

My romeo: hamlet

Business



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BUSTER**

My Romeo: Hamlet As I lay my head upon my pillow, when the sun goes down, and the day has come to an end, nothing but my charismatic Hamlet crosses my mind. His bristly five o'clock shadow that is visible all hours of the day and his phosphorescent blue eyes compliment each other handsomely. His scent is similar to no other, but follows me wherever I go. The rosemary combined with the smell of man and cedar bark fabric cause my nose to tingle with delight.

As he holds me close with my face squished in his boney yet broad shoulder, I can hear his heart beat along with mine. Together, we are the closest I feel to magic. Although many do not know, Hamlet is a poetic writer and a romantic, to say the least. I often find hand written letters placed and addressed to me from the Lord Hamlet. The smudges of black ink on his yellow rough paper, written in perfect script, roll off of my tongue so effortlessly. His tender words warm my heart from the inside out, causing butterflies to travel up my spine and crinkle my nose.

Of course, the letters must be hidden and read in private in fear of my fathers wrath that would be lashed upon my Lord Hamlet. On Tuesdays, I take my weekly three-mile long trip to the library in the stone castle. Here is where I wait in the vacant spider-filled third floor for the dashing Lord Hamlet to bound into the library with heavy footsteps, deep breathing, and droplets of sweat flowing from his hairline and off his jaw. He pulls me so close that I can smell his reek of man that surprisingly arouses me with feelings my father would be vehement and aghast to hear. As his callused hands trace my waist, I lose all tension in my body.

He is my escape from reality and I am his tender spot; with each other, we can do anything. Late at night, when the moon is luminous, the stars are abundant, and the cool air brushes against our skin, we meet at the orchid tree, two blocks from my house. Of course no one knows of our meetings except for Laertes, who covers for me when my demented father awakes to the noise of the stairs whining with each light and swift step I take. We dance under the moonlight and hold one another close for the few minutes we have together. The orchids fill the air with the aroma of romance. Hamlet's warm hands gently brush my hair off my cold face as he places a ravishing pink orchid behind my ear.

There we stand, with our foreheads compressed against one another and our hands waffled together, until we see the sun begin to rise and scatter back to our households, as though we have slept a deep and heavy sleep the whole night through. Without Hamlet, I would be lost in this immeasurable world. I hold my shoulders further back and walk slightly taller than before this lover of mine came about. Everything about the Lord Hamlet places a smile so large on my face that I can feel the wrinkle lines forming with each day I age. Although we are growing old, Hamlet keeps my heart youthful and filled completely with love. The look in my dear Hamlet's mesmerizing eyes as he gazes past my human body, into my soul, and sees my true being gives me goose bumps that run down my arms raising each and every hair higher and higher.

I am in love with the Lord Hamlet and will only be held in his embrace, kiss his bristly cheeks, and look into his dream filled eyes until the day I die.