

## Heauton Timoroumenos (self Tormentor)

Diamanda Galás

No rage, no rancor: I shall beat you  
as butchers fell an ox,  
as Moses smote the rock in Horeb-  
I shall make you weep,

and by the waters of affliction  
my desert will be slaked.  
My desire, that hope has made monstrous,  
will frolic in your tears

as a ship tosses on the ocean-  
in my besotted heart  
your adorable sobs will echo  
like an ecstatic drum.

For I - am I not a dissonance  
in the divine accord,  
because of the greedy Irony  
which infiltrates my soul?

I hear it in my voice - that shrillness,  
that poison in my blood!  
I am the sinister glass in which  
the Fury sees herself!

I am the knife and the wound it deals,  
I am the slap and the cheek,  
I am the wheel and the broken limbs,  
hangman and victim both!

I am the vampire at my own veins,  
one of the great lost horde  
doomed for the rest of my time, and beyond,  
'to laugh - and smile no more'