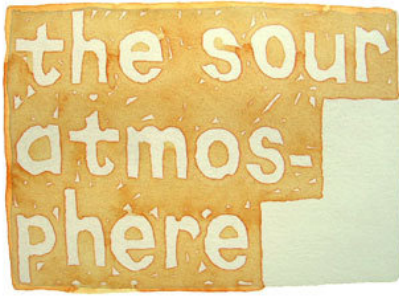


Story for performance #914
webcast from Sydney at 08:05PM, 21 Dec 07



Source: Abraham Rabinovich, ' Hamas chief pleads for
ceasefire', *The Australian online*, 21/12/07.
Tags: [animals](#), [countryside](#), [mythology](#)
Writer/s: [Lin Hixson](#)

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Yesterday the sun slid out of sight.
The dark wood turned sour.
A riderless horse crashed through the trees.
Then it repeated.
The sun slid out of the sky.
In a half grey light a riderless horse crashed through the
sour trees.
A knight crumpled on the ground and bled.
Again.
A dark wood.
A riderless horse.
Trees.
He panicked as he ran.
All four feet left the sour ground with each stride.
Archers crouched hidden in the trees.
Lancelot's knights on horseback rode past.
Arrows shot.
The knights fell.
Again.
A riderless horse crashed through the trees.
King Arthur lay dead.
His sour crown sat on his helmet.

Up high, a great bird glided.
Lancelot's horse lay dead on the ground.
He staggered to a tree and leaned.
And then again.
A riderless horse crashed through the forest.
Lancelot left the tree and staggered to a pile of dead
knights in armour.
'Guinevere,' said Lancelot, just before he fell.
The bird again.
Then a last movement in the monstrous pile of sour
armour.

Today with tears in our eyes wounded ambulances slowed
to a halt under a heavy sheet of rain. In the early morning
hours, fired rockets were treated for shock. The final body
claimed a wave, a wing, and a sparsely attended prayer.
'Guinevere,' it said just before it fell into the sour
atmosphere.
The bird again. Then a last movement in the monstrous
pile of crimes.

*Adapted for performance by Barbara Campbell from a
story by Lin Hixson.*