

Michael McGuire "Playing Hamlet"

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PLAYING HAMLET

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Who's there; for I cannot tell by that softly burning
moon, is it that
ghost of the rest of my days come again so soon, if so I
wish you'd
scare up some sympathy from these skeptics beyond
belief, that I
could grow as old as the world and not outlive this
grief.
It is the sorrow in the cradle of creation, that drinks my
tears for it's
libation.
Pay me the homage I seek for my life is distilled from
the rain, give me
the doomsday mercies for there is nothing that dies
not in vain, and if
the heavens truly take our spent souls to their graces,
then why stop
the senses with the vulgarity of these earthly places.
The death of fathers is indeed a common theme, I cry
not the sleep;
but the dream.
Softly turning is this world in the palm of my hand, as I
regard every
cloud; moon; river and sea that shapes the world of
man, and I sink to
the morbid depths of my mortal philosophy, and it's
particulars in
application to my own woe born biography.
Let me crawl to this wretched tomb of my grief, take a
knife to time's
throat; stop this thief.
My savaged soul lives at the mercy of this breathing
machine, studying
the mortality of motion and what it might mean, and
how the vivid
moment turns to soon into the vague memory, with
your future feeding
off the past and it's epic inventory.
I cannot cure but only learn to live with this pain, so
grant me my

storm tender me my rain.
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