

## **MONOLOGUE: Clytemnestra**

I knew him well. Let me tell you what he was. He was a pretty boy and a bully. Rich and pampered. His men didn't trust him. He knew that. He wanted their love more than anything else. To be one of the boys. Pathetic. So that when it came to killing his own child, his own daughter, he did it like a braggart, grinned to them as he held up the bloody knife. And they cheered for him obligingly, slightly stunned, faintly disgusted but relieved. It was just a girl, they thought, still, it was his. Well, it didn't bear thinking about, the wind was up and they could go forth to the bloodletting. That was enough. And I watched the sails heave and creak, swollen bellies disappearing out to sea as I held her on the sand. Her warm body, new breasts tight, her fingers long and hardening, the soft head swinging, her neck open and undone. They say he vomited later, in whatever privacy a ship bristling with soldiers affords. Like a drunkard into bushes, like the man he was. Who cares? That is the father you weep for. Someone with a knife. His own daughter. She could have been you. How often I've wished it was you he called for. How different it would have been. If he had not asked me for her, the best of me, the only perfect thing I have ever made. My oldest, my only child.