I'll leave you with this onomatopoeia:  
Kkkkkghghghgt!

Don't you ever think that the drink made me forget  
Or folks down at Three Sisters would stop pulling thread for this

I don't deal in insults, but you can expect a Dis  
Soon enough

'Cause this cause is gonna Make You Mine

## Mantua

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Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 4.55-166

Shakespeare, *Romeo and Juliet*

The familiar story of Romeo and Juliet is based on a much older tale, that of the lovers Pyramus and Thisbe. Many elements remain the same, save that, instead of poison, the source of the ending's confusion is a lion with a scrap of Thisbe's dress. The two lovers' commingled blood seeped into the mulberry tree at the base of which they died and turned the previously snow-white mulberry fruit dark black.

Mantua is the town to which Romeo was banished.

---

There's a town girt 'round by walls  
It's a town where leaves don't fall  
Where water's cool and beasts are tame  
It's a town that hates my name

Send me back to Mantua  
Send me back to where you think I belong  
Beat me and bruise me; you will not refuse me  
I won't stay here stranded for long  
I'll be back

There's a house with iron gates  
There's the gnarled hand of Fate  
There's a girl who cries all night  
Who teaches torches how to burn so bright

Send me back to Mantua  
Send me back – keep me chained to the ground  
Don't bother replying; just keep me from flying  
I swear you'll find me by your side  
I'll be back

So sure that it's more than puppy love  
Only made greater by your hate or hostility  
I'll have what Queen Mab has be dreaming of  
Though you make in harder by keeping her farther from me!

There a crypt that I know well  
There's a furtive friar fretting in his cell  
There's the Moon to light my way  
And a brand-new life upon the dawn of day

Send me back to Mantua  
Send me back – take me out of the game  
As you sit there snoring, she'll be *More! More! More!*-ing

Just try then to tell us we're wrong  
When I'm back

## The Mighty Argonauts!

©2013 Beau Henson

Apollonius of Rhodes, *Argonautika*

Jason, on his search for the Golden Fleece, crewed his ship with the best of the best -- an all-star team of heroes including Orpheus, Herakles/Hercules, and Zetes and Calais (sons of the North Wind). Also sailing with Jason in the Argo were Castor and Pollux (the Gemini/Dioscouri - sons of Zeus and brothers to Helen of Troy and Clytemnestra), Mopsus the seer, and Telamon, father of Ajax. On their voyage, they faced Harpies, accepted the fickle and dangerous Medea, and fought Talos, the bronze automaton.

---

It's The Mighty Argonauts!

Orpheus, able to tame wild beasts with only his voice!  
Hercules, stronger than 50 men!  
Zetes and Calais, winged sons of the wind!  
Medea, mysterious enchantress from the East!  
And introducing: Talos!

Led by brave Jason on their quest for the Golden Fleece!

It's The Mighty Argonauts!

## Polly, Famous

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Adaptation is not a new phenomenon. The Alexandrian poet Theocritus, for example, took the savage and terrifying Cyclops Polyphemus of Homer and turned him into a lovesick dummy longing for the company of a beautiful (and small) sea-nymph (Theocritus, *Idyll* 11). This adaptation plays on similar themes, exploring the very small space between the comedy and tragedy of an...aspirational...crush. The values of the lo-fi or indie folk genre mirror those of Theocritus: art should appear simple at first, but intricate and labored-over upon closer inspection, with things like wordplay and alliteration hiding in plain sight.

---

Well, I'll lay out here simple: you're the only thing I need  
But you're surrounding the jet-set; I'm surrounded by these trees  
No, I can't get any comfort, and I can't get any sleep  
Though I lie in sage and silence counting goats as well as sheep

Oh, if you would be with me  
Forget your sun and sand and sea  
I could give you all the simple pleasures—carpet wall-to-wall  
If you quit your California, you'll see Conrad isn't so bad, after all

Well, I see you in the sunrise and I see you in the stars  
You put the "gal" in galaxy; I put the "arse" in Mars  
But if it makes any difference; if it matters what I sing  
I will make you more like Saturn; you'll have one enormous ring

Oh, if you would be with me  
Forget your sun and sand and sea  
I could give you all the simple pleasures—carpet wall-to-wall  
If you quit your California, you'll find Conrad isn't so bad, after all

At night, turn off the TV, and I cry because you're gone  
But no one is still no one when he sings his lovesick song  
Consider this my final letter; maybe someday we could meet  
I'll wish for scales and gill and flippers 'stead of hair and lungs and feet

Oh, if you would be with me  
Forget your sun and sand and sea  
I could finally take that magazine I framed down off the wall  
If you quit your California, you'll find Conrad isn't so bad—  
I don't expect you'd know that—  
It really isn't so bad, after all

## Tears from a Stone

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Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 6.146-312.

Niobe insults the goddess Leto/Latona, the mother of Apollo and Artemis, by saying her own seven sons and seven daughters put her far ahead of the goddess in earned honor. Apollo and Artemis defend their mother's worship by killing Niobe's children. Even after the first seven of her children are dead, Niobe boasts of the seven she has left. (This doesn't last long.)

Once all her children are dead, Niobe finally lets go of her hubris, "frozen in grief," as Ovid says. As she grieves, she transforms to stone, and she can still be seen as Mt. Sipylus in Turkey.

---

I have lived  
I have grown  
I have laid siege to these walls I called my own  
And they say  
That it's known  
    You can't wring Tears from a Stone

    Tears from a Stone  
    Tears from a Stone  
    Let waters fall; they'll see them all  
    All the Tears from a Stone

I have lost  
I have tried  
I have screamed injustice up into the sky  
Let them rot  
On their thrones  
    You can't wring Tears from a Stone

    Tears from a Stone  
    Tears from a Stone  
    Let waters fall; they'll see them all  
    All the Tears from a Stone

I am hard  
I am strong  
Invincible, I have done nothing wrong  
I am here  
On my own  
    You can't wring Tears from a Stone

    Tears from a Stone  
    Tears from a Stone  
    Let waters fall; they'll see them all

All the Tears from a Stone

Tears from a Stone...

**Waste Away**  
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Ovid, *Metamorphoses* 3.339-510

Echo was a beautiful nymph who had been charged with distracting Zeus's wife Hera while Zeus was cavorting with the other nymphs in the wild. When she discovered this, an enraged Hera cursed the talkative Echo only to repeat the last words she had heard. Later on, Narcissus, a stunningly handsome youth, happened by Echo's home, but the lovestruck Echo couldn't call out on her own -- only uselessly repeat Narcissus's own words. He rejected the parroting nymph, who hid herself away in a cave and wasted away until all that was left was her voice.

Narcissus didn't come out so well, either: he fell in love with his own reflection in a nearby pond and wasted from hunger himself.

---

Each breath  
Each word  
The most intoxicating thing  
I've ever, ever heard

Just make  
One sound  
I'm borne on air  
You're fastened to the ground

From the moment you walked by  
I've been utterly tongue-tied  
Now I wait with bated breath for you to see

(Till then I'll)  
Waste Away  
Until there's nothing left but you of me  
I'll Waste Away  
Until there's nothing left for you to see  
I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away...

I asked  
You chose  
You know there's more to life than what the mirror shows

If you'd only turn your head  
You'd find me here half-dead  
Inattention kills and silence chills my heart

I'll Waste Away  
Until there's nothing left but you of me  
I'll Waste Away  
Until there's nothing left for you to see  
I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away...

I don't want to play anymore  
Just tell me where to go, I'll follow  
I can't live this way anymore  
Your ego leaves me feeling so hollow

I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away  
I'll Waste Away...

Each breath  
Each word...

**Why I Sing**  
©2012 Beau Henson

Ovid, *Metamorphoses* book 10

Orpheus was the finest musician in the entire world. The people said that he could move mountains and stop the Sun with his voice or his tortoise shell lyre. The beautiful Eurydice was his lover, and their bond was so deep as to conquer death. There came a day when a poisonous viper bit Eurydice on the foot and she died. Orpheus went into deep mourning, until he vowed to reclaim his love. He descended into the Underworld, overcoming three-headed Cerberus, the guardian of the dead, and even King Hades and Queen Persephone themselves with his gorgeous music. Eurydice would be returned to him, but under one condition: no matter what happens or what he may hear, he could not look back at his bride until they had both set foot upon the surface of the earth. With this agreed, the pair made their way back to the grass and wind and sun. Orpheus was just pulling himself to the surface when Eurydice slipped and let out a cry. His care and instinct took over, and, as soon as he had looked back to ensure her safety, their eyes met and she disappeared, lost to him again, and this time forever.

---

It only takes a moment  
To know when someone's yours  
You see her in the sunshine  
And you know what hearts are for  
But like a candle in the window  
In a sudden thunderstorm  
The flam of love can be blown out  
While the wick's still smoldering and warm

So I'll sing  
For the time we had together  
And I'll laugh for the life we'll never have  
'Cause a whole fistful of second chances can't fend off fortune's furtive glances  
Love's a lovely little, brittle thing  
And that's Why I Sing

I could smell her perfume  
I was deep under her spell  
I knew that if I look back now  
It all'll go to Hell  
But like a kid on Christmas morning  
I couldn't wait that long  
I turned around to empty ground  
Before I could sing her song

So I'll sing  
For the time spend by the fire  
And I'll cry  
For the things I never said  
No promise I could ever break could ever equal that mistake

Love's a lovely little, brittle thing  
And that's Why I Sing

Years from now  
When my voice has grown hollow without you  
I'll take a bow  
As these fingers stop strumming for good  
I'll fold my hands. I'll say my prayers  
I only hope I meet you there

But until these dead eyes darken  
I'll sit and spread the word  
They say song soothes the savage breast  
But my heart never heard  
And the siren song of sorrow  
Tries to make my thoughts turn grim  
I swear to God that women –  
They're gonna tear me limb from limb

So I'll sing  
For the way you raised your eyebrow  
And I'll cry  
For the way you used to laugh  
All the chords in every key can't guide your ghost on back to me  
Love's a lovely little, brittle thing...