

Cotswold Challenger: Creative Writing

(slam) poetry. of which, I have eloquently titled: "*f#¢£ shakespeare*"

[it's point is that we should not live in a benign tragedy scenario. presently or otherwise.]

These violent delights have violent ends
Fire and pitchforks, transforming to pens
and text- or rather, lack-thereof,
they didn't reply- so ,now, you feel... off

Romeo and Juliet forced ends to meet,
although their love, might not be one to call discreet;
or OKAY!
Despite this, I think it's safe, to say:
that when your liver fills with bugs and flies,
that thus with a kiss we will both, surely, die.
Star crossed lovers, Venus to Kalliope I;
Love is a smoke made with the fume of sighs,
and in a brilliant tomb we do so, two lie,
patient for our painful, poisonous demise;
we shouldn't let shakespearean tragedies ruin our lives!

We are not stuck in the Tempest,
I am not MacBeth.
There are no romantic conquests
or menial yet plentiful deaths.

We're just kids,
at the end and their end of days,
we're just kids!
Sipping Robitussin, from a Pepsi lid!
We're just kids,
smoking weed on a Tuesday to just say that we have lived—

fireworks, Thatcher's cans, shopping trolleys;
falling off our scooter or, popping an Ollie.
Shakespeare might have made up words,
he can inspire us, but -realistically- he's the worst:

Romeo is, like, eighteen and metaphorically Juliet's two,
And in sword fight, Paris needn't die too.
With thous and thys and one thousand premodifiers;
one million eyes, on one million midsummers;
soliloquies, monologues, poems, plays;
We still shouldn't let Billy Shakes rule our day!

For it is in the East, and Juliet is the light that comes for me,
Is life not something momentous, and definitively not cheap?
Cheap like Romeo ditching his original beau,
and Benvolio not falling for Mercutio!

What is a life,
if not one billion snapshots?
Not just one,
where children kiss and a f#cking corpse rots.

it's quite sick,
not like a kick flip,
and kind of.. sad
though, unlike, a chick flick.

Love is everything; except what it is.
Two blushing pilgrims- ready! stand! my lips:
no mannerly devotion should be portrayed like this.

Just live your lives; aspire, endeavour, make a wish!

-Tyler (Hollie Allison)