

5-1-2011

Kat Black

Arielle Wilcott

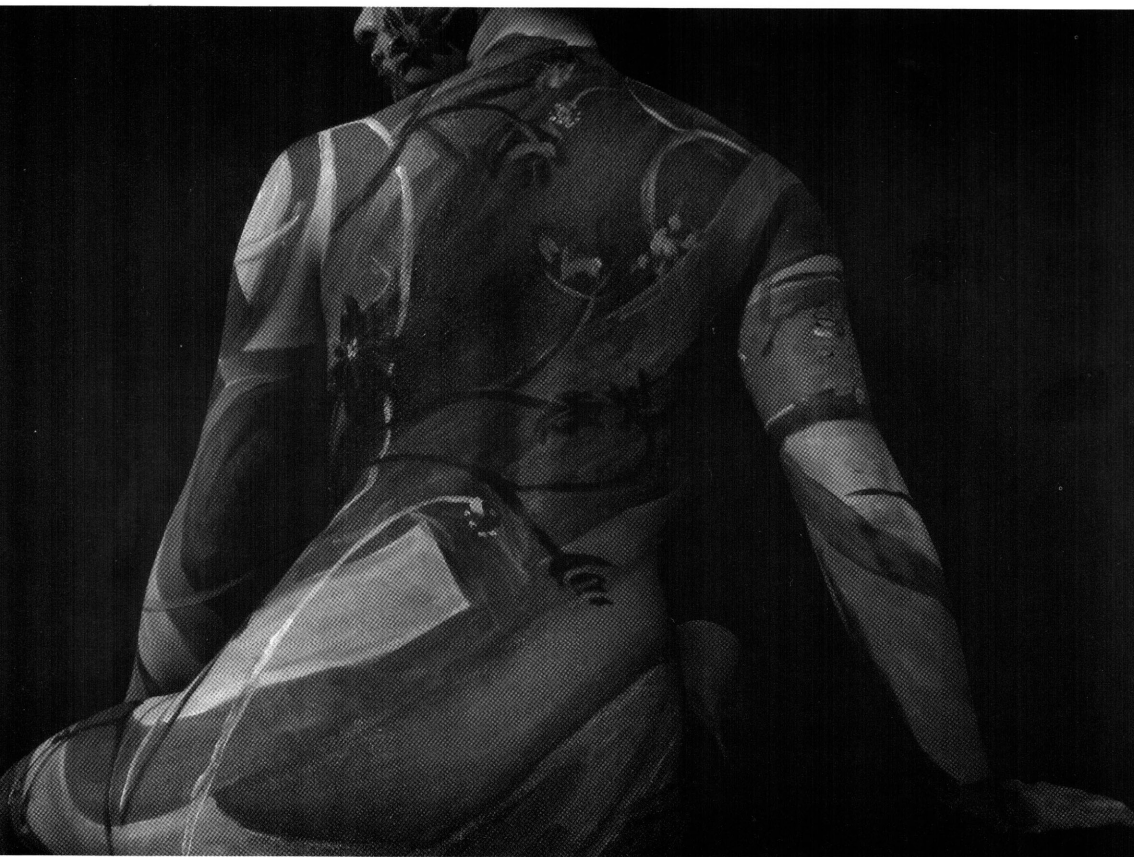
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Ophelia's A Fault of Madness

KAT BLACK Arielle Wilcott

Melissa Dang

Do not weep over my vacant shell,
You selfishly mad, incorrigible man.
I merely did what trepidation withheld you from
And wouldn't you like to know why.

It was not for you, damned soul, delaying fool,
Traitorous sly slithering excuse of a lover.
Let's all weep for poor Hamlet,
Who has lost sanity, but not his lusty inhibitions.

I've drowned my fury in cool waters,
Settling the resentment that threatened me.
Clever aren't I? To only sleep myself away
Instead of taking everyone with me?

Fickle, vapid, supposed-noble Hamlet
Why did you deny me your secrets?
Now we are lost, Heaven can't save me
Hell has labeled me his concubine.

I cannot sleep nor dream, because I've chanced sleep
My soul is restless with bestowed madness.
Filled with the disguised acrid memoir
Of promises you forged and failed.

Poor, proud boy who was not a man
Didn't you know I was gone from you?
The moment the rushing current filled my ears
I died with only the sound of my heartbeat.

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