### Godiva

Men have a talent for invention. With a simple stroke of a quill, they redact, revise, mischaracterize. I have lived a thousand years in the written thoughts of men. A thousand years. Not as flesh but as myth.

#### [ruefully]

No one remembers the 'why.' The 'how.' Even the 'who.' All they recall: Lady Godiva naked on a horse. Lady Godiva naked...and chocolate.

#### [with frustration]

Is it worse to be forgotten than to be misremembered? I am tired of the stories. How they linger on my hair, my sex, my skin. I am Godiva. Not a victim or a fool. Or a vessel for men's desire. Just a woman who made a choice.

My husband was greedy. Always demanding more tax. Even when the people would starve. I pleaded. Persisted. Until he finally broke. "I will lower the tax, when you ride naked through the town." He thought to weaken my resolve. As if he didn't know me at all. But I stripped off my robe. Unbound my hair. Veiled my body in sunlight. And rode my horse through the square. I reveled in my gown of sun. Then turned for home.

Forget the stories you've read. The legend you've heard. Remember *this* Godiva. Not the myth...but me.

. . .

-Caitlin Vincent

For Kitty Whately, who has sung my songs so very beautifully, with admiration and affection

# Godiva

Monodrama for Soprano or Mezzo-Soprano and Piano

## Caitlin Vincent

Juliana Hall (ASCAP)



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