

**PROSPERO**  
**by**  
**Naomi Myles**

*Go release them, Ariel:  
My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves.*

*The Tempest, Act V, Sc. 1*

Now that you have revenged yourself upon  
your enemies, Prospero, and withdraw the  
magic spells you cast, what of us who performed  
well for you these twelve long years? How shall  
we resume our normal flowering, rid ourselves  
of the ghosts of your obsession that swirl  
about us still and raise a tempest in  
our souls. Ariel, Caliban, Miranda – Angel,  
Fool and Daughter – we bent ourselves to your  
foul weavings though you gave us scant thought.  
And now that you forgive your foes and bid  
them happy voyage, free to go home to  
be themselves, how shall we three learn to be  
ourselves, who know not who our true selves are?