

Frailty, thy name is woman?  
Apathy, thy name is man  
That upon my plight, you may look  
with unseeing eyes, and use  
My body as naught more than a token  
A pawn in your game of life and death

For you to feel like a god you must make  
Me into your slave, and speak to me with  
An unyielding tongue, and judge me with  
An unfeeling heart, as you whisper words  
Behind my back like knives you thrust in my heart

Now, driven to that which you call madness  
But fail to recognize as desperation, dejection, and deprivation  
You attempt again to lower your gaze,  
Avert your eyes from my impending disgrace  
Pray, call me "importunate, indeed distract"  
Tell me my mood needs pity  
And that I "spurn enviously at straws, speak things in doubt"  
And that my speech is nothing?

Yes you, my lady, who will claim to have hoped I shouldst be your son's  
wife  
But will watch quietly as my life is manipulated by men you make endless  
excuses for  
And will be nothing more than a dumb witness to my abasement  
And yes you, my lord, who called my father instrumental to the throne of  
Denmark  
Yet will hold your tongue when an innocent life pays your dues  
And innocent souls endure your defacement

And yes, you too, wretched father whom I loved with all that was good in  
me  
But who betrayed me and used me as some intelligencer  
And swept me along into your own desirous aims

And of course, you my love, who deceived me with words with sweet  
breath

And whom I thought I'd one day wed

But who was determined that for his mother's unfaithfulness I should pay

Speak with me for no purpose but to keep yourselves safe

Spare me from strewing dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds  
amongst you.

Call me divided from myself and my fair judgement.

The man who raised me since my youthful days

Torn from me mercilessly by the man I thought I'd love

Because we were merely a ploy in your plot, a pawn in your extravagant  
game

I'm forgetting myself, forgetting the place you'd have me remain

Am I causing you discomfort yet?

I'll apologize and revert to my silent pain.

Alas, I'll be good,

I'll wither away in quiet like you hoped I would

And as I sink to the bottom of this bog

Surrounded by flowers and blossoms and delicate fog

The perfect image of peaceful womanly demise

Not an outwardly trace of the turmoil in mind

My luscious locks will swirl 'round my head

The perfect image of a peaceful woman in death

Yes, avert your eyes, try yet again to look away!

I'll pull your eyes from your skulls

and your hearts from your breasts

and force you to see what hath become of me

And you will not forget...

Indeed, take some rosemary lest you attempt

And here, some pansies for everlasting thoughts

And fennel for the flattery you wrought

Columbines lest you forget the hand your inconstancy play

In the madness that evoked this sudden affray

Rue for sorrow and boundless pain

Never forget, fair lady, the man who hath cleft our hearts in twain  
Daisies for falsehood and pretense and morbid play  
These I'll take with me to my grave

I could have been a violet.

I could have been a faithful young maiden,  
An obedient child or subservient wife,  
I'd have done all you asked, expected nothing from above  
All out of the infinitude of my love  
But the violets all withered when my father died.  
Thus, so shall I.

But I'll strew the scene with all you expect of me  
Beauty, innocence, complacency, chastity.  
And maybe you'll look this time, maybe you'll see.  
I'll be the alluring effect of fires fanned.  
Apathy I swear it thy name is man.