

A Prelude to Macbeth's Fate

In a time of great political strife and treacherous struggle, the loyal Macbeth defied odds and evils to protect his country and serve his king in war. Doubtless he is a good man, and unbeknownst to him after emerging victorious in the face of invaders and traitors, he had caught the favor of his king and was due a reward. The power, riches, and land of the slain traitors were to be his upon returning. He had been chosen, and for that reason, he had also been chosen by Hecate: goddess of entranceways, sorcery and darkness. Hecate's witches are travelling to meet and confront Macbeth before passing through, in order win him to his own harm with honest trifles and great predictions. One of them carries a helpless witness.

...

Cutting through the darkness, a great flash illuminates the path before me, but only for a moment. For that moment and that moment alone, there exists a tangible assurance, that I travel the right way. One based in something other than faith in Hecate. I trust she guides me, but the nature of her guidance leads me to fear her: it only spans to the end of her benefit. I suppose in that way she isn't unlike me, or unlike humans. Self preservation is all.

I cut between branches and the outstretched wooden hands, though they still tear at my hood. I hover above the ground, though the mud still drags at my cloak. A great boom, as though the earth itself is splitting open, followed by nothing. Silence in sight and sound. Still I press onwards, past the black manzanitas against the everpresent dark grey skies, overlooking its dominion, past the mud and rain and drowning grass. Drowned in that which it craves most. Still I press on.

I may be in silence but I am not alone. I have you. Willing or not I have you. In the

deep cavern of my mind, in a hidden corner at the back of my head, you're listening, it's what you do. Serve me, just as I serve Hecate.

A great flash once more, and past the wooden limbs and thick shadows, an opening lies. I push further still, the cold nipping at my bony fingers. Slender and grey in the darkness, my hands reach into the bush and carve a path, parting the wooden seas, and I'm there.

I hear the sky split open with God's great drums, and I enter the open, with my sisters opposite me, each of us emerging from our own bush, and our own path. And despite all this, we are identical, nameless, equal. The moon's light bleeds through the cloud and, in the ray, we are indistinguishable from the darkness but for the liquid luminescence trickling down our robes. Faces hidden by our hoods and their corresponding shadows, we meet in the center of the clearing.

She made us this way. Hecate did. Nameless. Powerless over each other, for were we different, we'd be unequal. Separate equality doesn't exist, and thus we are all one in our similarities but separated by the nature of our suffering. And thus we are all equally enslaved and freed by Hecate. Captured by her but permitted by her to roam the earth as posters of our choice.

"Where hast thou been, sister?" one asks.

"Killing swine" says the other. Killing swine, ruining the lives of the poorest of people by taking their possessions and the lives of their pigs. Or killing the swine who are the poorest of people. Perhaps they're synonymous. Many things can be said, most of them true, all of them absolute, without room for another truth. All of them contradicting. It depends only on one's nature. Some pity and help, others curse and harm, although pity makes curse, and help does harm, to the one committing the act.

Equal and opposite reactions. I help myself by hurting others, not as a byproduct, but what's the difference, anyway? The result remains the same, justification will change nothing.

"Sister, where thou?" I ask. Needless to say, I confuse them with each other, but I often confuse myself among them as well. There is no "I", not to Hecate and not to each other. "I" am not permitted individuality nor freedom, and though Hecate takes my power here, as she takes all of our power, she provides us with another. A useless tool in replacing momentarily what's been stolen, but who will decay first, the gift or the gifted? We are beyond death so the answer ought to be obvious.

"A sailor's wife had chestnuts in her lap, and mounched and mounched and mounched, 'Give me' quoth I, 'Aroint thee witch' the rumpfed ronyon cries, her husbands to Allepo gone, master o' the Tiger, but in a sieve, I'll thither sail, and like a rat without a tail, I'll do I'll do and I'll do".

One cannot sin against a swine, but who better to harm than a swine? A King? A family? A country? All swine. That we will, but small feasts still hold great weights. Perhaps we are kings, we can afford the little luxuries of snacks, the small occasional comforts, and we are beyond help. Perhaps we are swine ourselves, searching for crumbs amongst the dirt. Under Hecate and above the world. Why take crumbs or order feasts if your hunger will never be truly quenched? Because I am without choices. I need some form of temporary sanity, as we all do, in another's insanity, even if what has been stolen from me can never be returned, and I can never be returned to that state I crave to be returned to. This she stole from me, Hecate. My power, powerless to my existence being brought about, powerless to my neverending lust and powerless to my nature. I'm doomed to control others and never control myself.

Because when someone else loses everything, the ground beneath them is shaken and they are completely helpless. All because of me, and I gain a small fleeting something, my ground stops shaking and for a moment, I have power. False or not I have power.

“I’ll give thee a wind,” the other contributes. Not giving up her power, but investing in the suffering to come, so that she might be responsible as well.

“Th’art Kind.”

“And I another,” I say. She doesn’t direct us, or control our winds, only herself and her own. She has no power over us because in this, she has shared the relief, because we are equal in our suffering, and now, we are equal in our fleeting stability,

“I myself have all the other, and the very ports they blow, all the quarters that they know, I the shipman’s car, I’ll drain him as dry as hay, sleep shall neither night nor day hang upon his penthouse lid, he shall live a man forbid weary sev nights, nine times nine, shall he dwindle, peak and pine. Though his bark cannot be lost, yet it shall be tempest tost.” She spoke. There is an emptiness in this that we all feel. They feel because I do, and I because they do.

We are stunted, trapped. We’ve not a whole crumb of that something, our ground still shakes and here, in the cold dark clearing, what power we have is not enough. Nothing ever will b-

“Look what I have” She speaks once more, with a sudden eagerness that we feel all together. A cold bony hand extends from the unknown under the robe, each crooked finger bent around another, enveloping, one hand atop the other, a surprise.

So my other sister and I, looking down at the cage of flesh stretched over bone, reach towards the unknown, our own bony broken fingers so very similar in the

moonlight.

“Show me, show me!” she whispers in anticipation. Show me. Show me.

I know that nothing in there will alienate us from the truth: Hecate has all the power. She made us with a purpose in mind, unknown to us and perhaps always to be unknown. The only peace I know is in sleep, feeling the endless void again, the peace, the black from which she dragged us, so long as uninterrupted by dreams.

But I cannot equivocate here, not intentionally, and not to you. I brought you here, out of the black, to listen. Not to pity or help or curse or harm. Solely to listen to me. Perhaps to understand. So that I might not be alone, not even with my thoughts.

Her hands open to reveal the object of our fascination. “Here I have a pilot’s thumb, wracked as homeward he did come.” A severed thumb, someone’s loss and now our power. A tool. Just like you.

The drums of Macbeth’s victory sound in the distance. Time is so short.

“A drum, A drum! Macbeth doth come!” I give voice to our knowledge. A feast greater than any other approaches us, a power and peace we have never known.

Why indulge when you will grow hungry once again? What is power worth when it all goes away? I pray you, in searching for stability, that constantly breaking solid ground, do I not give Hecate stability? In suffering as she intended me to, am I not helping cement her ground, even if I am just prolonging the inevitable?

Our hands meet in the middle. The time is nigh. Together we chant:

“The weyard sisters hand in hand, posters of the sea and land!”

Solid ground exists for no one, not forever. Let me solidify this in my mind.

Solidify the truth into my tangible present.

What can any of us do but lie? If not to others, then at least to ourselves. This is

the passage of time, and though I can look into its very seeds, and say which may grow and which will not, I am limited by Hecate and thus must still experience time myself as it passes. The truth is thus realized. It doesn't matter who truly benefits the most, who finds the most solid ground. It only matters what I feel. Separated from all others by our innate togetherness, our great dividing similarities, all that matters is my comfort. But for this I must lie. I must ignore that which I've had no choice but to know.

"Thus do go about, about."

Perhaps she will not allow me this. All she cares for is my struggling, and to limit mine would increase her's. This is what gives her peace, if only for a moment, from the suffering. But she made us separate in fact, to amplify that suffering. To suffer she made us alone in our suffering. Our constant anger and lust and primal urges to gain power, in another's loss. This we must each face alone. Despite the knowledge that I am not alone, I must feel alone. It matters not if this is her plan: my evil greed that remains unquenchable, and my bowing to it. In being broken I let her win, but in existing I am broken. She made me this way, and my death and birth are not within my control. Selflessness will save no one, so selfishness may still save me.

The truth is that power and the illusion of power are equal, to the mind oppressed. And I want power.

"Thrice to thine and thrice to mine, thrice again to make up nine."

I'll never be anything but captive, so why not enjoy my cell, decorations and lies all the same? Why not enjoy a false reality? I'm in power here...

Whereas you are not. You are without purpose now. I never meant for this. I created you in a time of powerlessness, a time of my strife. Perhaps my sisters knew this, and didn't ask where I was. It doesn't matter.

I am the king who can afford small snacks. If you could exist past and into your suffering, you'd know. You'd understand, why I have to do this.

This temporary sanity. This temporary sanity. Peace in the power. The glorious battles, the constant fight. I need this.

I want this.

So I say I'm sorry, to you, my little listener in the back of my head.

I end you so that I might feel endless. You cannot judge me. Everyone does this, doing this onto you as I do this onto humans. They are deserving and without me, they do it themselves any way. Heartbreak, manipulation, lies. Pretty human faces hiding the inhuman. Thieves are made by thieves. Murderers by murderers, torturers by torturers, and rapists by rapists. Monsters make monsters, and even without me to urge them on, the humans are addicted to it.

So don't you hate me. There's nothing selfless about what I do. I won't pretend otherwise. There is no good, no justification, other than I do it best.

This feast will prepare itself.

So to you in the back of my head. Im sorry. I need this. I want this.

It may be temporary, but its all I have.

Im sorry.

"Peace, the charm's wound up."

Goodbye.