

Dear Aeneas,

Dido is liberated...

A tear in my eye and I cry for I never hoped to die...

I am disheartened that my own beloved people; the people of Phoenicia, of Carthage, and of Rome abandoned their own Princess and Queen. They gave up their faith and believed that I was dead; that after you left the shores of Carthage, I forsake them and committed suicide. They were eager to discard their religion and history and to deny our being. We turned into threads of imagination which they weaved into a tunic of myth and legend. They buried us in the written word and misread us. How could they not read that “Sidonia Dido” is the wonderful and winning Dido, who is a real yet ancient woman, living among them today, revolting and fighting for them? How could they pretend that we became history? That we will remain foes and never come together?

You too thought that I committed suicide; that I could give up life and conspire against fate and the Gods, and give up on my duty towards my own kingdoms and people. But I, Queen Dido was liberated by mio Salvatore, my savior. I was reborn as a Goddess of Rome, of Carthage, and of Phoenicia. “Peace for Elissa’s Country” was his prayer, without which my “Beautiful Phoenicia” would not have been saved from the horror and death which struck it yet again. Not only are you and I alive, but Virgil is too. He is no other but mio Salvatore who continued to write us, to write our ancient yet true tale, and to enlighten the world that, not only do we exist but that we shall do for evermore.

When you knew that I am yet alive, you sent your ambassadors to Carthage seeking help for your war, thinking that I am still in love with you. But I have been wounded and I have changed...

With the Gods' blessings, I am preparing a most powerful fleet, a Carthaginian fleet, and I shall in nine days embark on my decisive mission and duty, and set sail to avenge. However, not by spilling blood, but by saving lives and ending that war with which you shall be crowned king of a new Rome. Nevertheless, the triumph shall be mine. My heart cannot hate so "Trojan and Tyrian shall be as one in my eyes...I too have known ill fortune like yours and been tossed from one wretchedness to another until at last I have been allowed to settle in this land. Through my own suffering, I am learning to help those who suffer".

It is by virtue and not blood that Carthage shall give birth to Rome. For only through gaining loyalties shall you defeat. A new hope shall reign, one by which war shall never win. I shall be your ally in order to prevent a bloody war between Carthage and Rome, Rome and Phoenicia, and Phoenicia and Carthage. Elissa and Aeneas shall truly rejoin. It shall be a meeting between a young queen and an old king of different kingdoms, distant lands, and remote Gods. A Cedar from the heart of Phoenicia to the heart of Rome shall be yours, and a Cedar wood shall grow in Rome, and Dido shall rejoin Sychaeus. Tyrian and Roman earth and water shall merge. I shall stay in the South and I shall found...I shall conquer, but only to bid farewell. I am coming, but my sister Anna is coming as well...

East and West, Orient and Occident shall meet. The Mediterranean shall triumph with its feminine conquest, that of love over war. With power and courage, genius and talent, and virtue and wisdom, the revolt over tyranny and violence shall succeed, and our ancient values shall be endorsed once again, in order to coexist, develop, and exchange. With solidarity, peace, justice, and freedom between Phoenicia, Rome, Carthage, the Mediterranean, and the world shall be established.

To liberate our ancient land...People of Rome, I am coming...

*With love
Elissa*