

SIDES FOR ZIVA

The word-smith

Solomon: You write poetry?

Ziva: I write what I know.

Solomon: And all you know is poetry?

Ziva: And all I know *becomes* poetry.

Solomon: *Becoming*. The most optimistic word. I am a poet too. I dabble. Currently writing a collection of songs.

Ziva: We have that in common.

Solomon: Commonality makes things easier.

Ziva: Can I read you a poem?

Solomon: Only if I can reply with another.

Ziva: A game of lyrical arrows.

Solomon: How does a villager know a dinner trick?

Ziva: The same reason a King feels comfortable talking to his wife's plaything. It's for *entertainment*.

Solomon: You start.

Solomon and Ziva stand at different ends, drawing imaginary arrows of poetry as they meet back in the middle. The pace is fast. A rap battle of wits.

Ziva:

I am the rose of Sharon, and the lily of the valleys.

For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;

The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come/

Solomon:

Thy plants are an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits; camphire, with spikenard,
Spikenard and saffron; calamus and cinnamon, with all trees of frankincense; myrrh and aloes,
with all the chief spices:/

Ziva:

/and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree with her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.

Solomon:

A fountain of gardens, a well of living waters, and streams from Lebanon./

Ziva:

/Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.
O my dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs,/

Solomon:

/Awake, O north wind; and come, thou south; blow upon my garden, that the spices thereof
may flow out.

Ziva:

/let me see thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for sweet is thy voice,
and thy countenance is comely.

Ziva and Solomon are close now. Arrows pointing at each other's hearts.

Solomon:

Take us the foxes, the little foxes,

Ziva:

That spoil the vines: for our vines have tender grapes.
My beloved is mine,

Solomon:

And I am hers

Ziva:

No, he feedeth among the lilies.

Solomon:

Let my beloved come into *her* garden, and eat *her* pleasant fruits.

Solomon and Ziva shake hands—an understanding of what positions they will be taking.

We are back in the bedroom with Sebra and Ziva.

Sebra: He never saw my face until we married. My father said he came with *conditions*. You.

Ziva: I am your servant.

Sebra: No, you are a fool who envies.

END OF ZIVA SIDES