

History says, Don't hope  
On this side of the grave.  
But then, once in a lifetime  
The longed-for tidal wave  
Of justice can rise up  
And hope and history rhyme.

So hope for a great sea-change  
On the far side of revenge.  
Believe that a further shore  
Is reachable from here.  
Believe in miracles  
And cures and healing wells.

Call miracle self-healing:  
The utter, self-revealing  
Double-take of feeling.  
If there's fire on the mountain  
Or lightning and storm  
And a god speaks from the sky

That means someone is hearing  
The outcry and the birth-cry  
Of new life at its term.

The full thunderclap and eruption-effects occur. Then a lingering,  
wavering aftermath of half-light. Brilliant spots find Philoctetes  
and Chorus.

PHILOCTETES

( Crying out ---- )

Hercules:

I saw him in the fire.

Hercules

was shining in the air.

I heard the voice of Hercules in my head.

CHORUS

( Situally clamant, as Hercules )