

Theatre Of Ice

"A Hamlet For A Slothful Vassal"

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"Behold a jocund morn indeed! -
Sun on high - birds in sky.
Yonder the whist firth eathing,
Fro where a gale erranteth."

"Ye beholdest but the shadow.
Mayhap a tithe of trothplight -
I deep - e'er and anon!"

"To and fro, save hither,
Is thy love."

"Not a loth! -
But vying for my kinsmen!"

"Beautiful tyrant!
Fiend Angelica!
Dove-feathered raven!
Woluish-ravening lamb!
A hamlet for a slothful vassal -
Soothing ale for a parched sot.
Hie to tell me
What ye judgest as naught
I behold the shadow!"

"E'er thou sayest aye!
Thief of a plot!
Now go to thy tryst!
Go, leave, totter! -
Until ye dwindlest.
A morsel, nay more,
For thy journey
Hither and thither!"

"That is a lie!
Lief I am not!
My words are but a twist
Fare well! - with jiy I came,
With rue I leave.
Even the orb cannot.
Help me melt the ice?"

"That is a lie!
Lief I am not!
My words are but a twist
Tis a feigned lie through loathing,
I say!"

"A dotard gaffer, I daresay..."

"...a sapling not!"

"Wherefore call me such names;
Nay imp am I!
Thou art my aghast hart -
Gazing in the glade."

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