

Prologue

The stage is littered with abandoned life jackets, clothes are strewn everywhere.

*A light shines down on **Chameh** as the audience enter. She is still. There is a bag at her feet. A mist that covers the ground hides her feet*

***Ulysses** is crouched down studying the ground*

***Chameh** begins to move her hands, then her arms. At first there is a lyrical beauty to the movement but it becomes angular, angry, then desperate.*

She stills

This is repeated until the audience is in

The actors fill the stage, they are holding bags

***Ulysses** stands. He is holding a life jacket*

Ulysses

Amidst
The rubble
Cracked homes
Smashed bones
Hacked limbs
And heavy hearts

How can anything flourish?
How can anything grow?

Amidst
The shattered steel
Spent bodies
And the weeping

How can anything flourish?
How can anything grow?

Amidst
Such barren ground
Battle-trod earth
Such soul shredding days
The sweat and fear
The murderous hands

How can love take root?
How can beauty be espied?
How can the heart find a home?

Ensemble

Amidst

Amidst this land

A mist rises

The earth's breath

A sigh of relief

Relief that the thrust of steel has halted

The whistle of missile ceased

The death rattle silenced

Breath

Heat

Hope

Amidst this

A girl stands

Her heart heavy from the weight of war

She looks

And looks

For

An escape

An exit

For something unwasted

A land

A life

A love

Lands have always been blighted

Wars waged

But the past is coated in glory

Trojans

And Greeks

Are covered in glory

The glory of poetry

Trojans and Greeks had values

Killing was a calling

A defence of something held dear

Honour

Justice

Helen

And Truth

But war is always one truth pitted against another

The slighted and the slighter

Blood is still spilt

Lives lost

And homes ransacked

War

Warmongering

War hungering

War

Is bloody

Brutal

Merciless

And

If you look at the world now

If you read the paper now

If you listen to the radio now

If you look to the skies now

There

There

There

There is war

There is always war

A war

Somewhere

Somehow

Like a wild weed that will not be tamed

War comes

Unending

Unbending

Hard

And harsh

Lives can no longer be lived

Lives are looked for elsewhere

Boats are packed
And seas of trouble journeyed
Waters waged against
A life is looked for
A land without fear
Without terror
Without screaming
A land is looked for
A land that is safe is looked for
A land where hard hands are replaced by warm hearts
Open arms
Rather than taking up arms
Open minds
Rather than closed chambers
We want this to end
We want an end
An end to this endless journey

A siren sounds