The Story of Randa Bayama

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Abstract

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by Christos Soccopoulos

Architecture, Sr.

With his golden flute pressed between his lips
His fingers ready to start dancing on the holes
Walked Randa Bayama the snake charmer
Under the tall trees in search of the queen cobra.

The sun played games on his bare chest,
The proud chest where the winds of music were jailed;
The sun rolled blue streams on the waves of his hair
And lit the coals of his eyes each time it pierced his eyelashes
And the eyes of Randa Bayama played on the dead leaves;
They crawled in the thicket, they climbed trees
In search of the forked tongue or the winding tail of the
queen cobra.

The leaves snored in their sleep
And high leaped the heart of Randa Bayama
His cheeks rounded out and the fingers began hopping on
the flute
Out came the viper dancing on the waves of the music
Before Randa Bayama it crept in a trance
It curled its tail and lifted its slender body up.
. . . And the flute of Randa Bayama quit in disappointment.
For this was only a common snake—not the queen cobra he
was searching for.

Randa Bayama the snake charmer went on
Leaving the snake rocking back and forth
Cutting sunrays short.

The sun was now caressing his broad back
And the heart of Randa Bayama had already leaped many
times
And his flute had sown its golden notes many times
And it had dropped from his lips disappointed as many times
For none of his charm's victims was the queen cobra he was
searching for.
And now Randa Bayama came upon a pond
And on the shores under the ferns
—His eyes were not lying now!—
Lay sleeping the great queen cobra crowned with lilies.

The lips of Randa Bayama trembled words of ecstasy
As he stood gazing at the triangular head
With the royal signs carved on it.
But soon stirred hot the charmer's blood in his veins
From the golden flute sprang melodies designed for royal ears only.

The eyes of the queen cobra went from sleep to trance
Smoothly she floated on the path of music
Obediently she stood on the spring of her tail
Before the man with the flute rocking from west to east.
Her staring eyes caught his
And pierced past them into his soul
And Randa Bayama stared back
(Two pairs of black widows caught in each other's webs)
And in her eyes he saw the image of his soul reflected
And he was frightened. The fingers froze on the flute.
In an instant awoke the queen cobra.
She hissed and darted forth
From two small red holes over the left nipple
Escaped the life of Randa Bayama the snake charmer.

The days melted under the sun
The rains washed the bones of Randa Bayama clean of their flesh.
In the cavity of the queen cobra's tooth
Lives captured the soul of Randa Bayama the snake charmer.