

Antigone's Mystery

Antigone, her sisterly death by a king
That should have been the kiss to a daughter
Because she thought of a higher principle
If I die, she thought without complaint
It will be under one brother's heel
There is more honor, I believe
On the heel than on an errant king's pedestal
Promenade to the turned dirt
Of my brother's dark grave
The wormed earth is rich to me
One corpse honored, one lifted from dishonor
Cold in death, one brother left on hillside exposed
Wretched in life, other brother, a hero
Is given the salute of a pious soldier
A king's pride, causing wretched agony
I hold a spear of justice
To my own heart to decide
If I would die, would this breast
Be nothing to me compared to
The grief of a brother lost to dignity
Even when his eyes are closed shut
The beating of my heart is stilled
Unless both my brothers are honored in death
My both brothers I love equally
Mysterious fate, now I sing
A song of doves
My decision made
The grave of truth warmer with life
Than the indifference to wrong
At the sun's edge