

In The Divining Lair

Text

by Jacquelynn Berton

PSYCHIC [*dangling crystal over tarot, the crystal swinging evenly over a triangle of cards*]:

The amulet is restless – the hermit, the hierophant, the hanged man.
Your gaze, eternally focused within, yet unseeing. You seek, yet reject what you find.
Eyeless, you walk toward oblivion. Yet you claim no conflict, no question.
Are you not who you say you are?

CLIENT: I am no one. I was passing by. I don't –

PSYCHIC [*amulet circling faster*]:

But the unquestioning do not seek my counsel.
Nor the happy, nor the sure, nor the sane...

CLIENT: I didn't realize...

PSYCHIC [*faster*]: Neither do the self-possessed –

CLIENT: But I am self-possessed!

PSYCHIC [*faster still*]: What do you fear?

[*amulet suddenly stops, PSYCHIC freezes in place, CLIENT addresses audience*]

CLIENT:

What do I fear? I fear the nameless things... The legacy unlived.
Waking under a late afternoon sun, the day wasted, time lost.
Long shadows washing the walls. The empty house.
The floorboards glowing gold, dust illuminated, night still hours off, the tightening in the throat.
The light, the endless, waning light...

[*CLIENT suddenly snaps out of it, turns back to PSYCHIC, who begins moving again, the amulet swinging*]

PSYCHIC: Tell me! What do you fear –

CLIENT: I fear nothing