

EpicureaPoetica—Episode 2 [Pre-Production]

Post by “Joshua” of August 3, 2020 at 3:43 PM

that was mine, my dream, I knew it—
Of and belonging to me, as the dog
With inward yelp and restless forefoot plies 45
His function of the woodland: but the next!
I thought that all the blood by Sylla shed
Came driving rainlike down again on earth,
And where it dash'd the reddening meadow, sprang
No dragon warriors from Cadmean teeth, 50
For these I thought my dream would show to me,
But girls, Hetairai, curious in their art,
Hired animalisms, vile as those that made
The mulberry-faced Dictator's orgies worse
Than aught they fable of the quiet Gods. 55
And hands they mixt, and yell'd and round me drove
In narrowing circles till I yell'd again
Half-suffocated, and sprang up, and saw—
Was it the first beam of my latest day?

That's probably as far as I'll get. There's a line in the previous section; "perchance/ we do but recollect the dreams that come/ just ere the waking"