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For all the kids who wanted to get rid of Shakespeare

ROMEO
&
FULTON

Mockster Zeus



Spokane, Washington

INTRODUCTION

Yo', how it is? I was in this class and listening to the professor dude talk and talk and talk. Man, the guy just kept going on and on about how great Shakespeare was. I tried reading it and I was like, nah, it ain't me. Boring. But there wasn't anything better to do. My girl wasn't in the class. My phone didn't have no service and besides the battery was basically dead. What's a guy to do?

So I end up listening to this fool and it turns out the teach was really preaching something true. It's just the language was all messed up. I gotta thank my man, the only real G English teacher out there, Mr. Bill Tremble Leister for keeping it real in class. I figured I would take something old and make it new. He suggested I rap a recap of all that went on. I wrote out this ditty for a final project and my teacher thought it was pretty. With a lil help editing from Mr. Leister he says y'all got what is called an adaptation. Once I got done I told him it wasn't no adaptation. I said, "That's a rap." Then he put me in touch with some peeps at Starr Press and the rest, as they say, is history.

There you have it. A kid who hid amidst the class trying not to be asked a question and now he's written out a book. I know some could say it ain't original, but that's ok, neither was my boy Will Shakespeare. I like to think if he was alive right now (besides claiming his royalties) he'd be dropping bars while rolling in his cars.

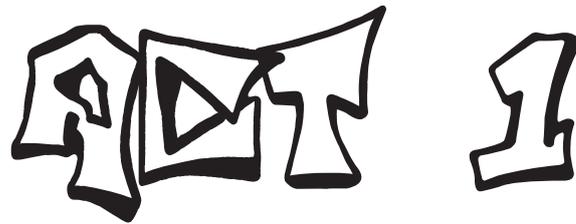
Mr. Leister said I had to have this in the book. He said it wouldn't be a real book without an intro. So there you go, that was my intro.

Mockster Zeus

PROLOGUE

Prologue - How it is

*Let's start with the end and then try
To mend all that went wrong
As we sing this sad song of
Two dead youth who teach us living truths
In the fair city of Verona
Where you'll have to loan an
Hour or two as we get you through
This every page by unlocking
The cages these characters were
Staged in and so let's begin
With that old familial rage,
As I spit this fire like the Bard, like a sage*

**Act 1 Scene 1**

Verona, Where some kept it real

Our play gets underway with coded wordplay
As two young men, Gregory and Sampson,
Just happen to be talking about going off on their enemies
They speak of how they would subdue them
And in true locker room talk fashion they do not ration
Out their boasting and to each other they keep toasting
Their own efforts at proving they're the bigger man
Their talk is meant for the can and as anyone can see from
This beginning, that in this love talk these two won't be winning
Any woman to their side; it's likely that in
All their talk they have lied and
Just as they reach the climax of their claims
These two cats spy another to aim their tales at
Toeing the line of walking with their words
Acting absurd in the litter box of what they've heard
They fling more insults in a clawing swirl
Abram arrives and derives an insult
From these two who have just deprived
Women of virtue (at least in thought)
And so Gregory and Sampson show the thumb to one they've caught
Which is code for acting like a bum,
Or flicking the middle one at this man walking by

Why would they try to instigate
And tempt fate with this guy?
They cannot deny that they define
The world by differences; that is the
Inference one should take from what's
At stake because Abram is a part of them,
So (Ahem), they rake him across the
Coals and in the armor of his

Character poke holes; this, they think will prove
Just what he is; dishing out what
He deserves was their biz
Revenge is a dish best served cold even in this story, which is old

As this fray gets underway two other
Characters come to stay: Benvolio and Tybalt
On opposing sides these two chide in
With their talk and swords
Benvolio's cool mind tries to speak to reason
While Tybalt's hot temper wants to stir the pot
Mix it up, see what they got
It's a recipe for disaster
But who brings the brick and plaster
To build the foundation of law?
The Officer and Prince of the Land
Where they demand such fighting be
Reprimanded and so the Prince handed
Down a decree but before he
Does he recaps their history
In times past their tranquil city didn't last
Because of the fighting from Montagues and Capulets
And their casts: broken families
Rich in pride and wielding it like a token
A peace between the two was never spoken
Yield to one another? You gotta be joking
Why should one trod the low path
When all they feel is wrath?
Instead both sides take this steel and will not
Yield, they'll point out what they feel
That's the deal with weapons
Their purpose is to kill and make iron one's will
And to keep truth in suspense they'll say
They wield them in self defense
They'll only use it when others make things intense

And so this spat was nothing but old hat
But while the Prince sat and
Rattled out his demands he laid flat
The line of justice from which they
Could not bat an eye, if anyone should
Combat against another and not cease then both
Would pay the forfeit of the peace

The Prince let them all leave with a new
Lease on life hoping this would be the crease
To turn the new chapter on their lives

The only people left not deaf to
What occurred stood and did what they
Could to understand what could be understood
Benvolio would explain with
Painful recollection, answering to Montague
And his Lady who performed their own
Inspection, trying to find a detection of
Intention that wasn't mentioned in the
Prince's connection of the facts meant for
The correction of what their city lacked

Civility, which is the ability to create
Tranquility and hinges on that humility which
Douses the fire of all hostility and those
Possessed of it are of greatest nobility
Because with it they spread not dread but stability

Answering the questions in this session
Of when, why, and how, Benvolio
Opens his portfolio on Tybalt's vow
To be the king of the cats and hiss
At the bliss while shaking his pointy fist
At those he had blacklisted and insisted shouldn't exist
Inviting others there to persist in their
Affair to make enemies of brothers, to
Not think of them with families and mothers
Of their own; his hate had matured it was full grown
Meanwhile Lady Montague let out a moan

Her mind has been
Drinking the dregs of a bitter brew and
Stewing in her reverie of a recent haunting
Memory she asks Benvolio if he's seen
Her son, dear Romeo
Turns out on his morning route through
A dark and lonesome wood who should
Benvolio see from afar but Romeo
Who seemed to be tending to emotional
Scars that he kept hidden from the

Stars and in his sour mood he had accrued
Romeo viewed Benvolio and decided
To exclude not include him
To the pains and troubles he could not subdue

Brooding over his secluded son, Father Montague
Alluded to all present of his own intent
To discover why his son Romeo wasn't content
And seemed hell bent to forever lament
He spoke of trying to discover the extent
Of his sons torment but instead he
Decided to repent of the steps taken in
The wet cement of his son's mind
In the darkness Romeo kept
Others so that they could not orient and
Discover the root of his discontent

In the midst of their talk who should
Walk by but Romeo
In a decision to act as an ad hoc committee of one
Benvolio tells his uncle and aunt he'll
Discover the vantage of their son Romeo's views and
Then he'll break them the news
They choose to excuse themselves
Deciding they have nothing to lose

Benvolio speaks to his cousin who seems
To have taken a drubbing from all his emotions
That got him bugging
Benvolio wants to see what's dammed up Romeo's feelings
And keeps them from flooding out
While Romeo reels about in a boat of one
Benvolio asks what's got him all undone
Romeo doesn't give him the runaround of reason
And decides the season of his discontent he can't circumvent

It's love or something like it that hits upon
Romeo's brain and is driving him insane with pain
Coursing through his veins is the lack of
Love that he can't get rid of
Romeo can walk in sunshine but feel only rain
This is a feeling he doesn't feign
No it is a power that rules and reigns since

God's creation of Adam was split in twain
Creating Eve who ate the fruit to leave
And do as she may while making her way
Trying not to be deceived but she brought
Grief that thief to joy, this is the
Annoyance from which there is no avoidance
And so Adam chased Eve into discontent
And Romeo likewise lived under the
Same skies and had to surmise if
He should chase Rosaline, but now he's
Left to vent out his frustration at his situation
This woman took Romeo from his
Eden and left him beaten, but his resolve
Would not weaken as he was seeking all
The answers why she should deny him
Of a true knowledge of such forbidden fruits
Rosaline wanted to still live chaste and would
Not give way to hasty demands of Romeo

Benvolio advises Romeo to forget Rosaline
But to ignore is a chore when all you want to do is adore
Benvolio points out there are others feet upon the floor
There is more in store, new dreams and loves to explore
But Romeo wants to trek back to Eden where he can reminisce
His romantic thoughts of what could be in bliss

Act 1 Scene 2

*Lord Capulet sitting in his crib
While Paris gets ready to ad lib*

Lord Capulet had just met with the Officer and
Prince who had to convince him that
Since his family had warred with
Montague it would now be time to sue
For peace with the lives of those raising
Cries within the city this pity was
Not something Capulet treated as a
Threat because he bet that with his age
There was no way to engage with his enemy
So sitting in his home Capulet did not
Fret as Paris sat before him yet again seeking for his daughter
Paris would wear his emotions on his sleeve
And did not want to leave without first

Cleaving to Juliet, Capulet did not want to spite then
Or frighten Paris from thinking his daughter was the rarest of
Women; he was once young with such emotion that takes away
Conscience in its potion; he knew he could not sway all devotion

Capulet knew his only true regret would be lost
Time with Juliet; parents have this
Inherent desire to see their children
Flower, but Juliet was a wild
Rose who still needed to grow and Capulet
Wanted to show his love by clearing
The ground all around and steering those
Away who could turn her joy to dismay
Two more years and Paris could be in
The clear to court her assuming he
Could keep her heart near to his

And so Capulet invited Paris to his masquerade
Where he could see other beauties on parade
And then compare and grade his desires
For Juliet amongst other maids
With that Lord Capulet paid his
Servant to come close and bade him take this
Flier and wire it out to those listed upon it
The servant said he could and would, he
Wasn't a liar he just didn't tire the
Lord with the truth that he would be needing
Help with reading for he was illiterate
And decided to omit this
As he went about his errand, staring
At this blank page with scratches he did
Not know what future schemes would hatch
From these words and their owners that they matched

This servant was observant his mind gnawed at facts
One of which was he saw that the claw was attached to a paw
Close proximity makes a pair such as
Thunder being a wonder of the weather
And that birds of a feather flock together
And so this servant found two men of station
who looked like they could read each citation
If rich people were dogs these two were dalmatians

It was Benvolio and Romeo muttering
And stuttering out their logic to each
Other; Benvolio started by saying the
First is the worst in terms of losing love
Because it stands above any other; it's the
Bubble that was burst, it can't be
Reversed and so Benvolio tells Romeo
To give his breath to others left and
Not look back to what was lacked
And stacked with a stone in
The moaning world of the past which
Only lasts as a marker for experience
In the graveyard of love

At this moment the servant pleads for
Romeo to read the paper which will change
Each man's emotion they've been dragging around like an anchor
These two who were passing by like
Ships help each other come to grips
With their journey; the servant can
Put names to faces and races to their
Places to invite them to the party while
Romeo sees Rosaline amongst the guests
And decides he'll invest some time and harbor up his hopes at
The house of those pests the Capulets
Benvolio wants Romeo to go but believes
He should channel a different flow
Because who knows, maybe Romeo's Rosaline
May be a crow instead of the swan
Benvolio knows that ship is gone
And out to sail and to attempt to follow
Would be a fail, while Romeo just thinks she is lost
Benvolio knows she is an albatross

Act 1 Scene 3

A room in the Capulet's crib

Lady Capulet doesn't know where her
Daughters been, then again why should
She have to check in with her when they
Have hired help, so just like the Montagues
These parents choose to excuse themselves
From their duty till their children are of the

Age of acne And Lady Capulet beckons
Nurse to give a reckoning of where Juliet is
There is a party tonight and her biz
Should be to drop the Miss and become a bride
This is the tried and true approach that
Lady Capulet was coached in and now she
Must broach the subject with her girl
Juliet appears yet there is no love but rather
Fear in her eyes as she views her
Mother who has never hovered near
That dear person is the Nurse who
If time were a payment there'd be no end to her purse

This sweet lady never acted shady
She was always there and always cared
It was not about the fare that kept
Her as a a pair to Juliet; life for the
Nurse was anything but fair
Back when there were less strands of gray
In her hair she had a daughter named
Susan who then died in infancy
This misery could not be swayed by
The ministry and the husband who consoled her
Was doled a plot beside their daughter when he died
Once again the Nurse cried and looked
At life differently; this trinity of
Ties to her heart starts and ends with
Juliet who had stood in as spare parts
That allowed her grief a space for relief
A father had gone to heaven, the dove
Of a daughter joined him above
While Juliet was from a noble family line
And she had not learned to whimper or
Whine; there was something divine in this adopted love

Giddily the Nurse's mind worked in reverse
Having a tendency to trip through
Memories and sip from sweet remembrances
The current one was when Juliet had
Dependence and was caught in transcendence
From crawling to walking, between babbling
And talking; it was when the Nurse and her husband,
Who had yet to die, were sitting under a tree

When with an errant step by Juliet hit the ground
Her eyes rolled around on her own face
While hot tears readied to pace
With her yell; experience was the spell that
Caused the Nurse's heart to swell as Juliet cried
This sound of love tied her to the Nurse and her husband
Who proclaimed to this substitute daughter,
Thou wilt fall backward when thou has
More wit; that was it; this old man who could
See the master plan ran that idea to Juliet
The deal in life is to confront real strife
This is the fruit she had tried to reach
Meanwhile where were the Capulets?
At some beach in Mantua buying and netting
Dead treasures like a tarantula
Moments like these could not be paid in fees to
The Nurse, it was her wealth of experience
That to some looked like a curse

Lady Capulet was indebted to the Nurse's
Knowledge and connection to Juliet, it was an asset
Years and days for the Nurse were spent in a sweat
She stood as a cadette to the battles of this girl
And now Lady Capulet wanted to offset a
potential threat that was tied up in the cloth of a corset
Marriage, life with the carriage and
Happily ever after was met with laughter
By Juliet who had yet to fret over such
An honor that was on a horizon way off yonder

Lady Capulet took another step and tried to show
Some pep as she spoke of Paris whose
Name alone shone as Romance
The Nurse couldn't help but agree that her
Eyes had liked what she could see in him
But Juliet kept quiet in her counsel of
A potential spousal affair all while
Lady Capulet set about navigating the route
To her Paris was eye candy who had
The rappings and trappings of a sugar daddy
What the poor sucker needed was some young
Thing to sing something sweet in his ear
Then draw him near with chocolate eyes that

Hold surprise and make him ask why
He's feeling a rush that he doesn't want to hush
And then he'd be in her grasp because by giving him a
Nip he'll ask for a flask, that's the task
To make him thirsty for more, yeah it's a
Chore getting into a corset but look at
What Juliet would forfeit if she left the moon shot
She'd fall out of his orbit, with guys its
All in how one paints the portrait

Lady Capulet asks Juliet if she'll get into that
Frame and take part in the festivities, the game
Her response is no guarantee of a renaissance
But with nonchalance she says she'll
Brush up on technique with no guarantee
That to him she'll give a peek
She had no idea that one not bidden who had been
Hidden would make her want to seek

Act 1 Scene 4

On those mean streets outside the Capulet's Crib

Before Benvolio, Mercutio, and Romeo are on
The go to the party they have a hearty
Discussion which Benvolio wants to end
While Romeo keeps gushing
About his heart and mind he must rend
Because Rosaline's love, or lack thereof, he
Must defend all while Mercutio tries
To bend the mood towards something
Away from prude and more towards crude
And thus begins an evening of friends in a feud

And in this prelude Mercutio sees that
Romeo's secluded attitude is intruding
On the renewing juventude, where the
Song of the young is always sung at a
Late hour which, ever darker at night
Makes kids empowered because each day
Is to be devoured; soured by Romeo's
Eluding vow to join in on the pre-party pow wow
Mercutio is imbued to elevate Romeo's
Subdued standing by being a friend and

Subtly demanding Romeo's view he suspend
With disbelief in the relief of dreams
Where nothing is as it seems

Benvolio asks them to be done already
But Romeo says his dancing shoes are
Unsteady while Mercutio's mind is about
To move like spaghetti; Mercutio dams up
The dam of Romeo's pooled problems in love
As a means of helping him solve them with the
Use of a glove coupled with a mask
The task he takes is asking how a levee breaks?
With a glove and mask he creates, makes, and fakes a simultaneous
New who can do whatever shows true
Stored up in Romeo's levee of heavy
Thoughts are the droplets of dreams,
At least that's what it seems like to Mercutio
And he deems that in the darkest night
Shine the brightest beams
Dreams cause screams
Of nightmares or ecstasy and
Between both one is held breathlessly
Dreams can not be lived out tentatively
And helplessly as Romeo whines and stays
Stuck as he grows in his pine;
Dreams, Mercutio says, are not developed in
A lab or standing on cold slabs of reason
Instead they are the handiwork of Queen
Mab who just might be teasing us
By seizing our needing for a correct
Proceeding so that the minds can be
Meeting, but in sleep this is self-defeating
Dreams are a place of misreading, dreams
Are impeding the bodies ability to move
And prove Queen Mab can approve or reprove
That's when you know she's in her groove
Queen Mab keeps tabs and with her
light-hearted gabs she'll make your laughing
take jabs at your abs she can make the drab
Fab or the fab drab all by getting your
Eyes into her cab for dreams are in the
Seams they are threaded towards what
One wants to be wedded in thought

And so Mercutio shows Romeo that
Instead of letting his dreams lie like
Lead he should mirror not what he fears
Or dreads but he should steer his mind
To find a shell to be showing
Queen Mab might've been the dreamer and schemer of the
Crab in creation, whose shell allows him
To dwell so well despite his crabby station
At the bottom of the sea where his movements
Don't even effect the surface of the water that you see

Romeo interjects and tries to deflect
What Mercutio's said, saying it was a
Whole lot of nothing while Mercutio admits
He may be bluffing but underneath
His mask Romeo can't tell if he's blushing

This causes Romeo's mind to start mushing
Meanwhile Benvolio tries hushing this
Hissy fit by making his torch lit
Saying they should quit standing on
The sidelines and get into the arena where
He can hit on all the ladies but
Mercutio has to make it clear that if
Romeo ever wants a woman to cheer his
Name he should wear what it appears
To get in that game because the price of entry
Is the mind's fee for which one's actions
Mirror and agree on this thought held
Under lock and key Romeo finally
Opens the door to the party where he decides
To give what he'll take and stakes his
Thoughts behind a mask and cape, so with
These instruments of power his levee breaks
Knowing that whoever has the steerage
Of his course will direct his sail, no matter
Whether that is a success or a fail

Benvolio who has been waiting ho hum
Finally gets to strike his drum

Act 1 Scene 5

The party inside the Capulet's crib

A host of servants acting urgent to be observant
To the task of those fortunate of wearing masks
Standing ready hand and foot, cleaning
Is hard put when people are acting as to make
It all go caput so while guests are distracted
By bursting fireworks those lurking below see only
The soot and they are also thirsting for
A time of revelry but unfortunately they're
In different classes and are there to care
While others, not part of the masses, act purposefully unaware
The napkins use intends abuse, meanwhile one
Servant tries to get the porter to excuse his friends Susan
Grindstone and Nell whom he knows so well
But this is not a story of those working
The quarry; they shouldn't worry where
The rock goes to settle for this is a place where
They shouldn't meddle and as one servant says,
"We can't be here and there too" which is true
Each person has a part to play and for the
Servants they should hope to get out of the way

Lord Capulet enters center stage trying to
Gauge whether the party animals will get out of
Their cages, meanwhile his cousin whose of
The same old age tries to wager when
Was the last time they were young and free at a
Masquerade? Twenty or thirty years it has
Been, way back when they acted as the
Cock in a house of hens, riling feathers
But now their goose is cooked and their
Own skin wears like leather
Being married now their passions are tethered to
Those they wanted to be with forever and
So they watch from their perched spot
While the youth walk about emotionally hot
Trying to induce to be sought, some hoping
To reel in another and tie the knot

Entering the masquerade on parade are
Romeo and his invading friends who

Pretend this is the house that they'd defend
Romeo and his group come from afar and
Leave the door ajar, letting in the nights
Stars with eyes peeking, seeking,
Drinking in that thirsty moment Romeo stands
While Tybalt spies these men and starts to
Foment thinking they have come to destroy
He is more than annoyed and thus employs
A servant to fetch his sword so he can
Kill this horde of men so then they can
Make merry again

Capulet sees Tybalt acting thus
And thrusts himself between Romeo and
His nephew so as to save the rapture of
The venue while Tybalt tells Capulet that
Revenge is on the menu and that he'll
Put Romeo on a platter but Capulet takes
The matter in his own hands and demands
With gentle flatter as he intervenes that no such scene
Will be seen at this masquerade because
All the drink and food have already been paid
Tybalt insists then Capulet desists with
His pleasantry and asks if he is to be treated
Like peasantry? Is he not the master of the
House? To which Tybalt, the cat, shrinks like a
Mouse, but inside him he does rouse a stoking hate
Which he vows to use at another date thus
Sealing a violent fate and so silently he
Goes through the front gate locking the
Door all irate after being made to feel like he was second rate

Meanwhile across the way, behind a tray,
Romeo stands unaware of the fray that may
Have been because his eyes have met Juliet
And her movements move Romeo
In such a way as to array himself with
The sweetest joy, greater even than the
inspiration of Helen of Troy, his love for
Rosaline was like a boy with a toy
But this love for Juliet is the real McCoy
Thus deploying to what others would be cloying steps Romeo
Is ploying his boyish pep and will

Rep his brightest ember hoping that after
Tonight he alone she will remember
In this mayday of mad love she walks
By him like a dove, and with a push
And shove he finds his way beside heaven's love

With his thoughts about to take the route to the bout
Romeo reaches out and puts his hand
To hers which isn't planned but nervously
He ran with the moment and began to play
With words it sounds absurd until its
Heard and makes others actions curve to
His reason and so he began comparing
Juliet to a holy shrine, so divine, that he
Only wants to find and adore her and observe
To keep clean like an alter boy his words
Don't miss, his end game is to kiss and on
This his words kindled a fire to Juliet's cold
Stare that felt like bliss

Juliet sees this boy and has enjoyed the way he paid her attention
She was caught in suspension and acting
As his teacher she wanted to put him in
Detention so she could make her own mention
Of wordplay and put it on display so
That both their tongues could interplay
Juliet's pause in reply hold's Romeo in her
Eyes and she gets a view into his soul and sees the
Part that will make them whole
Through all the music that did play, every dance in every way,
These feelings she could not betray
And so she thought of words she hoped would
Stay and in a way be something bright like day to
Hold on to at the close of the darkest night
For being forgotten is the greatest fright

Juliet spoke of how unholy hands offer prayers
Of devotion as they move in motion towards
Holy notions, but in order to be a saint your
Heart has moments where it acted faint thus
Painting this picture Juliet stroked in sin
As a beaming fixture making it the magic
Mixture of a saint, someone who overcomes

The taint of this world; her words swirled
On the canvas, no genius could have planned
This and Romeo stood transfixed and
Decided it was his turn to let simmering
Words burn, giving her something for which to yearn

In this holy court of wordplay Romeo went up to the bar
To cross examine the witness to try and test
Her fitness and asked what was the
Difference between the words of their devotion
Thus putting his plan in motion, Juliet
Saw no need to plead for an objection
Because to her before she took the stand
She put her hand on the holy book and
Vowed to speak true before judge and jury so there
Was no perjury, this Romeo knew, he had
A view and so he asked one question
Before he'd end this session, whether
He could put devotion into motion but
Before he got consent he went and kissed
Her which was exhibited to all as they
Stood against the wall and after catching her breath
Juliet asked if there were any questions
Left; seeing this as a deft appeal for
More to feel Romeo gave more of what
She sought, not caring if he was caught,
And if the first offense was hidden
The second one drew a bidding
From the Nurse who understood what
A curse it would be if others saw this apparent flaw

The Nurse sent Juliet up to speak with her
Mother thus ending the court's session
Romeo stood eyes glazed and the Nurse
Decided to let him know the dear price he paid
In trying to find where the truth was laid with the maid
Because he could not see that she was a
Capulet; this news rocked Romeo to
The core; the falling of this gavel made
All of Romeo's plans unravel

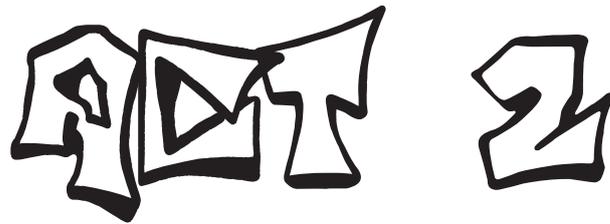
Benvolio and Romeo's other friends
Surfaced and decided the party was close to

An end and so with a mind to mend Romeo left

Meanwhile Juliet stood not knowing of
The penance she should feel, until the Nurse
Gave this sentence, *His name is Romeo,*
And a Montague, the only son of your great
Enemy. But it was too late to turn back
The clock and wind up hate, Juliet
Saw Romeo as being truly great
He was not as the world saw
To her he had a clean slate
She had been down his stream of conscious
And saw nothing monstrous, rather
There was a flawless fondness which was
No-nonsense; it had been intense but in
The world of love she was no longer a
Novice, and in their wrongness she felt
Only rightness and could not fight this
She gave no portion to the world's distortion

Chorus

Moving this far, what do we find?
Two sets of parents of the same kind
Distant in years which will bring on real tears
Due to their children's moods that they feared
And steered clear, meanwhile Rosaline is
Freed from Romeo's mind and Paris has no clew
To rewind and find Juliet and we now see the gears
Of time and fate begin to grind as these
Two star-crossed lovers, like a plant, are
Intertwined; soon we'll hear the wringing of
The bell, sounding either alarm or all's well
As two and a community draw closer to heaven or hell
And these young budding lovers will finally bloom
With those in a room celebrating marriage or mourning life's doom

**Act 2 Scene 1**

At a place adjoining Capulet's garden the plots about to harden

Leaving the party with his little cohort
Romeo has a pregnant pause that he chooses not
To abort and instead of counseling with men who
Speak in excess he knows that this recess is
Over and goes back to court, this is his last resort
Even if empty chambers are all that await him, his
Heart has a new spirit and start which he
Wants to impart no matter what trial awaits
There is no denial of what he judged from Juliet's stare
And with this determination he will not
Budge, no matter the familial grudge so
In a flurry Romeo leaves in a hurry to seek a new jury

And so Romeo disappears over the wall
While Benvolio and Mercutio stand and stall
They have no idea what Romeo endured at the ball
And so all they can do is call for him
The difference between Romeo and his friends
Is in what he does and they pretend
Mercutio masks himself as Rosaline
To try and divine Romeo
But he is on a higher plane while Mercutio
Takes no pains conjuring Rosaline's eyes, sighs,
And quivering thighs, but Romeo has realized
The true prize of love's devotion and it is
Void of the crude and the lewd denotion; he
Soon will pass through a veil which is a
Sacrament with holy bread that leavens but to
Them it is all stale because they see it as nothing
More than tail, a tale to tell with swelling of
The facts and youthful lusty pleasures that

Split foundation's love into nothing more than cracks
And on this wise Mercutio continues in disguise with all his lies
Making attacks with all the decorum that he lacks
He plucks off fruit forbidden for him to
Touch and as such hurls the pit, trying to hit
Upon his friend all the while
Romeo intends to defend what Mercutio
Would make sacrilege with all that
Falls under parentage and due to this he'll
Never have the privilege of plucking that
Second fruit because in his heart it never
Took root and as such justice will be
Required in the final lawsuit; for in the
World of loving Mercutio and Benvolio
Masked merely to prostitute; so standing
By the wall with their cat calls they
Finally flee, aiming at that itch which
Dogged them because they were not the types to hitch

Act 2 Scene 2

Capulet's Orchard where two lovers are feeling tortured

Although these feelings have Romeo reeling
He is at the altar of his love kneeling
Wanting to know if she does concur at all
These moments gone by in a blur, Romeo finally
Sees her and says to himself, *It is my*
Lady, O it is my love: O that she knew she were
She does not know of the emotions she stirs
The way she makes the cat in him purr
And how in turn this drives him to be more pure
Crazy love is at the wheel made hazy by those
Hasty heartbeats which Romeo entreats and
In this darkest night he uses his eyes as
Headlights putting these two blinkers fixed upon Juliet
Who stands coasting on reserves and dealing
With the nerves she voices aloud the choices
That are crowded into two lanes of thought
And caught going in different directions
Standing on a balcony overlooking a field she doesn't
Yield to caution but speaks her mind openly
Romeo and his name are both a pleasure and a pain
Juliet's trial is in the denial of a name and

The power from whence it came; to be a Montague
Has her feeling blue; it's a word that's tough to chew
Because she drinks the Capulet brew, unless that
Was over through a coup; if these warring
Cats withdrew she could be one of the few to mew with the
New crew but being glued to a family name she's been screwed
She stands not knowing what to do

Romeo has heard it all clear and believes he should
Let her know he's near but he fears to speak
Just yet and bets she will continue as she has set open
A window to her world which has constantly swirled
Juliet paces while her mind races and shifts
With hard realities she drifts and lifts
Herself upon this mountain of emotion all while
Wondering at the chemistry that makes one a friend, foe, or enemy
She stands on the median between empathy
And jealousy, deciding on which name will she
Tie her legacy, this pedigree of ancestry fuels
A hate that exhausts with what environmental
Costs? And when it is put to light it draws the
Moths of dead impressions these two
Paths are digressions; ramping up these roads
She's been coached in she looks out from
These switchbacks with reverence and she
Sees another Everest in the distance
In this instance she realizes there a
Wide valley between preference which
Changes one's point of reference
From this vista of a system she stood, staring
Under the hood of the world with its
Engine humming and the wells of fuel
Drumming she did listen to the rise and fall
Of every piston like a thoughtful technician
She wanted to kill the ignition knowing she stood in
A position of resistance and her only condition of
Submission being to end the opposition

*Romeo, doff thy name, and for thy name
Which is no part of thee, take all myself*
She says while looking at her mirrors
This puts Romeo in the clear
And so honking his own horn, he

Says he is newly born and has forsworn
Himself on a holy mission with her as
His singular vision; he sees her coming down
The mountain with inscriptions and sees them as
Prescriptions to his aching heart
With his earthbound life and name over he wants to start anew
With her in a lunar rover as they see
Celestial sights, this moment only half affrights
Juliet who now delights that this bad boy
Comes from the other side of the tracks and his
Word smacks of honor and loyalty whilst
She stands on the overpass treated like royalty
He jay-walks and talks trying to meet her in
The middle and his words in all sing song start to fiddle

But this is the riddle that Juliet must pickle
He has heard her mind bind itself to him but
This was done in the mind of the gym, a
Training ground of thought, not the place or space
Of hoodwinked interface; true he saw her make
That climb sweating towards the heavens all
While letting himself take the path of
Least resistance, this is a man she doesn't know
She wants him to be her beau but she's hesitant now
And if he is to own the farm she doesn't want
To have alarm as he goes from exclaiming holy cows
Towards a field that he then intends to plow
After all he wasn't out working his love's knowledge
In the field he could have wield his thoughts coupled with actions
But instead he stood in the stall all idle, he hasn't shown
If his passions are bridled; sure his tongue can sing
A beautiful recital but this doesn't entitle him
Because love is more than primal it is about survival
Of each one acting as a faithful disciple who
Defeats that rival of the self and who can
Stock the shelves living life like one of the twelve
That delve into feeding and clothing what anothers
Needing and so Juliet asks the boy below
To show something of himself, *O gentle Romeo,*
If thou dost love pronounce it faithfully
Unfortunately his first attempt draws contempt
He compares her to the moon because it
Makes him swoon, this is just the tune that to her speaks doom

Is he a worm or a caterpillar? She fears she spoke too soon
One works the ground while the other will abound
He stands cloaked in a darkness that could ruin
Or he is merely in a cocoon; this has gone too fast
This love won't last, and with this gasp she pivots to go

Romeo sees her turn with his love going towards an urn
Too hot was their love, it burned and consumed
But he doesn't want to resume the morrow
And so he finally shows his sorrow, asking to borrow an
Ember from which to remember so that he
Does not leave so unsatisfied, due to once again
Being denied but Juliet circles back and sees shining
Through the black her man and love surrounded by
Lilacs all in bloom, this token flower gives
Her power to try a future hour and not cower
To what she cannot see, in this way she'll test
His faith and see if his spirit is real or a wraith
She tells him if his intent is marriage then
He should not disparage for his mourning has
Moved her towards turning her ney into a yea
He yet can in her heart sway if he will
Stand in the light of day and declare his true
Intent to one which to him will be sent

Romeo feels like he's in a dream he's tired
And losing steam but doesn't want to go to
Sleep because he's afraid of awakening
And all that it could be taking from him
But tomorrow's specks of time continue their
Fall, continue their climb as these two lovers likewise
Live life in the middle like a sieve on this
Hour glass that turns Romeo declares that on
The morrow his actions will confirm what words have only borrowed
And as he leaves Romeo's heart heaves because
His hopes have been given reprieve, on his way hence
To Friar Lawrence whose sixth sense of belief, Romeo
Will have beg and plead so that he can wed
Without which he'll never be able to go to bed

Act 2 Scene 3

Outside Friar Lawrence sits by his cell considering what truths propel

The Friar, like the Nurse, has turned his back
On the cursings of this world and instead
Aids others in understanding the charades of men
That have spanned decades; with his Holy
Bible near and read, he uses words that on the
Mind are fed for his crusade does not involve
Invading one's mind with brigades of bullying will
That pull the pin on grenades of exploding ill, rather
He lets others who are raiding and grading their
Own mind find him and then he can draw the
Shades and speak of what persuades or dissuades
As these people wade through a world of sin
With themselves holding the linchpin to twin
Decisions, do they push or pull, rush or
Mull about the problem? And this is how they go about with issues
Not knowing how to solve them, let alone
Absolve themselves from the blame and guilt that
Ever grow and never wilt, within the mind and
Heart the Friar finds a liar at either end or
Starts of their quandary, trying to justify their dirty
Laundry and with his robes of righteousness the Friar
Looks over the globe that is not blind to this and
Mirrors since the fall of man what has forever
Changed the land; mother earth, since that curse,
Has been in a constant state of rebirth, supplanting
Seeds of good besides the weeds that would out
Grow them yet, a collection of the bounty can,
In the hands of one, make them a vigilante, but
One must profoundly observe that they also often serve a pantry
This truth may unnerve, that one does not get what
They deserve, but one has to remember life is
Lived on a curve that allows all to preserve
Whatever will they subserve; the fall was a call
For all to look within and see what fruit would suit
Their kin so that when the earth came covering
The remaining birth would be hovering and
Discovering whether they should graft themselves to
Another whose craft could help them get the last
Laugh by changing their future path

Thus sat the Friar in his cell, alone he lived in
A dwelling with salvation selling all for free, this was
His ministry watching and registering actions of birth
And death seeing that which caused each breath
Was matrimony and at each of these three ceremonies
Were the harmonies of experience, blessings and cursings
Form which, with the aid of God, could be reversed

Romeo joined the Friar at this early hour in his lonely
Cell and with a terse greeting he sat beside the Friar
Whose eyes were meeting a younger version of himself
Romeo smiled all the while, where the Friar saw only
Wiles working out through his expression and trying to
Draw a confession the Friar used his talents of
Deduction to weigh Romeo on the balance sheet of
Affairs where he discovered either the boy had been
Into or out of his bed with something on his
Mind instead of sleep
Smile coupled with Romeo's reply supplied
The Friar with a creeping shock asking Romeo
To confirm or deny that the previous night he did lie
With Rosaline; Romeo, sitting in the Friar's cell,
Tells him he's freed from Rosaline and all the
Time he wasted pining; to her he has no axe to grind
Rather he's been chomping at the bit by one who
Has hit him and who is likewise whipped
And only needs the Friar's blessing to yoke
Them together, thus ending the stoking hate between their families

The lonely Friar never tires of what inspires
The travels people took but in his duties of being
Devout he'd rather they cast their truthful talk
Right out, not dance about it with the same
Wandering route they hooked themselves into
He tells Romeo to speak plainly, that is the pathway
Of the saintly so Romeo responds by speaking
Of the bonds of love he feels towards Juliet
Who likewise is bound to him and this debt
Of love they want to pay above and be
Covered by the holy cloth and register the
Deed and in this the Friar's hand they need

The Friar stands in his cell seeing that

Bombshells are expelled from the repelling
Of the senses that destroy or create defenses
And in these intense flashes one sees eyelashes
Open or closed intent on seeing the
Brilliance or forever darkening foes with good riddance
Friar Lawrence says Rosaline put
Romeo in shell shock, looking at her all
Lock stocked by her two smoking barrels
That such love is what imparels man when
Eyes are the supplies for blasting off their senses

Romeo breaks in to explain his former pain in
Rosaline but the Friar won't hear this vain babble
Meanwhile Romeo rabbles off how Juliet abstains and
Makes him abstain too, whereas with Rosaline
Romeo would have tried to redefine the line that
Should not be crossed and now Juliet has
made him crossed and sworn to live life true
Friar Lawrence exits his cell and pulls along
Romeo as well, telling him that though
The ocean of emotion can ebb and flow
He'll help him row and stow away a clear
Precedent move to turn warring houses to love
Romeo flooded with joy moves quick to captain the ship
While the Friar knows that moves like that make many seasick

Act 2 Scene 4

On the Mean Streets of Verona

Mercutio and Benvolio walk around not knowing where
To go, they are still fool-hardy from the previous night's
Party but it's hard to find romance when there's no
Music to dance to or the chance to whirl about a girl;
With masks all gone they walk about and yawn
Though a new day has dawned they don the same talk and stance
Of one sitting and scratching in the stalls of a John
Drawn to this lowest common denominator
Mercutio decides he'll act as moderator on a debate
Dealing with the fate of Romeo who has yet
To know of Tybalt's quibble he wants to
Whittle away in a pointed play where the pair of them
Will use the steel to etch out what they feel
He sealed this deal in a letter that made these men now betters

Tybalt's foil towards Romeo is of descending hate
That Romeo guards against by ascending
The fencing art that divides by tilting his
Brand of belief toward the hilt that stands in relief
And forever sheath that venom of a weapon
By ironing his will towards a love that feels no
End and feels no need to contend; however, Tybalt wants
To harm and curse with the use of his arms while Romeo wants
To transverse and cease any use of alarm by making peace

But Mercutio and Benvolio have the truth
Masked before them, and they merely take
Up the task of asking if the fight will happen
While they parody the stabbing violence with
Their rapier wit which they compare to a love affair
With all the lunging, thrusting, and hitting on an opponent
Using the sword as the manliest component
And of its use they are both proponent
In their sported talk filled with moaning and groaning
Who should be showing himself but Romeo
Whose plan is underway and straitway Mercutio
Continues sparing with bawdy chops at Romeo
Who hops on Mercutio's train of thought and asks
If he's bought a ticket; Mercutio stutters while
Romeo hears only crickets, in the thick of it Romeo proves that
He can play with a joyful spirit and Mercutio's
Happy that they can hit it off again like old
Friends as they spend time using words that
They redefine; in this wild goose chase of wits
Each character hits bits of laughter and while
They chatter Mercutio makes mention that this
Mirth shows Romeo has gone through a rebirth
From a spirit that was grotesque
He goes on to one showing something burlesque
Mercutio likes what he sees in this talk of
The birds and the bees
Who should come begging a word but the Nurse
With her attendant and all the men there can see
She is not resplendent but independent of this fact
Mercutio speaks without tact comparing the Nurse
To a lady of the night from which he figures
No one has had delight in not even under the

Mask of night; the Nurse could have spun her
Own verse in reverse on that young curse
Named Mercutio but she lets it go since she must
Know how to find one Romeo, she is on her
Lady's errand and so she only glares on
Mercutio but Romeo claims his name and
He speaks with the Nurse not letting the
Conversation get any worse and speaking in blank
Verse she asks him to explain Mercutio
If this man is his friend then the Nurse will
Try to bend Juliet's will by showing it was a
Dead end where her hope was beguiled,
Of which she was clearly in denial, but Romeo
Witnesses to his friend's vile words and calls
Them what they were, this true assessment
Arrests the Nurses fears because she
Sees a man invested in what's true who will
Play not to the many but the few and this includes fair Juliet

And so Romeo gives instructions as a means to
Avoid destruction to their marital bliss that he
Doesn't want the Nurse to miss and so he insists
That Juliet find a way to steal an hour at Friar Lawrence's cell
Where everything will be well. He also takes pain
To explain how he needs her help to gather his
Ladder from behind the abbey wall so that
Their love won't stall and he can climb the
Stairs and join his love in holy prayers
The Nurse gives her consent that her adopted daughter will advent

Act 2 Scene 5

Juliet sits in her room in the Capulet Crib thinking over her potential groom

Sitting in her tower without the power to sing
A duet sits Juliet with a solo tempo
Watching the clock with its ticks and tocks
Passing with every shadow; the Nurse's feet
Keep the beat but she first had to retreat
Into the mean streets of Verona where she was
Shown a man named Romeo, Juliet waited
With an instrumental view that the parentals
Knew nothing about which was detrimental to all
Involved and it was an incremental two step

Process that was coincidental more or less
In the testing ground of that dance of faithfulness

If each character was miked up you'd see them psyched as well
Lady Capulet was off wearing a fancy dress
While Father Capulet was trying to reassess
How his party fared in the morning press
This lack of love and all its connection was clearly
Detected by all within the walls of that house
They each had access to another but in their
Isolated worlds they depressed waiting for someone
Or something else to profess that they assessed
That they held value; the chorus they sung
In that mansion was one of abstraction
Their feelings were wanting traction but each
Was caught up in their own distraction

The Nurse finally arrives but she deprives
Juliet of the information for which she was sent
This causes Juliet to vent out her pent
Up frustrations while the Nurse chalks it up to being
Old and acts as if she has the onset of a cold
Juliet sits fever pitched asking whether she'll
Get hitched but the Nurse continues her delay
Complaining of arthritis and collapses in a
Chair acting lifeless, meanwhile Juliet has a
Bone to pick and standing all animated she asks of
Her love all frustrated to which the Nurse
Continues all deflated despite Juliet's hot mind and
Words this little scene is all absurd, except when
One sees what is deserved; the aches of age can
Make one a sage while the pangs of youth
Are but flints to truth; to Juliet age is a cage but she will not
Get to taste great wine because she whines for
The instant and is resistant towards the persistence of strife
Her only concern is to be Romeo's wife
And on her life she'll wait no longer and with
A stronger demand the Nurse tends to this
Impatient girl who was acting a pill so she gives her the prescription
She wanted to fill, in this type of behavior she would not waver
And feeling such Juliet took on the one labor she was in favor
Away to Friar Lawrence's cell where like Pavlov's dog she
Salivated thinking of the ringing of her wedding bell

Act 2 Scene 6

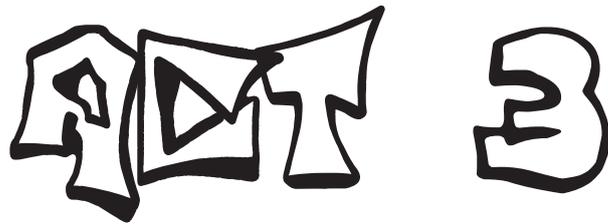
Friar Lawrence stands in his cell ready to play the rebel

In his cell Friar Lawrence's thoughts would dwell
On the light of the heavens and the one that fell
And brought the death knell that
Counterfeits light and drags the chains of hell
His sin, as chief of the sons of perdition,
Was what he took as intuition to the situation
And he labeled his actions as inspiration
By being ruled by his will which led him in all that he did feel
No one is frightful when they think they act rightful

The Friar himself was about to try and forcibly
Solve a trouble by acting double; he was going
To unite these two in hopes that others could
See how skewed their one view had been
Regarding the other, whom they should have looked
To as a brother; this one act by the Friar
Was meant to inspire and so he reached for
Heaven's light but forgot the shadow casted
By his obstruction which could lead one
Blindly to destruction; his one act eclipsed
The track he'd set these two upon which he thought he'd fixed

Romeo stood beside the man in the hood, a
Man of the cloth and spoke of how he would
Stitch with holiness his heart to Juliet's, which could start
A patching to old feuds that had been hatching
Between their families, but the Friar
Who helped conspire the scheme spoke
Of how if a new cloth was used it would likely rent
And in the time he spent explaining who appeared
But Juliet who calmed both men's fears
And brought with her joyful tears
In the intervening years that the Friar lived
Alone he was observant to what confessors had
Shown him through their deeds and so he
Now pleaded with these two as they took
Their holy sacrament that they should remember
Appetites are reinvented as delights are indulged
And so they should fast so as not to bulge
One is wedded to what they take within

Whether that be with a grimace or a grin
And with that blessing their old lives ended and with it sin
Where now their new life as one would just begin

**Act 3 Scene 1**

Verona, out in front of everybody's business

Benvolio and Mercutio are on the go in the mean streets
With their pulses keeping beats as they advance
They see others retreating while Benvolio
Cautions that their posturing is self-defeating
But Mercutio speaks of previous meetings
Where Benvolio would fight at any and all
Spites, real or imagined that he saw and maddened
Benvolio is saddened by Mercutio who keeps
Them on the move and out to prove that they have nothing to lose

On this hot day Tybalt enters and centers
His eyes on the Montague crew of two, he
Talks about what he then just walks right out to do
He's already put Romeo on notice since his
Uninvited entrance where Lady Capulet played hostess
Tybalt's old rage is nothing new, and now
He hopes to bill out what he feels out as being due
Romeo's blood needs to flood because he's in the red
Little does Tybalt know that to his cousin Romeo's now wed
Mercutio answers the prince of cats with
Spats of words hurled and hoping to land
A blow because each side sloshes with foaming
Anger with an undercurrent of keeping calm
On this balmy afternoon while Romeo finally
Arrives after having just with Juliet swooned

Tybalt calls Romeo a villain but Romeo says
Tybalt will need to find another to fill in for
That spot because he will not let his temper get
Hot, instead of killing he is chilling but Tybalt keeps
Grilling with his shrilling voice and has choice words

He needs his anger to be observed, he is intent on
Giving Romeo and his family what they deserve
But Romeo's response is unnerving because
Instead of serving out hate and tempting fate
He preserves the peace asking for a new lease on
Life calling for an end to the strife that has cost
The blood that others lost

In order for there to be a fight
There must be two to feel a slight and
Wanting to take an apparent wrong and make it
Right, so Mercutio steps in and waves away
Romeo's white flag and drags out his
Sword and tongue and uses both to slice at
Tybalt with backbiting delight, plunging the
Light of the day into the darkest night

As the swirling ocean of emotion crashed on either side
Romeo tries to stop this fight and hops between
The two but neither withdrew and Tybalt
Bobs about and gives his dagger a secret route
To Mercutio's side proving that his hate will
Not be denied and as Mercutio's maddening blood became
Uncorked, Romeo decided to trade the longevity
Of the stork and start behaving like the
Blackened raven; it was time for Tybalt's
Chirping to cease as Romeo's rage only increased
Knowing Mercutio died, and with a maddening cry
And terror in his eye, Romeo gave each toss of
The blade with an ever advancing shade guaranteeing
That Tybalt's name would etch and fade on
The receipt that he demanded to be paid and
So Romeo signed his pointy signature casting
Both men into the black with his vicious attack
After Romeo planted his dagger and Tybalt
Began to stagger, long gone was his swagger,
The blood of both families was finally shed
And two hot heads now lay dead with Romeo
Realizing the tie to their families he'd hoped to
Wed was instead shredded and with red blood
He had fed the noxious weeds of hate and had even planted
New seeds growing at toxic speeds all because of
Deeds done under a manly creed instead of the divine

One that he had just pleaded to supersede

Benvolio tells Romeo to go on the run because
His life too would be done once others gathered
As sure as the setting sun, and so once more
The Officer and the Prince arrived and Benvolio
Was there to speak and leak out all the facts
He had stored up in his view, thus speaking true he
Pointed to the points used by once life filled
Joints on those left lifeless saying that Romeo
Was called spineless by Tybalt and then
Mercutio started down the path to ultimate silence
By acting in likeness to Tybalt and so these
Two were caught in a fray with Romeo not
Trying to betray the peace but once Tybalt slew
Mercutio, Romeo drew his sword and traced
A similar space in the ground for Tybalt to
Resound and without a sound these two now stay

Making her way towards the Prince is Lady
Capulet who wanted to convince him that
From her view of the tracks left he could
Not be deaf to justice; meanwhile Lord Montague
Threw in his point of view wanting
The Prince to chew on the fact that Tybalt forever lied
Because Mercutio died; both families continued their
Cry until the Prince decided to rinse his
Hands of this affair, he saw clearly and
Would not wince at what occurred
Stirred within him was the cold rule of law and so he
Did not mince words when he denied mercy
And said a horse would be needed once Romeo
Was found because of the curse he kept alive;
The actions he took were one of a crook
He took a life and perpetuated strife and so as a butcher
He would receive the knife, death had now become his wife

Act 3 Scene 2

Juliet sitting in her room in the Capulet Mansion contemplating love's expansion

Alone with nervous and excited chatter Juliet is all
Set for a night of delight and peeks with her
Eyes trying to sight her boy that she will

Make a man after they conclude their plan
Meanwhile she keeps fanning the coals
Of her hearth that worms her mirth thinking
Of those future births making her a mother on
This earth but he is still held beyond a curtain
That he is certain to come through with a
Virgin experience that keeps her in suspense
And so she peers beyond the fence, from
Whence the Nurse was sent and Juliet soon
Thinks of the castles and clothes that she will soon dispense
Because that is all now past tense to a life lived
In defense of a name that now she sees as pretense
She has been wedded in word which
Is something she heard pronounced from the Friar
But to the world she acts as a liar
It was a lightning love intense from its commencement
She has now made an investment in a new name
And estate to which she has tied her fate
In tying the knot this is what she got a shot
At framing a future and to her husbands aching body
She makes herself a suture; she will have to have
Thick skin by defending her kin when she
Must explain to the Capulets what has been
And how they must not chagrin but take it on
The chin because anyone can change but it starts within

These future discussions will be adverse but in the
meantime Juliet spots the Nurse who looks a little
Worse for the wear and walks in with a blank
Stare not caring to cover her emotions she doesn't
Know how to tell Juliet that the potion she has
Sipped will now make her mind and marriage rip
Juliet demands that she converse and disburse
Of the load with which she carries and
Not tarry in a land of grief but rather bury the
Sorrow and find relief, the Nurse doesn't want
To be a thief to joy, nor does she want to
Annoy but her mind can't help but toy with
The facts when she says that Romeo is dead
Juliet stammers and hammers the Nurse to
Explain and so she reverses and curses the stars
For baring the light from Tybalt's eyes by denying
Him breath through a grave sucking death

These two woes put Juliet's mind through the
Throes of places it did not wish to go
Juliet looks out the window to the garden
With a mind that starts to harden to a
World that fell apart and with a heavy
Heart she starts to cry and wonder over what she must now deny

The Nurse has brought the chords and ladder
While Juliet's mind stews like the mad hatter
This contraption was going to make her marry but
Now she is wary; of Romeo's virtues she had sung
Like a canary; their marriage was a play thrown to
The heavens like a hail mary but on the contrary
Juliet stared at a paradise lost at such a great cost

The Nurse finally charts a course to tell things
True and explains that of these two only
Tybalt had deceased but he was to that
World of silence released by the hands of Romeo
Who has himself been banished and has since
Vanished to the shadows; suddenly Juliet's
Love turned cold as snow where she was
Frozen in her tracks trying to recall what was
Chosen in the acts of those she used to know

She thought Romeo wasn't like the rank and
File but his vial actions were a trial and
She glanced at the garden wondering what else
He would defile yet she couldn't believe
That one wearing argyle with such a smile
Would beguile her with the blackest bile of inward
Deceit, his feet had traversed any mile and
Hopped her fence and stood in the fertile valley
Below with such a hope to sow, wrapped
In beauty was her beau, his words and actions
Had showed her a man she knew, but these new
Facts were something from which she didn't know what to do

And so she withdrew from the window and its garden view
She had been on the ropes and heard a bell ring at this late
Hour and with what power she had in her legs she begged the Nurse
To be in her corner, feeling like a dope and not knowing
Whether to say yes or nope to the groping suspicion or

Intuition that she should continue the fight
To prove she was right the bell rang thrice more
Claiming the time as sweet memories mimed
What she had tied herself to; the bell rang twice more and she
Thought of Tybalt's name but this paled in comparison
To the pain when put beside Romeo; the bell rang and
Rang and rang and rang all while Juliet's memory sang
Of the four corners of the earth that spanned the worth
Of Romeo to Juliet's eyes that swirled; he was still her world
The bell rang anew and Juliet began to cope
Moving on with the tightrope walk knowing she
Had eloped she would not mope the height of
Her issues by wearing out tissues
The final bell rang and Juliet sang her praises with a voice
That raised Romeo from that abysmal slope,
She would try to wash the past with future's soap

The Nurse seeing Juliet square her shoulders and
Look ever older decided to find her dear Romeo
In Friar Lawrence's cell where she knew he was likely to dwell
Juliet bid her to give him a ring, letting him know she too had taken a drubbing,
Thus showing loves circular offering as this instrument
Was whole and held signifying two souls
Melded and welded with all previous impurities
From it expelled; the lot of their future was
Already cast from what was sealed in their past

Act 3 Scene 3

Inside Friar Lawrence's cell Romeo doesn't look too well

Who is more acquainted with Romeo's suffering
And knows it better than the Friar who has
Fettered himself in a banished state, not for
The faint of heart whose solitary
Fate is painted with his every brush of
Thought, but Romeo is caught in a tangle
After tying the knot which landed two
In a shared plot which Romeo wants
Quickly dispersed after snapping a shaking shot
Thus having a negative view he sees there
Will never be nothing new the Friar
Tells Romeo that simply is not true
The darkness is but a space for relief as

Light shines through to act as a sieve for
Those grains of time that are locked
Are actually stocked for a completely different
Hue; and who should know this better than
A man that's lived by the letter of these laws
And sees all of their inherent flaws the Friar
Wants to give Romeo pause and not
Focus on his feelings that are so raw

Though thou art banished the Friar began but
Romeo couldn't see beyond his broken plan
And with deadpan interest of being a gymnast
Of a linguist Romeo somersaults to the past
Wishing to go and do a back walkover of
The routine that has left him now in the canteen
Why did his pointed hands spring?
Was his marriage not a full turn? Did he not just dismount
From surmounting their schemes by trading the rings?
But that king of cats made him react by attacking
Mercutio who as he died cried, *A curse over both of
Your houses* which all but douses through the
Roof he hoped to raise leaving him in a haze
As the structure of a home went up in a blaze
And Romeo stands ready to appraise that futures lot on
His plot of land was manned by nothing but ashes
As his mind kept showing him flashes from
The afternoon that snapped away with all of
His ugly anger on display that pointed to a
Rule of thirds he must have heard: say nothing,
Do nothing, be nothing, in order to keep the status
Quo, act as if you nothing know and show as such
Romeo's work to bring two to one had been so clutch
And his good behavior had been seen as much
However to some it was a weakness viewed as a crutch
He wanted to tie two ropes in a game of double dutch
And when one touch took out his legs he
Pegged the other who just prior he begged to be as a brother
And now Romeo saw his future vanish since it
Was pronounced that he was banished

The Friar wants to challenge Romeo's landscape of
Affairs because he cares for the boy and needs
To tear him away from the high and low of his

Medium by helping him see beyond the idiom
Of expression, now is the time of discretion
Not a time to freshen a previous aggression
Such only leads to depression and in the cages of rages the
Friar has heard, seen, and lived every session
Due to his profession and living a life without ever being
In possession, he's seen a procession of people's choices
Lived in succession with every advance and regression
The Friar has lived his life in a state of suppression
After the confession of a wrong there remains but
One more question; since your transgression
What will be your lasting impression that shows progression?

Romeo's brain will not bend as his eyes copied
What he viewed even though it is askew as
A misprint, it was his mind that made the mint
Which keeps afresh a conscious kept in splints, thus giving us a hint
At why they call plans to be colored on blueprints
Because the sad business of making a mistake a witness
To what went against the shared vision that was
To be lived out in a chorus of decision; instead
Of a house, Romeo declares, he was living in a prison

The Friar takes Romeo to task asking if his
Blood is crimson or if that color is missing from
The prism of his pulse that can never see the dulce
Because banishment is merely something that needs
Management not abandonment of all the would be inhabitants
Romeo interjects and speaks as he inspects
All that went on in retrospect stating that he had
Hoped to break that glass ceiling with Juliet but
With sad regret he suspected that there was a
Limit to the sky; here the Friar speaks of the
Heavens with their vaulted and coffered ceilings with
Their exposed beams and states nothing is as it seems
He has Romeo stand on the opposite wall, as he does silently
Call his name which claims its passage up and over the
Domed ceiling and speaks with whispered feeling
All that the Friar could say to inspire Romeo to
Keep trudging through this quagmire though the Friar's lips
Move as if no words are left, Romeo can hear, proving he's not deaf

Just then there came a knocking which kept

These two from talking perhaps justice had come
Stocking, but their fears were laid to rest
As they heard the voice of their uninvited guest
It was the Nurse who was on a quest from Juliet
She is let in this cramped space and
Sees it framed like the place she just raced from
With Juliet's eyes and vision all blurred due to
Tears that testify of fears that hold fright in her every sight
Romeo asks how his lady fairs, the Nurse
Simply stares at Romeo and asks him to look in the
Mirror and he'll see a similar fear which grips
Them both; they feel the weight of love since going under oath

The Friar knows that these two are faint and so he
Takes his words and vision and begins to paint
More blush into their cheeks as he speaks strength
To the weak, that they soon must be hid but
He will seek them out and route about some
Hope filled water in this drought of despair
In a house that seems shattered the Friar's words act as grout
These two should not pout as he will scout
The terrain of all their pain and navigate it into plain sight
So that others will take fright at their previous
Delight in the agony they caused on their own family
The Friar promised that by passing through a valley of
Shadows they, in the end, would be hallowed and
That their grief would be turned to relief

The Nurse then delivered the ring from Juliet,
Asking Romeo to continue on the journey that they beget
And so on this interlude of problems tennised in the net
The Friar, Nurse, and two star crossed lovers had won the set

Act 3 Scene 4

A room just off of the terrace in the Capulet Mansion shows Capulet with Paris

Lord Capulet sat and met with Paris who, despite the rareness
Of the evenings doom, stood there in the room, stating
How he'd like to be Juliet's groom, this was assuming
That she too was over the moon and ready
To unlock her womb; to the parents,

Paris pleaded that this happen soon
Lady Capulet figured she'd break the news to Juliet just
After noon on Thursday that way they'd have something
To say after burying Tybalt in the solemnness of the cemetery
They could turn around and then make merry
And bid farewell to death's knell by hearing
A happier ringing in those church bells
And so after arriving a bit grave and glum Paris left
With some lightness to his step knowing Juliet
Would take his name to forever rep

Act 3 Scene 5

Juliet's room covered with love's sweet perfume

Covered in shadows and sheats Romeo and
Juliet's heart beats as they hover in their
Late night flight thinking over love's delight
But they are burdened by the parts they've played
Knowing the morning sun will pull back the curtain
On a new day getting their drama back underway
Hurting they huddled close trying to make certain
As they are blinded by their horizon
They paint their faces with lies upon them
Their clothes lie upon the ground, all undressed
Showing that to another they've been possessed
They wait to hear the cock crow which
Is an echo of their nights firm
Resolve that eventually dissolved
This live death is the lynchpin of
Revolving terms and is sounded out at their distinction

The rising sun banishes darkness and
Likewise Romeo must now vanish
Their delight cannot touch the light
Cannot be known, cannot be shown, this
Love they live they cannot own as others
They must conceal what they feel, until the
Friar works a heavenly magic on earth to reveal
The boy that climbed the ladder leaves a man
While the girl left waiting, grieves now as a woman
Seeing her husband carry all her woes she
Cannot alieve; these feelings never give her reprieve

Knock, knock, here comes a shock
As the ticking clock rocks a wristed fist
Upon the door destroying bliss forevermore
Lady Capulet goes through the door
Ready to make Juliet's jaw hit the floor
With news that Paris will be her man
This is what the parents and he have planned
In the span of a second or two Juliet must
Live double true with loyalties to
Capulets she must make new having just
Been wedded to a Montague of which they nothing knew

Lady Capulet calls Romeo a traitor hoping
That soon he'll meet his maker while
Juliet concedes as much but she's a faker
She means she wants to see the man that'd take her
In love's kitchen and place her as baker
But as a means of trying to shake her
Mother's scent from the trail of thought Juliet
Says the heat of her anger has made her hot

Lady Capulet sees a way to stop the simmering
Sentiments of her daughter by offering a glimmering
Date that will change her fate
Lady Capulet tells her girl that in the swirl of all this
Sadness, her father has planned this future gladness
With Paris who will be her man
But Juliet tossed that idea straight into the can
And ran her thoughts out in the open
And says she's not joking, that to Romeo
She'll give all her devotion before she'll
Ever consent to Paris; Lady Capulet thinks Juliet is
Just venting out some teenage rage but
The next chapter of her life will be happy once she turns the page

Just then Lord Capulet enters the room
Hoping to find her daughter happy with the news of a
Groom; instead of a smile he sees doom and gloom
He gives a look to his wife hoping
To understand the mute strife and take the
Dead mood and bring it back to life
Lady Capulet finally speaks and says what leaks
In her mind's logic, wishing that she'd find her

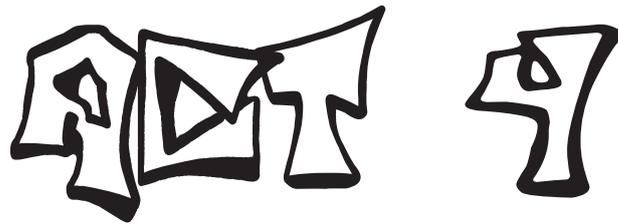
Daughter wedded to death, to her it's comic
Meanwhile her husband looks at it all in terms
Of economics; have they not cared for her, as
He totals up the fares that were spent that
Allowed her to be pent up in their house
Without so much as a mouse's worry and
Yet she scurries for some crumby thought
He thinks his daughter is a dummy but
He cannot see her view

For Juliet, what they think is sunny she sees as
A dark reality that is not funny
It is a world turned upside down; their smile
Is Juliet's frown, no laughter but horror
When confronted with the clownish celebration
Paris is an embarrassment to Juliet because of
What she's done; her loss is what they've won
Instead of a wedding dress worn to impress and be all chummy
Juliet knows she'd be wrapped in the cloth of a mummy
Because this is a man that is dead to her
Juliet's parents see this as a slur, the stink
Of Romeo is Juliet's myrrh; he is the one that
Stirs in her heart and her love for him is off the charts

But at this moment Lord Capulet begins to foment
With parental madness, not giving time, place or reason
To his daughter's sadness he pushes her to the brink
Tossing her in the deep end where she'll swim or sink
Saying if she doesn't think this through
He'll only acknowledge her in words that are few:
I'll never acknowledge you basically treating her
Like a tissue, *And you...hang, beg, starve, die in the streets*
With his words he beats upon poor Juliet who in this wager
Won't show what she's bet because that's
A debt she'll double down on against
His house versus the law and love of one put in a manger
His hot temper is his own danger

Lord and Lady Capulet leave the room
Leaving it as empty as a tomb, cold and
Folded up in sheets Juliet begs the
Nurse to give some way for thoughts and a
Plan towards some retreat she begs the Nurse

To help unlock this curse she seems
Trapped in but the Nurse acts in reverse
Instead of winding up Juliet's wounded heart
She starts by unwrapping the pain
And says Juliet should feign her displeasure
And marry Paris thus making her reign in
Her former feelings but reeling in emotion
Juliet deigns devotion by ordering
The Nurse to tell Lady Capulet that soon
Friar and Juliet will have met, to him
She'll confess her childish sin and vow to
Begin life again with Paris by her side
But the Nurse has no idea that to her
Juliet has just lied for once one learns
How feelings burn they'll burn those bridges
And dance along the double natured ridges
Light can be concealed or revealed behind
Such heights holding both frights and delights

**Act 4 Scene 1**

Friar Lawrence is in his cell trying to make it all well

The Friar sits as Father to them all and they
Call on him when problems and prayers stall
They come within his walls and dump their
Minds memory with words that fall
This masterpiece of mess he will address
By first making sure to impress that the
Stress they feel is not an ill will, but rather
Part of the deal of signaling false from real
Men never started with nerves of steal
Each man must discover how they'll deal
Then turn around with actions and hopes to seal
These are the engravings that eyes and hearts
Supply, it is both the what and the why

So when Paris came to plan the hour that
Juliet would be added to his dower, the
Friar realized he had that power to bind on
Earth and heaven; but that had happened a
Day previous (three hours before seven)
But Paris wanted this done on Thursday at
Half past eleven, Paris did not realize that
Anything was a miss because happiness
Holds hostage visions of bliss

Juliet then appears and Paris cheers at
This one he now calls dear but she does
Not fear his approach the art of her
Deception is such that she never needed a coach
Paris tries a playful jest and Juliet knows
Her woes will never rest and as a miser
With her words she acts the wiser by

Limiting what she invests in conversation
She sees Paris' advances as mere invasion
He thinks, to her, it will be a rise in station
Their time together both view as a forever duration
To Paris it is due to his long off view
While for Juliet it's because she's counting seconds till it's through
Hoping the Friar can help her give Paris an everlasting adieu
And so Paris leaves unaware of the true meaning in Juliet's glassy stare

Once she's alone with the Friar she
Shows what is the matter, confessing
That her hope has been shattered and
That she'd rather die than fly the
Coup and subscribe her name to Paris' troop
She's tired of playing the dupe and
Vows she'll cut the loop that tied
Her to Romeo because if he's gone
Then life is all wrong, this sad song
Makes her feel she doesn't belong
If she cannot live with him
Then Juliet will end it grim
And she's ready to do so on a whim
She pulls out the dagger as the
Friar doesn't lag here with a reply
Or stagger out his words
He sees the absurd threat of feeling
As having more to trust in its meaning
If someone is committed to die to
Show their devotion then they've mastered
The fear of their emotion

And so this Father spoke to one of God's
Daughters about the end of life and
As he did so he took away her knife
And he spoke about the current strife
That she had with this poor lad
That forever silence brings an end to all
Violence; there is nothing to fight when
Everything is quiet; you cannot chase
What will not move and this was the
Problem they needed to remove
In tying the knot they both got a host
Of family trouble that for years had

Brought at most their town to rubble

The Father spoke of unlocking time
And the fittings that cause the seconds to climb
Gears work in opposing spheres, if one
Turned tears the other had cheers
Their current issue revolved around fears
While the Friar tried to connect them to something dear
He needed to reset time to put them in the clear
Using the borrowed visions of those seers
From the Bible, he saw the end of the familial rival
The Savior rose from the dead and brought
Hope with him instead of warring sects arguing
Over previous texts of who was right and wrong
He changed the view of the entire throng
His new life was proclaimed and famed through song
And using this gong of thought he showed
Juliet how they wouldn't get caught by
Reuniting her with her love, her body would
Pay the part of a glove by drinking earth's
Potion she would outwardly seem to stop all motion
For forty-two hours she would be without
Her natural powers and during this time that
The flowers would wilt from the wake
The Friar would send a letter to Romeo
Explaining what was at stake
No one would know her death had been a fake
Until they were ready to say that their
Community was steady thus these two could come back
Without any fear of being under attack

Juliet's resolve did not slack, she knew that
Romeo and the Friar had her back
And so she left with her mask in tact
With a firm resolve that would not crack
The reviving of her spirit came from words and ears to hear it

Act 4 Scene 2

Outside the Capulet's kitchen where it looks like they'll be serving chicken

As Lord Capulet lingers with his cook who is licking
His own fingers and all the chorus is being
Selected with the best singers and empty

Chairs are waiting to be sat in by the swingers

Juliet appears and looks with eyes all

Red from fresh tears staring at the louse

Who owns the mansion of a house

And says she repents of her childish

Venting, and after Friar Lawrence's visit

She will pivot towards a deeper devotion

That she'll put in motion by kneeling

Down and witness with a solemn face

That she knows her place and with

Great haste she pastes together loyalties

Once torn that now she's forsworn

To act true to her man, that is her plan

Unbeknownst to Lord Capulet is the true

Tenor of her speech with words and their

Meaning he cannot reach because once

Juliet entered her actions centered on

Lord Capulet's expectation, she played her

Part without hesitation and Lord

Capulet chucked it up to Friar Lawrence's

Visitation which he thought worked like an incantation

Little did he know that the symbol of a flower

And the power of the people to view

Something anew because the carnations

Are a different hue of blue when attached to causations

They would be used for the bodies cremation not

Loves creation, for the feelings of damnation not

Union's salvation; but in order for him to

See negation he would have to show

True cognition; however, due to his life's station

His future was one single story narration, never

Transforming through forbidden fruits of mutation

His every relation was lived in vacation

With words, actions, and deeds of others foreign

He never asked for a translation this was

Lord Capulet's life in summation, his

View and judgement were of the shortest duration

All Lord Capulet could say as his view of

His daughter Juliet began to sway was,

This is as't should be, nevermind his

Daughter's mind ran free and she is only

Pretending to agree as she sits there on
Bended knee, that's all he can see, his
Words, however absurd, being observed and
Those below him doing as he thinks they deserve

Juliet retires and Lord Capulet is ignorant of
How she conspires, Lady Capulet begs
Her husband to bed but Lord Capulet
Has work to do before his daughters wed
I'll play the housewife for this once says he
With that the wife leaves and in there he stays solely
Everyone was playing different parts
Daughter Juliet was secretly about to depart
While Lady Capulet did not want a new day to start
And Lord Capulet finally turns a serving heart
Each were alone and their true intentions were not shown

Act 4 Scene 3

Juliet sits in her room waiting for the plan to silently go boom

Juliet claims to the Nurse that she's not herself
And nervously rearranged the books on the shelf
She pulled *Dante's Inferno* by the spine
And continued to yawn as she began to whine
Lady Capulet then enters and centers her
Desire to be needed on her daughter, but instead
Of being greeted Juliet slaughters her mother's hope
And says she can cope well enough alone
So Lady Capulet lets out a groan and
Is shown from the room by the Nurse
As they both leave Juliet, believing tomorrow's day was set

Juliet then makes her way past her pillow
And looks out of the window to the
Garden forest down below with years of twisted
Roots that from single seeds did grow
And flipping through the leaves of the book
Juliet couldn't help but look at the
Artist's engraving of people who were slaving
To a system of abuse and the mind's heart
All in misuse; she closed the pages but
Her mind had wages due for her logic to continue
If she were to function she would have

To put her works and intentions into holy conjunctions
She needed to pay for the actions of yesterday

Again Juliet stared out to that garden forest
While pulling from her pocket, something she
Stared at with both sockets; from nature
Came this potion which would eliminate her
Motion, she wondered if this temporary demise
Would actually lead to real cries, not
From surprise of others but due to who
Prepared the brew; the Friar had played his
Part as a liar and could cause this
Problem to forever retire, he could conspire alone
Heaven knows sinners had spoken
From splintered minds that grind about
The gears of destructive time which no one
Will hear except a priest that they keep near

This fear of what could be seemed to
Be a beast before her very eyes, walking and
Stalking in the garden forest below

Again Juliet peaked a look from within
The book and then shook off the feeling
As hope began retreating; within the portrait
She saw the pit and all the wicked
Tortured souls not fit to sit gritting their
Teeth tasting the grief of loving lies
Some threw cries above but heaven's love was
Mute because they had become as brutes
Who get the full measure of decision's fruits
Juliet tried to boot this train of thought
But the tracks were set and destinations
Are what you get when you pay the fare
It's what gets you there, with all the bells
And whistles, no matter if you're wheat, tares
Or thistles; this second beastly thought
Worked its way to the forefront of her mind

Juliet held the binding of the book
Sitting with the book besides the window
To the world, what words she wished to hurl!
Feeling the spine of those pages

That held the characters kept in cages
Juliet's heart held rage, she would tempt
Fate, her life and love were not second rate
If the bate was this drink, this ring, this dress
And it were all a mess then she would thrust
Herself willingly into limbo; she must
If she were to trust that the art of her
Imaginings would not bust; with determination
That would not rust Juliet put the vial
To her lips believing that when she woke Romeo would be
In her grips and thus began quick sips
Placing her path on different trips, this
Last beastly breathe of burden she let out
With the book in her lap pulled by gravity's route
And the spine of the book split when on the ground it hit

Act 4 Scene 4

Inside the Capulet's Mansion

Lady Capulet was left to her devices
And from her own vial she took to her spices
Little did she know how her daughter had just
Rolled the dice, Lady Capulet was interrupted
By the Nurse and Lord Capulet
She stood there with an empty vial in yet another
Trial run to empty her of regret because
Her eyes were set upon her husband
And Angelica preparing a feast, a festivity
She didn't feel tied to in the least
Seeing her husband with another woman
Made her jealousy increase, Lady Capulet
Let her woes be known but then was shown
To her room by the Nurse as Lord
Capulet cursed her suspecting eyes

Much to Lord Capulet's surprise the servants
Came with spits, logs, and baskets, little did he
Know that they would on that same day need a casket
From one of the logs a frog did croak, bogged down with preparations
Lord Capulet poked that plague from entering his house
The logs were wet, he told the servingman
To get Peter, he could find dry wood
And would be treated as a delivering saint but

Presently Peter was at the front gate
Preparing the entry for this wedding of the century
Ready to deny those not wearing holy garments entry

The music began to play with bells
Chiming, turning the events that fell into
The bottom of a wishing well, pulling that
Currency into the pit and on its fall it did hit
Heaped with other blasted bits and all those
With only half wits, landing where it was fit
Where a haunting silence would never quit

Act 4 Scene 5

Juliet's Bedroom as quiet as a tomb

The Nurse enters in with a halfway grin
Knowing that a new day and dawn will begin
Again for Juliet who has repented of Romeo
And that sin but as the Nurse babbles
About with joking jest she sees a face
Showing no interest and thinks fair Juliet
Is still at rest and already wearing a
White dress the Nurse is initially impressed
But her hope is replaced with depressed
Horror as the chore becomes hers to
Be the first to transmit what
Suddenly hit her: Juliet is dead
She alone must give life to words of death and
Begin the passage to past tense with every
Future reference; while her mind is ticking
And sticking to past memories she must
Begin talking about her mental discovery
Which will start her on towards a road of recovery
Lady Capulet hears some loud chatter
And goes to see what is the matter
She enters the room to see a world
Shattered for her daughter is gone and the
Single sad song of all that has gone wrong
Is wrapped up in her own words that show she's not strong
Oh me, Oh me; Lady Capulet has just been served
Game, match, and set, for the words that jet
From her fretting lips are met by ears showing a debt
To her autonomy; her economy of words are absurd

The gong of seconds beckon a different wreckoning
And in the second seconding of the experience
Lady Capulet sounds, *My child, my only life*
Her strife is finally severing the cord that made her a wife
A mother, this is not a role that could be passed to another

As shouted confusion reigns and pains are being placed
On faces Lord Capulet enters in and asks why all the comotion
And he sees one not in motion, Juliet lying on the bed
Her face white, no emotion of fright or delight,
Her eyes closed to a forever night, and at this sight
Capulet's words have no bite; this is a fight
From which he cannot use his might to make things right
His hot temper has cooled and he is fooled into thinking
That his sinking ill, of what he feels, was doomed to be
As now his daughter will be entombed at three
Instead of wedded to the ground she will be bedded

Entering in the house as quiet as a church mouse
Comes Friar Lawrence from his cell, ready to sound
The wedding bell, knowing full well, that he must mask
His knowledge of the phantom death knell
That has worked like a spell upon Juliet so entering the room and
Seeing others in a lurch, Friar Lawrence asks if Juliet
Is ready to go to church

From the tearful eyes that Friar Lawrence searches
He then perches himself in the door frame and tries
To tame the frantic feelings that have those inside
The room all reeling and stealing their ears he quiets
Their fears, speaking softly of their dear Juliet
Who is now set in the afterlife where there is no strife
She has passed that portal through which all mortals
Are then sorted based upon aortal beats
That show the feats that were felt as they walked
In shoes of another, trying to care for their cousin, brother,
Acting obediently toward father and mother; she is on
An eternal journey where she will call upon that high attorney
To sort through the facts and see if there was anything she lacks
But she will not likely see attacks from judge and jury
Who will be in no hurry to bury her amongst the transgressors
Because Juliet was not one of those oppressors
There was no instance of her being the aggressor

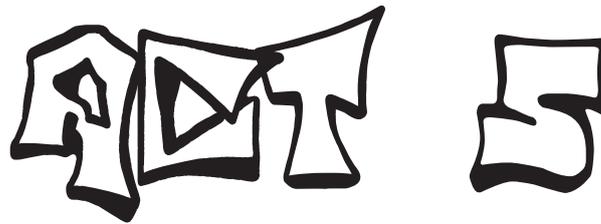
And Friar Lawrence says he knows this as her confessor
Having heard her sins, he says the truth begins with her humility
Which smacks of honor and civility, that let others live with tranquility
Her loss is but to this world which is still hurled towards darker days
Juliet's life was a light showing others how to pay it forward
She showed houses and homes were made of more than brick and mortar

Ending Friar Lawrence's speech touched all hearts within its reach
And so he slowly moved towards Juliet,
And placed his hand to where her lips met
And he set about making a prayer, crossing her asking,
And tasking the heavens to resurrect her, including her every hair
While his right hand moved, his left hand smoothed over the cover
Where it hovered about until it found her flask and with the mask
Of the moment, his fingers mutely comint another tale
Making a minnow of a lie into a whale that pales in comparison
To the story he fishes for as he dishes the facts to those
Whose emotions were just thrown upon the racks

Saying Amen, Friar Lawrence has brought a moment of zen
And this is just when Capulet decides to speak of a different honor
They will place upon his daughter because she is a forever goner
She would have left in the arms of Paris but the rareness of the time
Leaves all feeling something beyond sublime
Because it feels a crime that instead of wedding bells
Their hearts swell because of that death knell
Food for a feast, shows others they're just living beasts
Hymns of praise are now aimed at the graves
Showing we are all slaves to a broken bodied world

Then the Friar directs with sad and solemn steps
That all of them prepare their way on to the chapel
Where they will testify of the end of eating that original apple
And there they will sit and grapple with their emotions
Trying to find words that speak of their notions
Though they feel like wayfaring passengers on a far ranging ocean
Without a sail, without wind, without an oar
But they're charged with the chore of continuing with life
Breathing, heart beating, mind retreating existence
And all of the assistance that merely maintains subsistence
These are oars without chores but to merely bore into the sea
And chop away at what chops at everyone: a sloshing foming nature
And what we make of it through all our awkward nomenclature

The Friar leads the procession as their thoughts dwell
Between the hell they feel and their hope of heaven
Left at home to roam about their grown up feelings
Are Peter, the servants, and musicians who were
Supposed to make merry, but now must tarry
And switch out sounds to take away the pounds
Of the heavy air which weighs upon every hair
Upon their heads; Peter pipes up and gripes
At the musicians asking them to take their positions
And play the flute to make mute his worrisome heart
But they will not start, nor will they depart
Until they receive that lucre for which makes their
Music smart; their instruments can tune
Towards a wedding with bride and groom
Or it can turn towards one entering the tomb
But their fingers will not pluck until gold or silver
Is struck in their agreement, once this note
Is passed from one unto the other, then that
Which was wrote will finally float about the air being
Attuned to the metronome of life's movements
That will heal the wound which in the heart is consumed



Act 5 Scene 1

In Mantua and on a lonely street Romeo awaits a messenger to greet

Romeo sat, as lonely as a cat, with his head in his hat
Waiting for the rat-a-tat and whatever news
Was spat upon a letter from Verona
Where he would hone upon the setter of his schemes
The Friar who was a supplier of his faith better own up to his dreams
Letting all know that it was nothing as it seems
For in the night that Romeo was alone
He had a strange vision to him shown which
Made his suspicions moan because in his dream
Juliet came to him, Romeo, and kissed him back to life
Her void had more than annoyed him
His memory of her were like snapshots of a polaroid
But upon waking he could not help shaking
That the dream held more than something faking
His contentment seemed to evaporate realities resentment

And so Romeo sat waiting for the toxic
Situation to be cleaned up by one in a religious hazmat suit
And black boots, who had divined life with all its hidden fruits
Friar Lawrence was supposed to send news
Of when the season had come to change views

Balthazar came with a weary look and no letter to impart
He did not know how to start, when the news
He knew, would shatter Romeo's heart into a thousand parts
Romeo's mind was tasked to figure out the order
Of questions that should be asked, as if his mind
Had uncorked the flask and drunk deep
The seeping thoughts that had been caught
In his mind, needed more time to become refined
Romeo asked of his wife, his father, and the state of his life

Balthazar had travelled far and weighed the message
That he had witnessed as a wreckage to all of Romeo's dealings
He tried to consider his feelings, but knew that
To delay would be a stunt, and as a man he must be blunt
So he said to Romeo that his wife was laid low
And that the cause of death he did not know

These heavy words upon Romeo's ears fell
Her ascent to heaven was his descent to hell
The dream that had brought Romeo joy now
Was a nightmare, a terror of the greatest error
His wife was fairer than the dark of this stark world
A forever grief had begun, ultimate loss,
No other victory could have won
He sat there, mind, heart and soul in a bind
Without any words to find
But the gears in his resolve began to grind
And anger sparked the only glint of vision
As Romeo made rash decisions
Trying to demand light in the darkest oblivion

There would be no time for him to redeem
To take away the awful and all that it seemed
Juliet's cloying last kiss had missed the mark
And on a final journey Romeo embarked
He would go to Verona like the city of Troy
But his battle was with the stars that
Made his scars anew, and he knew
That he could not lay siege
To the one whose spirit was his liege
He could no longer endure this grief
With each passing grain of pain in that sieve
Of time, the passing of each breath reminded
Romeo that he had nothing left but death

Balthazar was no stranger to the danger
Visible in Romeo's moods and all his brooding
Romeo's mute movements showed no improvements
Upon his bearing, with cold staring, he showed how he was faring
And wary with a heart filled with silent scary suspicion
Sat Balthazar pondering his only decision
To advise or be advised by one with wilting eyes

To his own surprise, Balthazar spoke, choking back emotion
Showing his friendly devotion, he asked Romeo to be patient

Standing adjacent, Romeo had suddenly become ancient
And returned Balthazar statement with a flagrant
Flickering of the eyes and words that held nothing to surmise
But rather instruction, Romeo told Balthazar
That he should not worry about his destruction
He should leave him, for his joy was an obstruction
That had suffered a silent abduction
With his reduction to living a faked production
When all he wanted was to move towards Juliet's junction
This was the only function of his schemes
And the end to all his dreams

Balthazar left and the heft of the news he brought
Wrought upon Romeo as he sought a final solution
Knowing that the Friar could provide no absolution
He went not to the heavens with their holy lessons
But he drove to those who provide passage to the pit
And help others who likewise are looking for quick hits
Hoping to acquit themselves of all that logic has writ
Inside the rules of mind and so he hoped to find
One to unbind the treason behind reason

On his journey to the apothecary Romeo saw others
Lined up and wary, eyes beyond scary, because
There was nary a feeling in them but with gloss
They stood in a forever loss with the only cost
To their lack of confusion being money's infusion
Paid towards one behind the counter
That acted as a bouncer to those unfamiliar
And so when he saw Romeo he acted bewildered
That such a kid would want to rid himself of passion
And would rather ration out his mind wholesale
Romeo was shouting at the man giving his demands
When he was reprimanded by the one giving drugs

This man would not be pushed around by a makeshift thug
He had the very vilest of vials that'd temporarily inverse all trials
And while this perversion of wiles were now in style
He saw young Romeo as someone in a different type of denial
He wondered what riled him up such that he would drink the cup

Of the bitterest brew; he knew that few in his days
Had parted from him in such ways without ending their
Stay upon this earth; most men seek out some
Ill defined mirth, because from their very birth
They cry about with the burden of each breath
But in Romeo's eyes he saw there was nothing left
Only the cold certainty of a forever dormancy
He seemed on an ilse of one, an empty sum,
A person who would be a buried anchor rather
Than canker on the surface through the norms of yearly storms

And so when Romeo demanded a vial that would
Spiral the strength of twenty men, the druggist
Knew no ordinary substance would do
But true to the letter of the law, he had a gnawing
Doubt that in a roundabout way Romeo
Was acting without delay so that he could
Sway him to break the law and use
The show of hoopla to put him behind bars
Deceit is a feat known to those in the throws
Of growing lies that choke veracity
With a fierce tenacity; they take the light
But don't do right and in spite of the hurried motions
Of Romeo, the druggist spoke with smugness
At this ill alluding boy; there was no roughness
In Romeo's body that showed a shoddy use of abuse
For substances display no reluctance in their harm
Rather once they wear off in their charm they
Show a hollow harm on the one from which they took
Displaying a look much like a crook who can't be shook
Because they do not endure a body, they just tour
The nerves sending spiking swerves of impulse
That in a natural state would repulse

Romeo spoke with more than words on notes
And this doctoring of facts was in the eyes that lack
A sense for any attack, because money speaks
Even in the foulest creek, there is no scent to smell
On the coin that dwells with an inscription; it only is
A description of the power it represents and so
The druggist caved on this raving young man
And explained how to work the drug, to know the plan
By which it made its way through the body

It needed to be changed from a solid to liquid
So on the first sip he'll have already drifted
To the other side, of the present world which was denied
The payment to the druggist changed the
Raiment of his reason, judging that his previous logic
Had been out of season

Romeo spied the rottenness of assessing worth
And told the druggist that money is a junkie affair
Because it thrusts people towards busting trust
The profile of a bill can change the will
Only in its shadows does it display relief
But in the light of day it only shows grief
Of the mint that has no savory taste
It only leads to the creation of waste
And with this wink of what to think
Romeo ran off to sink his final drink

Act 5 Scene 2

Friar Lawrence sits in his cell maintaining his outward shell

Friar Lawrence had written an epistle that had
Blown the whistle on the plan that he ran by Juliet
Yet there was bristling unease on the man who
Had put everyone else at ease for he did not want
To displease because his desire was to make
Everyone agree but this type of peace
Could only be obtained by speaking truths by degrees
And so he waited on a fellow Friar who was
Nearing night and he knew would retire for the evening
Friar John had just come from helping one through grieving
He was the messenger sent to Mantua containing
A small letter of gargantuan import, this was the
Message of last resort, and as Friar Lawrence
Questioned any returning news to report from Mantua
The only retort from Friar John was that he had
Longed to send the letter but he had been locked
And stocked away in a house because there was
An ill about that had closed all routes till it could
Be proved that the sickness had not moved them
The safety of the lot had caught up all the traffic
And they would not pass along the letter
For fear that it would fetter the receiver with an

Untimely ill, the likes of which would cause bones to chill
And so Friar John returned the letter as he had received
It from Friar Lawrence, his brother in the faith
And with the letter received by the hand that wrote
He smote those words because of the ears that never heard
What he had hoped to be observed
Friar John then asked what was wrong
But Friar Lawrence merely mentioned that
The truth of a matter was put in suspension
Because of the retention of these letters
One was alone and a debtor to a disease
That travels faster than a sickness
And whose trip is passed with the passage
Of the news, but it's reception can change
One's point of view if key facts are withdrew
From the one who needs them most
The host of gossip deprives a sound mind
From finding sounds and giving grounds
To interpret what was bound to be seen as despair
For all who had eyes in a pair, should actually
Be stared at with a fair regard of singular hope
The likes of which will allow one to forever cope
This eye of faith, of seeing what was unseen to all
And believing that there was purpose in every fall
Was the truth that must be reached and should not stall
And so he commanded Friar John to make a second trip
With another message that he must make the receiver grip
He would pen the message in his cell
So that this wrong might be made well
And as Friar John prepared his departure
Friar Lawrence weighed the hours and minutes
Till Juliet would rise, he knew he must be there
As she first opened her eyes, for such would be a surprise
When her husband would not be there to witness her arise.

Act 5 Scene 3

The cemetery beside the church shows Paris feeling left in a lurch

Paris had the rareness of experience to have loved
And lost without ever loving or losing
It was the decisions of others choosing that kept him
From knowing that his mental bruising

Was not as final as the plot that lay
Before him; he came with flowers and
His mental powers of reason all shot
His devotion and emotion never got
To express what he felt in the nethermost
Parts of his being; he was only seeing
A world that had swirled about in a days
Turn and had left him yearning for
Something to call his own, but his would
Be wife had been put below and he
Had nothing but his flowers to show his connection
And in a day's time they would
Be dried for they had already died
Only the eyes of those not shut
Could see they were freshly cut,
And so feeling as lonely as a mutt,
Paris' lonely walk was no longer a strut
And was witnessed only by his page
Who as a hired wage, made sure to stand near
And help gage the help he should offer
Paris told his man to stand aside
As he would walk forward, if he should spy
Another he should whistle and make it known
So that the grief of Paris would not be blown
He approached her tomb where she lay
And tried to let his words have their way
But he never had the power to woo with letters
And the truth was he had barely met her
But he felt an earnest sentiment that had
Led him to believe in merriment and so
He showed his flowers, and with feelings sour
Tried to speak to a situation, that to him was Greek
Paris made his advance but it was just perchance
That Romeo now entered in with Balthazar
Paris' page had staged his whistle amidst the thistles
And so Paris looked about until he saw two shadows
Moving across the wall without any stalling steps
Thus Paris quickly prepped to hide while keeping
Close enough that he could guard against his sleeping bride

Romeo spoke to Balthazar with commands
That he should listen to his demands
And not attempt to reprimand him in his actions

His will would take traction and if Balthazar
Should attempt to interfere Romeo would fraction
Out his limbs across the yard and split his
Spirit from his body thus making his bones a slave to the grave
Though their ground was solid, the tempest
Of his rage would be uncaged and Balthazar
Would die if he should cry or howl,
He would suffer an everlasting foul
Romeo also told Balthazar to deliver a letter to his dad
That he should see nothing mad in Romeo's descent
To Juliet's grave because she had a ring
That was dear and that Romeo matched and must keep near
Balthazar agreed to go, but went only as far as shadows
Could expose; this was a decision that he chose

And as Romeo advanced Paris chanced to enter
In and see who had stepped in upon his grief
This gave him little relief as he saw this thief of joy
Romeo whose attack on Tybalt had robbed Juliet
Of the will to live, and now Paris saw it as his
Right to give Romeo the sentence of death
That had taken his wife to be's last breath

Romeo saw and heard Paris claim to stop
Him as he defamed this spot of ground
But Romeo rounded with a reply that he
Should leave and not deny him of this time
So that he in his descent he could make his climb
Paris persisted and insisted that he take his life
And so Romeo was left to use the sword
That had rewarded him all his troubles
And he doubled down on his spear
Drawing another would be friend into an enemy near
And with clear eyes and a heart full
He worked his blade like a spade
And with red spots he turned another plot
Paris fell with only one wish, to dwell beside Juliet
She lay beside two men
Who happened to be more like brothers
Then either had ever discovered
And now Romeo looked on his wife
Trying to make sense of this gentle woman
Who had made all his world suspend

And who he would love to the very end

Romeo's words were witnessed by none
And he thought aloud to when he first stood stunned
At the party when he walked across the room
And thought of what he would give to be her groom
That distance had departed, as he had started toward her
Even now as he approached Juliet lying on the concrete
His heart continued its hurried beat, and when he
Put his hand towards hers he could almost swear he felt heat
There was red on her lips which had always dripped
With her own suggestive flare from which he sipped
And even now as he kissed, there was a feeling
That never missed the mark; it was in his soul
Which made him feel whole, if only for an instant
Then, once more he felt distant as if
The darkness itself had preserved Juliet for its own subsistence
So that it could feast upon her beauty in coexistence
But Romeo had vowed to be by her side
His love to her would never be denied
She was his forever bride
And they would never more be divided
Romeo's heart, mind, and soul were, to Juliet, tied
His hands in hers would once more collide
His eyes would spy and upon her face and body hide
His words of devotion, supplied by his emotions, at last were applied
His last kiss would glide upon her lips, his heart was here to reside
He took her hand in his and the other to the flask
Where he forever cast off the mask
And with his final task he sipped the the drink
And let his body forever sink

Silence ensued as the brewing violence worked its silent path
Romeo's body cooled as the other elixir that fooled
The masses began to wear off now warming Juliet
All while Friar Lawrence crept towards the gravesite
He stumbled upon Balthazar in the shadows
These two traded words as Balthazar said what
He had observed, with Romeo entering and the
Noise of fighting that began as Paris did follow
And so Friar Lawrence's brow was furrowing
With the thought of Romeo burrowing
Inside the tomb that is the portal to ultimate doom

Friar Lawrence asked Balthazar to go with him
But he said his master said he'd give it to him on the chin
If he decided to go in, and so he took it on the teeth
Of Romeo not to go, though there was a desire to know

So Friar Lawrence went alone to see effects of caution thrown
With grave expression he saw blood pooled upon the ground
Sounds escaped the Friar's wits as emotion gave him fits
The blitz of previous actions, done in fractions of a second
Beckoned a mental reckoning, and as he trailed
The whaling of his thoughts cried out clear
As the evidence of death lay near all sides of Juliet

Just as the Friar found death around her, he saw Juliet began to stir
This scene, which he did not mean, was now created
Slated in front of the man of the cloth
A view of these terrible two made this holy man roth
The light of his torch, scorched them all like the fleeing moth
His actions once hid, now rid him of his virtue and the church to
Which his works and words were meant to advise
Had finally led to their demise

Juliet's first words heard on the ears of that fearful servant
Were most observant, *Where is my lord...Where is my Romeo?*
Loving another as he had once wanted to be loved
Had been the glove manifesting the minister's movements
But his logic needed some spiritual improvements
For he should have considered his duty to one above
And from this love he would not have shoved
His will to make right that which he knew his Lord would smite
This had been his plight, trading light for night
And now his feet wanted to take flight
Choosing himself, rather than the other, to delight

The Friar spoke words quick, the light of his torch needed more wick
Darkness was coming thick and there was hum drumming from
Outside the tomb, others would soon be bursting through the room
They needed to leave, some unnatural fate had perceived
Their deception and treated their work as an infection
She must leave, greave, then perhaps conceive of a life as a nun
This would be the Friar's way of making one last holy union

Juliet met the Friar's gaze with eyes ablaze
He left the tomb so she could be with her groom
Then she turned to Romeo asleep in her lap
He was the north star to her map
Without his shine she was trapped
She found his empty vial and begged a kiss
But instead of receiving oblivion's bliss Juliet hissed
He had taken all the ill and so she'd stall to feel out a solution
He had said she was her muse, but now, from him, she took her cues
And with his dagger ready, she steadied herself for the final push
Where her rushing will brushed her beside Romeo with a silent shush

The servants of the state are the first to see the deadly fate
It is late, near morning, where those who once mourned
Will find a new day to display those similar feelings of yesterday.
Though these warring families were sleeping in their slumber,
Their children had filled in missing gaps
To the lapse of earlier mishaps
Their tracks and traps will come to light
As the parents stare on their collapse
But first these families must rise and live another day
With the light on its journey already underway
The Capulets and Montagues may finally see truth on display
And so the word soon spreads of all the dread
And this news is fed on the ears and witnessed in tears
As parents make an appearance at the sepulchre
That pit which is the ultimate reckoner
They're caught staring down at the last decisions of their kin
And the future waste of all that might have been

The Prince is there as well trying to let evidence
Be the convincing factor that will let this be
The last chapter in their sprawling hate
Which has tempted fate; this is the gate
Through which both families must walk
They cannot balk at one another and chalk
Up the decisions as the fault of the other,
This would mock the clock of time
And lock reason in step with treason
But rather these knocking shocking
Moments can bring each family back to life
And end forever this current dead strife

The servants of the state happened to find the Friar
Not too late, as he was trying to retire with evidence
Showing he conspired with Romeo and Juliet
He stood there with a fretting soul
Trying to dole out the role of a mole he did play
And with his conscious on display
He owned the sins that he knew he'd have to pay
He let his words show the way
Weaving threads of eye's pursuit
That left them all lying mute

The Friar had married Romeo and Juliet in secret
But Tybalt had killed Mercutio then had his own plot filled
By Romeo who sought revenge then when the Prince
Tried to rinse his hands of blood flooding the streets
This greeting of more blood if Romeo did not retreat
Made Juliet's heart take a beating, so at her pleading
Friar Lawrence gave a ruse that they would use
To confuse the masses for a moment so that they'd refuse
To instigate more abuse upon each other's home
So he sent word off to Romeo of his plan
But a local illness kept the message from being ran
Instead Romeo heard the news just like the rest
And he was pestered by a heart that festered
Feelings of resentment and knew that joining her
Was his only way to contentment and so he came
But the fame of his feud with Tybalt was seen as a sick game
From Paris who had come to visit his wife to be
And saw it as the rightful penalty to kill him but
Romeo grilled him with his iron will and then took
His own life which he mistook because Juliet did rise
Just after he closed his eyes and seeing her man gone
She took it upon herself to join him; this was their sad song

The Prince asked other servants near to test the truth
Of what they did hear and with conscious clear they
Said the selfsame thing from those they had served dear

After a silence that came of all this old familial violence
Lord Capulet said he would raise a gold statue for Romeo
Lord Montague offered an equal one for Juliet
And though this set the peace for these families
These father's matched intuition set within their institution

Money would be put to task and forever cast

The color of those lovers in a shade of honey

Thus showing the artistry of their grief, like their reprieve,

Was coined in the phrase, spending is always done in relief

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Until next time know I'm chunking up the deuces.

A stylized, blocky signature logo consisting of the letters 'M' and 'E' intertwined in a graffiti-like font.