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# Antony and Cleopatra

## Act I, sc. 5

**CLEOPATRA:** O Charmian,  
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?  
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?  
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!  
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou movest?  
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm  
And burgonet of men. He's speaking now,  
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old Nile?'  
For so he calls me: now I feed myself  
With most delicious poison. Think on me,  
That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,  
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted Caesar,  
When thou wast here above the ground, I was  
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey  
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;  
There would he anchor his aspect and die  
With looking on his life.