

## Medea Monologue 2

Jason, I beg of you to be forgiving toward me  
For what I said. It is natural for your to bear with  
My temper, since we have had much love together.  
I have talked with myself about this and I have  
Reproached myself. "Fool," I said, "why am I so mad?  
Why am I set against those who have planned wisely?  
Why make myself an enemy of the authorities  
And of my husband, who does the best thing for me  
By marrying royalty and having children who  
Will be as brothers to my own? What is wrong with me?  
Let me give up anger, for the gods are kind to me.  
Have I not children, and do I not know that we  
In exile from our country must be short of friends?"  
When I considered this I saw that I had shown  
Great lack of sense, and that my anger was foolish.  
Now I agree with you. I think that you are wise  
In having this other wife as well as me, and I  
Was mad. I should have helped you in these plans of yours,  
Have joined in the wedding, stood by the marriage bed,  
Have taken pleasure in attendance on your bride.  
But we women are what we are—perhaps a little  
Worthless; and you men must not be like us in this,  
Nor be foolish in return when we are foolish.  
Now, I give in, and admit that then I was wrong.  
I have come to a better understanding now.  
Children, come here, my children, come outdoors to us!  
Welcome your father with me, and say goodbye to him,  
And with your mother, who just now was his enemy,  
Join again in making friends with him who loves us.  
We have made peace, and all our anger is over.  
Take hold of his right hand—O God, I am thinking  
Of something which may happen in the secret future.  
O children, will you just so, after a long life,  
Hold out your loving arms at the grave? O children,  
How ready to cry I am, how full of foreboding!  
I am ending at last this quarrel with your father,  
And look, my soft eyes have suddenly filled with tears.