

“The Eyes of Godde” (Apollo)
Monologue from the play *No More Trojan Wennen* by Justy Fairfield

NOTE: Trailblazing English (TE) is used in this monologue. Actors agree not to substitute Conventional English words for TE terms as a condition for using this monologue, as stated on the “Permission to Perform My Work” page of the author’s website

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Character: Apollo, Godde of Reason, Patron of Troy

Setting: Above the ruined palace of Ancient Troy

Background: *After the defeat of the Trojan Army, the Greek Commander, Agamemnon, decides to slaughter the Trojan Wennen if they try to resist being carried off to Greece in bondage. In this monologue, Apollo, Godde of Reason and Patron of Troy, looks down upon the ruined city, lamenting the futility of humin battles, and wondering if he should take the ultimate step to end all humin suffering forever.*

APOLLO

If only you could see with the eyes of Godde,
all things would be so simple.

Then the variety that so pleases Heaven
would please you, too.

If only you could see yourselves as siblings
sharing the world in blessed siblinghood!

Can the humin mind ascend to such simplicity?
Instead you think that if two things be different,
one must needs be better. —

And those with the largest voices or armies,
mistaking this Chaos for Order,
inflict their views upon the rest
with no regard for dignity or will,
intelligence nor talent,
but seek to assign each place and role,
and turn all rank with ranking!

What care have you for Godde
when you abuse each other so? —
When I must feel the pain of every slight or slash?
A daughter sobs into her pillow. — I know her anguish!
A son is stricken on the battlefield. — His agony is mine!
How long must I carry your grief and pain?
How long must I watch those whom I love suffer?
You have cried rivers; you have bled rivers.
And has your long history of suffering
not yet taught you the futility of human battles!

And how can I call myself a loving godde
when, with a thought,
I could remove all your suffering?
Yet such a thought that I refuse to think!
For you know joy as well as sorrow;
That joy, too, is mine.
And of such great quality is contentment
that for its each brief moment,
we'd endure a thousand sorrows!
I am like a laboring mother who suffers much
for her child's sake,
yet forgets it all to see the child smile.
Goddes and mothers have much in common.
And, oh yes, you can learn! — The mind is your great gift!

Then with a mother's love and a godde's patience,
I hold back my hand.

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