

## Betray

Betray \bi-'trā\ verb from the Latin—*tradere*—meaning “one who hands over” as in, your body always *betrays* you at the end, the self cracking out of its treacherous container, going back on its promise “I will always be with you” as the skin curls up and the tendons snap and Mariamme’s eunuch will say anything, reveal anything, that *yes*, she sent Herod a love potion, but why would he need another cup of that, he’s already crazed by the thought of her, so his sister was right, it must have been something worse for the mouth of his heart that gulps down the scent of her whether she wants him or not, so really, you could say that it is Herod’s need that *betrays* him, as in *lead astray or seduce*, which is what she must have done, since why else would her guard *disclose in violation of confidence* Herod’s secret orders to kill her if he doesn’t survive, so that she too feels *delivered to her enemy*, laid down like a banquet before him, which isn’t all that different, is it, from when your body serves you up to a lover, insisting that you reduce back into them, which even if you close your eyes is just another kind of annihilation, not to mention children who are born in the very act of stealing a piece of you, so that Herod has no choice, really, but to kill his sons later, with their pride and the knowledge that they look just like her.