

*Monologue Choice #3*

**ANTIGONE**

O tomb, bridal chamber, deep,  
eternal crypt where I walk toward 890  
my own kin, most of whom have perished  
and Persephone has welcomed among the dead.  
Last of them, and the worst off by far,  
I will descend before reaching my portion of life.  
I deeply nurse the hope that when I arrive  
I'll be dear to my father, dear to you, mother, 895  
and dear to you, my darling brother.  
When you all died, with my own hands I washed and  
dressed you and over your graves  
I poured libations. Now, Polynices, laying out  
your body, this is what I earn. 900  
Yet, to sensible people, I did well to honor you.  
I would never, if I had been the mother of children or  
if my husband were dead and rotting,  
have chosen this labor in violence against the people.  
According to what custom do I say this? 905  
A husband dead, there would be another for me,  
and a child from another man, if I lost one.  
But since my mother and father lie hidden in Hades,  
no new brother could ever be born.  
While I deeply honored you according to such custom, 910  
I seemed to Kreon to do wrong  
and to dare terrible things, my darling brother.  
Now he seizes my hand and takes me away.