

“Prologue and Epilogue from *The Odyssey*” by Derek Walcott

PROLOGUE

Sound of surf

BILLY Blue (*Sings*)

Gone sing ‘bout that man because his stories please us,
Who saw trials and tempests for ten years after Troy.

I’m Billy Blue, my main man’s sea-smart Odysseus,
Who the God of the Sea drove crazy and tried to destroy.

Andra moi ennepe mousa polutropon hos mala polla...
The shuttle of the sea moves back and forth on this line,

All night, like the surf, she shuttles and doesn’t fall
Asleep, then her rosy fingers at dawn unstitch the design.

When you hear this chord
(*Chord*)

Look for a swallow’s wings,
A swallow arrowing seaward like a messenger

Passing smoke-blue islands, happy that the kings
Of Troy are going home and its ten years’ siege is over.

So my blues drifts like smoke from the fire of that war.
Cause once Achilles was ashes, things sure fell apart.

Slow-striding Achilles, who put the hex on Hector
A swallow twitters in Troy. That’s where we start.
(*Exit.*)

EPILOGUE

BILLY BLUE (*Sings*)

I sang of that man against whom the sea still rages,
Who escaped its terrors, that despair could not destroy,

Since that first blind singer, others will sing down the ages
Of the heart in its harbour, then long years after Troy, after Troy.

And a house, happy for good, from a swallow’s omen,
Let the trees clap their hands, and the surf whisper amen.

For that peace which, in their mercy, the gods allow men.
(*Fade. Sound of surf.*)