

The Thong of Dionysus

[Dionysus sits on the Island of Naxos, surrounded by many pots and drinking vessels]

Dionysus:

Picture a pitcher bewitched with
An image imagined by jerks,
A panel of animals damned in ceramic
To flog their most pitiful quirks.

[gesturing to grotesque
animations on pots]

Look at this ugly mug that defaces my jug,
Here's de faces you find in de sewer,
De faces like feces debases my vases-

Face on little vase:

You are vial, Dionysus!

Dionysus:

No, *ewer!*

Ewer the people implacably plagued by
perpetual pupal putrescence,
Refusing like losers, the best anti-blues-er,
The red, undiluted, life essence!

Man's first curse is thirst. From the breast to the hearse
humans hoist a cup high, and cry,

Figure on pot:

Water!

Dionysus:

But this whining is fodder that makes my rage hotter,
For pottery oughta be used to hold wine!

Dionysus and Maenads, who appear in the scenery:

Hey! Ho!
I Hate your 2-Oh!
Pottery oughta be filled with merlot!

Groan! Groan!
Only the prone
Have drunk enough plonk to get me on the phone!

Etch! Sketch!

Look at this wretch! [Points to Ariadne's face on cup]
embossed at great cost on this chalice from Alsace.

Dionysus:

As Priapus hunts down the family monster, [Ariadne lies on gym floor]
Ariadne lies helpless, her sister's fate haunts her.

Poor daughter of Minos! She's minus Mom's clinches,
Cause Missus just wishes for masculine inches. [Pasiphae sashays by]

O pitiful Minotaur, beast miscellaneous [Ariadne stands, looks sadly
Heinous to look at, heartbreak to leave, at Minotaur fresco]
When Priapus kills you, the princess will grieve.

Dionysus and Maenads:

Cry! Cry!
It's sad to be dry!
Pottery oughta be wet as an otter's eye!

Dionysus:

My heart's not a bottle with sod all inside,
Ariadne, I'd gladly set you on my bad knee,
Rent my tent! Share my chair! Come sublet my goblet!
It's the lease I can do, for an orphan like you!

If you want help, in the kelp, royal whelp! [sea rises around Ariadne]
Make a face like a lace and get tide,
let a liquid lunch launch us into the unconscious
Pottery oughta be cracked up and cross-eyed!

Dionysus and Maenads:

Night! Dawn!
Cut the string and move on! [Ariadne cuts the spindle string as
Abandon the land that you stand on! an earthquake destroys the gym]

Dionysus:

Dionysus is in, and my door is a jar,
and Wine is the Chianti Keyhole,
grease the hinge with a binge, that'll open the portal,
Behold my grapeness and tremble, you mortal.

Picture a pitcher bewitched with
Her status, her standing, and how she comes last.
Now picture that pitcher get broken and smashed!

I am-phor, I amphora break with the past!

[Dionysus lifts amphorae]

Dionysus and Maenads:

I amphora new kind of thought!
I amphora brain that forgot!
I drool on your goals!
I spit on the strivers!
I spit on all literal use of saliva!

[Dionysus and Maenads
sing and dance]

Dionysus:

Wanna be friends with my phlegm? Hold my tongue,
'cuz I am-phor, I amphora song to be sung!

Dionysus and Maenads:

I amphora set of priorities,
number one, join a drunken sorority
number two, take a pee
on priority three, number four,
drink some more, in the wine-dark-sea!

[Dionysus and Maenads
sing and dance]

Dionysus, collapsing on couch:

Why hope like a dope for a world with some sense?
In a Labyrinth, everyone thinks they're a prince,
in control of a string which will bring them back home,
Oh, I've written a Thesis on Theseus syndrome.

[Priapus visible on pot]

You start by believing your little brain's voices,
I'm in charge of my life! I'm the sum of my choices!
Spend all your time like a mime in a box,
acting smart in a carton, showing off in your coffin!

[Priapus confused in Labyrinth]

You hate fate, so can't ask it, is this room my casket?
Do I defy gods, or am I their mascot,
their doll to inflate, their plotline to weave,
a bauble abandoned, a plaything deceived.

Priapus:

[looking disheveled]

Come fight me, monster! How have you stayed
Unseen? You're right to be afraid.

I'd hide too, if I was made of leather,
I'd take care that we weren't seen... together.

[rounds corner, sees
Minotaur lying on the ground]

Look! here's wisdom, on top of beauty grafted,
a hybrid that the gods have crafted.

Unique, like me! Oh, nymph of odd components,
Be gentle to my heart- you own it.

I like a sense of humor in my honey-
I love a joke, and you smell funny.

[Minotaur closeup, clearly dead]

Love writes gags, love makes plots,
Love loves to laugh, cause love's all rot.

Love is rigor. Love is firm.
Love's a maggot, and will keep you worm.

Love burrows deep, and makes a nest
For eggs of love, for love's a pest.

Love will not leave you all alone,
It's colonies make you its home.

When you sag, and when you're spotty,
Love says, I know no better body.

I asked Love for a perfect mate:
Let her have horns, and a two-foot gait.

Love pointed to the stars as answer,
He gave me Taurus, and he gave you Cancer.

Love is serious. love is grave,
Love's a pit, and love is paved.

Love's a reliquary with strange deposits,
Let us play skeletons inside love's closet.

Or perhaps we're in Love's stable bare,
I, your stallion, and you, my nightmare!

Love helps hangmen and their hangers-on,
Love's a vulture, and must carrion.

Love makes roadkill of the upright,
Love brings the pure to parasite--

Come limping! Come with bones all loose!
Love will accept your lame excuse.

We have solidity that Love supports,
A flourish of esprit de corpse.

[Priapus lays down beside Minotaur, dies]

Maenads: ALL VOICES

Oh wither the vine, wither the branches

And wither the raisins to live?
In the Cyclades Islands, sick ladies are crying,
In need of a raisin to live.

[Ariadne floating in ocean]

While the Cyclades sleep, see a sick lady weep,
she's in need of a raisin to live.
but theater's cruel, and this play's final act is,
Ariadne must go to her wedding on Naxos.

The bride was washed up, the groom was unkempt
He couldn't form words, and she made no attempt.
It's a fantasy match, yeah a real happy ender.
For she needed love, and he was bartender.

[Drunk Dionysus passes out,
Ariadne lies on couch]

Then she was alone, alone, awl, awl alone,
Alone with her thoughts in the Knife-time,
While the Cyclades float, a sick lady wrote,
"I have run out of raisins to live."

[Ariadne stabs herself with
a rubber knife]

That blade's made of rubber, you tragic line flubber
Oh why don't Euripides shit up!
Roll your tongue in some dung, give nonsense a lung
That shit is a raisin to sit up.

A raisin to get out of bed,
A raisin to change, to repent,
Don't feel sorry, feel soirée, let's throw shit a party
We'll throw it right here in our Disco tent.

[Ariadne stands up]

We're wallowing here in your Disco Tent.
Your own Disco Tent, made for you only,
Yes you're alone, alone, awl awl alone,
But in Disco Tents you're never lonely.

[Ariadne and Maenads dance
in the Disco Tent]

We pass all the nights in our Disco Tent,
In our bedlam we toss and we turn,
In truth, we don't sleep, we just lie on the sheet,
And our Disco Tents never adjourn.