

# Monologue by creon

Literature



**ASSIGN  
BUSTER**

Greetings, my friends. My name is Creon and I'm the king of Thebes . My feet are on the ground and my hands in my pockets . I'm a piece of earth, just like everyone else. I came from the soil and there shall I rot after my death. I'm Creon , just Creon , nothing more , nothing less . Yes, I'm a strong leader, conformist, a respecter of law , not a tyrant . I am ambitious, not over ambitious. I don't desire more wealth than I need. I had all the wealth I wanted, my art and my family. I've lost both. Hah, I'm the king, but I'm poor. I'm a labourer, a servant of the people whose only aim is to see that the world remains a rational, a sensible place. Oh god, lift me as a wave, a cloud to fly with thee, a leaf . I fall on the thorns of life. I bleed. My fellow countrymen, lend me thy ears. I stand here before you, not to praise myself for my actions, but only to defend myself. Today, you may see me as a man with no moral values, a cynic, an arrogant man and egotist, a tyrant, an assassin of love, an abuser of power. I know you do. But please , give me a chance , just one . I'm a person far from that. I've never in my life desired power. was satisfied with my wealth , my family .

I was a patron of art, a lover of music, an idealist Since I came to power, my only aim has been to see that this world remains a sensible and wise place . It's a strange and wild world my friends, full of stupidity and crime. To make sense of it all, you have to stand upside down. You might ask, why I agreed to do something I had never desired. it was the circumstances of this strife torn state that forced me to take this decision that I've always regretted . I looked like a workman refusing a job . Therefore , I accepted this throne , this ugly power .

After the death of Eteocles , Anarchic elements and bureaucrats were threatening the stability of this state for their own petty reasons . Thebes had become a sinking ship , letting water on all sides . Someone had to steer the ship. The crew wouldn't obey their orders, trying to loot the ship. The officers were just busy making a comfortable raft for themselves and cornering all the fresh water . But soon , the mast would split and the sails would shred into a thousand pieces just because no one wants to work together. In such a situation , someone had to step in , act as an ideal captain and shout out orders .

If someone refuses to obey just because of their petty concerns , shoot him dead , without a second thought . Yes , that's what you ought to do . Our sinking ship has reached the harbor at last . Thebes is safe. Atleast for now . Now, you might ask, couldn't I have afforded Polynices a decent funeral? Am I so heartless so as to place my matriarchal values over all values of universal humanity . No, I am not as cynical as you all think I am. Polynices deserved what he got. He was a lousy drunkard and gambler. He went to the extent of siding with Argives to kill his father Oedipus and come to power.

And, Eteocles, the so called virtuous brother . Every bit of him was as treacherous and eager to kill his father as Polynices. It was just due to political reasons that I had to declare him a hero and give him an elaborate funeral. I hope that none of these brothers get peace. Their spirits deserve to wander around the world doing penance for their sins. Finally, why did Antigone have to die? My fellow countrymen, it didn't have to be like this. I swear I tried my best to save her. I didn't want her to die in a political

scandal. It proved to be beyond my ability to save her. Antigone was born to die .

It was her fate, her destiny and she wanted to achieve it . It didn't matter to her what she was dying for. In fact, she didn't know herself what she was dying for. Polynices was just a pretext, an excuse. When it became invalid, she just found another lame excuse. She decided to die because she could not accept the basic truth of life that the fires of youthful idealism and passionate love do not burn forever. She wanted everything in life, without any compromises and imperfections . She was an immature women who lived in her own dream world. She had too much of her father, Oedipus in him .

Full of pride , she was . His living image . She just wanted to satisfy her vanity by becoming a so called " martyr". She just had to have a private confrontation with death and destiny, just like her father. In such circumstances, I couldn't possibly condemn her to live. It was a tragedy. Yes, a fully framed tragedy. Sweet tragedy . Neat, flawless, gratuitous, irremediable. Like the rivers in spring, like a tensed string, like a finally tuned machine ready to be set into motion . Beautiful. It was framed, everything was framed, and like clockwork . Thats how tragedy is, convenient.

Everyone knows his part . There is no doubt about its outcome and no attempt to escape it. Just a small push is needed and then, tragedy unfolds all by itself. The outcome is inevitable. There is no lousy hope or surprises, everything goes as planned. Perfect tragic heroine, that's what Antigone was. She didn't lie about burying Polynices , she did not try to escape. She

was not afraid of death . She knew her part was to die and she played it well. Yes, brave and courageous she was rebel, willful, spirit fierce. But what did she die for? A brother who didn't care about her?

A basic reality of life that she couldn't accept? I regret what happened. Best never to grow up, I say. I lost my only son and my wife to her immaturity. My only son, not only did I lose him, I also lost his love and respect . I don't even now if Antigone actually loved him. Its true what they say. Love, it's a waster of rich men. Mortal men tremble before its glory. Even pure immortals cannot escape it. My poor wife, I found her dead on our marriage bed. I'm isolated , deserted , I have no one to care for me while I have my countrymen to care for . That's why I'm alive and that's why, I try to stay alive.