

ACT 1 SCENE 1

Moleon: Has that vapor of hellish night colored my eyes with the false signs of the world and does a fresh examination of things wrap them up in error? Or this which I drink in far and wide with my eyes, is this the hated and cursed Bactria? Although these lights of my face grow dim and hate the tawny exhalations of the sun, still that sharp eye of revenge sees, even through the dark entrails of the night themselves and looks upon (conspicatur) the mass of land called Bactria. I see the haughty peaks of towers and the joyous times of the city (but joyous not for long). I recognize the lofty roof of the palace, now my enemy's, but once, alas once, my distinction. Now I see too much, it is better to return to Hell, but there is Hell here, and if anything more savage than Hell. But soft, heartless, vane grief, why do you rage and sorrow, why do you rub away the space owed to penalty with grieving? Come, living revenge and equalizing vengeance, more pernicious than the wink of flashing lightning, and more voracious than the deep jaws of fire: continually devour what fodder remains of my wounded heart. My wet liver is wanton, and there is room in it for grief: I believe I shall put on human form again. The mode of human madness lives as yet in my heart, but not yet have I perceived the hatred which is appropriate for ghosts, spirits, and bad souls. They will learn that anger thrives from death, and does not die. But I parry words and the day flees, which Fate established allotted to my avenging Furies. But, why do my promised helpers contrive delays, whom the arbiter of the Styx has destined for me? Even the slightest delay lies heavy on vengeance. But what sort of vision appears to my sight? Or how great a malice and terror lurk in him? But if I stand here with a steadfast mind, it is Death. Once, I felt his angry grip, and never saw him after that. He loves the living, and there he lingers. The dead cannot die.

ACT 1 SCENE 2

Death: Ghost of Moleon, you who have some vengeance to pursue, which our effort may make easier for you, tell me: no one prays to Death in vain. If black bile and the stubborn thirst for anger with which you burn must be watered with blood, you will invoke the gods in vain, and you will break the impetus of your grief with slow delays. In short order (comprensio?) I am able to present what a thousand workarounds could. For wars, diseases, pestilence, and worse hunger are my servants, just like a crowd of attendants. With these, I rage, and also without them. For I hold the art of evil in a thousand forms, unknown to the generations of mankind, and always a new crop of disease sprouts. But even the great parade of doctors serves my interest, and the labor of scholars polishes my genius; I profess that I am a disciple of Machaon. I would walk a simpler path, if doctors did not give me wise advice, that the cure for life comes from life itself: using that elixir, I am a sweeter drink. The remaining provisions for the end of life please no one, medicine tempers oblivion with its pleasures.

Moleon: That is common business, death is a necessity to. What is determined by the law of fate and its own custom, that is no revenge, but the maturity of life is prone to death, always next to humans. Death itself is not misery, misery is to die miserably.

Death: