

# Queen Eurydice to Creon

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To Creon, the king who drowned in *his* wisdom:

Oh, how willingly I played the Queen;  
how willingly I used to allay your spleen.

But to survive this: What do you mean?

You, king of many, could not lead other lives any  
to a success—instead you killed my son;  
not once, but twice, and now you slaughtered me.

At a first glance: who could withstand this misery?

Just recall how you welcomed cousin from the North,  
you accused him of conspiracy and corruption—

was it worth? Money caused the eruption of anger

when you (like paparazzi) followed his every step

and people started to clap, having seen you find the royal vase

in his pocket. From here comes your obsession with money.

But no money can now make up for your debt, since once dead, one's always  
dead.

You think I'm a well: everything you drop there isn't anywhere,  
for everything disappears in abysmal abyss, but you mistake yourself.

You hit and you miss.

On the bottom of the well, long lies the son of yours and mine,

Megareus,

sleeping, and rotting well!

And now you doomed the other one, the last I had,

to dwell there with the first—so cruelly you threw him there.

You did what you found right, but still:

why not admit one's fault when its glow blinds,

why not yield to a woman, when the truth she finds?

Look at Antigone, the opposite of us,

though young and a woman (you would say scum)

to her you will succumb, since she is right.

For her and for my son I often pray to the gods.

But they don't listen, focusing on you, Creon, and your deeds, and

in their ears they have clay. And my requests?

In their ears they have clay! And people's needs? Fell,

since the gods devoted their time

to laugh at you and your pride: What a foolish mind!

They spread their laugh at the irony of fate, and

how you realized it only too late, for

those from whose tree you descend  
withdrew all three hands in the end, and so you fell.

But I do not moan; I simply quit:

Without my sons, the life is a shit.

But to you I leave only this message, so that your life  
be henceforth worse than that of the lovers of your knife:

You *shall* live,

but on the edge of death, alone wishing to die,

but staying alive, you shall dive into the past

looking back at yourself, what man you are at last.

And you will laugh with them, though crying.

So finally, you've found what they had prepared for you.

Why did you seek them to fulfill their wishes?

You were too weak to stick to their laws

had you been meek, none of this would have been.

You destroyed the dishes and spat on the dead

isn't such man marked as mad?

Now, *I* am truly dead.

E.