

ANTIGONE:

I dared.

It was not God's proclamation. That final Justice  
That rules the world below makes no such laws.

Your edict, King, was strong,  
But all your strength is weakness itself against  
The immortal unrecorded laws of God.  
They are not merely now: they were, and shall be,  
Operative for ever, beyond man utterly.

360

I knew I must die, even without your decree:  
I am only mortal. And if I must die  
Now, before it is my time to die,  
Surely this is no hardship: can anyone  
Living, as I live, with evil all about me,  
Think Death less than a friend? This death of mine  
Is of no importance; but if I had left my brother  
Lying in death unburied, I should have suffered.  
Now I do not.

365

You smile at me. Ah Creon,  
Think me a fool, if you like; but it may well be  
That a fool convicts me of folly.

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