

**MAYA: A
DRAMA; PP. 9-68**

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Maya: A Drama; pp. 9-68 by William Dudley Foulke

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MAYA

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A DRAMA

BY
WILLIAM DUDLEY FOULKE
*Author of "Dorothy Day" and
of other books*

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MAYA

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Pedro de Sandoval, survivor of a wrecked crew of Spaniards cast ashore on the coast of Yucatan previous to the exploitation of that country, his companions having been previously sacrificed to the gods by the natives, and Sandoval himself held in slavery, from which he escaped.

Ahpula, king of the Maya race, inhabiting Yucatan, with his capital at Mani.

Queen, wife of Ahpula.

Ahkin Mai, high priest, and other sacrificial priests.

Canek, lord of Peten-Itza, inhabiting Tayasol, a city upon an island in a lake in the southern part of Yucatan.

Bacab, a spy of Canek.

Maya, daughter of Ahpula.

Ytzatil, Zayi and other maidens attendant upon Maya.

Ambassador from Ahpula.

Maria, Countess of Millafleres.

Bishop of Mereda.

Priests, monks, Spaniards, natives, etc.

The scene is laid first at Mani; then on the shore of the lake of Peten-Itza; again at Mani; afterwards at Uxmal, the ancient capital of Yucatan at Merjda.

Time: Immediately preceding and following the Spanish invasion of Yucatan.

ACT I

SCENE I

The scene discloses one of the senotes, or large caves, in Yucatan, with a pool in the center and an orifice above from which light comes. Palm trees lean over the orifice and vines hang down from it. A chain of vines twisted together reaches the pool. There is a rock on the right of the stage large enough to conceal a man's body and projecting into the pool. Tropical flowers and plants grow around the pool. SANDOVAL is discovered scantily and meanly clad, with a bow of saplings and a rude arrow. He has just awakened from a long sleep.

Sandoval.

If but the waking were the dream!
If but the dream were true!
How softly did the sunlight stream,
How cool the breezes blew!
Once more around my boyhood's home
Through verdant meadows did I roam,
And loitered by the brook
That chattering through the valley flowed,
Then down along the shady road
My truant way I took.

And there the white-walled cottage stood
Bedecked with rose and vine;
There browsing in the quiet wood
Contented lowed the kine;

UOPM

From the far hamlet rang the stroke
Of chapel bell; the laggard smoke
 Curled slowly up the sky;
The flock came straggling down the lane,
And from the thicket gushed a strain
 Of twittering melody!

What mad desire drove me from such a home?
Ah, what a land is this! No glistening stream,
No lake nor laughing water anywhere
Save in the dark recesses of these rocks.
A low, sad land with stunted hills and trees—
A sun that hurls its rays upon the earth
Till all things hide; or slinks behind gray clouds.
As sullen as the land. Hot airs that choke
The breath at noonday, and contagion bear
With chill of night. Thickets with serpents filled
And noisome insects, but no shade nor cheer!
I have outslept the day, outslept the night.
Ah, but how sweet the rest after long toil!
If but a friend I had in these grim wilds!
How green the pool, and fresh and deep! But whence
Flows its clear current? Outlet there is none,
Nor ingress, yet the rocks give forth the stream
And bear it hence away. There is my chain
Of vines. See how it sways in the faint breeze
While the leaves upward curl! I must ascend
And seek my food, for there is none below.
 *[Takes a deep draught from the pool, then
 looks again upon the rope of vines.]*

MAYO