

## Antigone

I am constrained by fate,  
As if entombed in some desolate  
Chamber, walled away from  
Love of father and brothers dear;  
Fulfilling that curse which lies so  
Heavily on the house of Laius.

And so I sit here torn between  
The curse of king, or curse of kin.  
Which course must I take: which  
Course cause least harm? The riddle of  
The Sphinx has come again, and with  
Outcome just as deadly.

Great Athena, lend me your aegis,  
So that I, suppliant virgin before your power  
Can gird myself to complete this cursed task,  
And decision make to fulfill your will.  
Now must I assume a deadly form,  
To renounce king and law, and by so doing,

Fulfill the law of heaven. What man  
Could deny these sacred rites to  
Nephew dear; withhold his duty to  
Kin, so greatly cursed? Dear father,  
Glad I am that you passed into  
Death with sightless eyes, so

That you not bear witness to this foul deed  
In Elysian Fields. But dawn draws near:  
Shake off these chains of fate I must,  
And sanctify this body lately dead.  
For me, no thought of consequence  
Must stay me from my task.

Be still now furies, which haunt this  
Wretched house. In me find end to  
This abhorred curse, and bury your  
Wrath beneath the earth, entombed  
At last like this great curse. Be still  
My heart, and to your task make haste,

Knowing that in fulfillment of this  
Work, your payment will be made  
In bitter currency. Small price to  
Pay to earn the love of brother,  
And become worthy of Him that  
Saw with clearer eyes than those

With sight. And so, I now accept  
My fate, but in acceptance given;  
A greater glory take. My eyes,  
Once bright are dimmed; but not  
By darkness, but by tears of joy  
For those I soon will join.