

Shakespeare's final soliloquy

Business



Alone am I.

Is this what has become of me Sitting in mine own sorrow and regret With only a pen that has caused tragedy Yes. Writing many a tale, did I but Ending in a death or deaths most foul Have I always been a man of this nature? Acting as my own God in a sense When writing my plays depicting how one should die Losing thy life to old age or to be taken away By ones own self. Suicide shameful act is thee. Nor to Heaven with thy soul but to Hell To dwell with Haiti in his hot prison Death has always been just another scene And yet I wonder to myself Do I have unresolved anger towards My father for pulling me away from My studies of writing and poetry At the time only but thirteen was I Paying for my fathers financial mistakes Is composing such colorfully cruel Ends to a persons life my composure Brutus of Julius Caesar commanding A simple servant to hold the sword that He should throw himself upon to run away From a battle knowing he shall lose Romeo sipping the sweetest of poisons In thine own shameful grief of Juliet Alas Juliet seeing her beloved As cold as ice with death written in her eyes, She takes his dagger with a swift motion Plunging it into herself as if a race for death To be with Romeo forever more Oh MacBeth even you had a story to tell Killing Duncan with every last breath in your body Just to fulfill a prophecy told by The weirdest of the weird sisters Afraid of Banquo realizing the truth Behind the bloodshed of Duncan's death Getting rid of him was his only option What has become of the great Shakespeare? Death has now become apart of me What is this, do mine eyes deceive me He greets me with light of Heaven itself Never looking back on the life I once had I am here, ready to write my new story