

2010

After The Curtain Falls

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Recommended Citation

Hillis, Jacob (2010) "After The Curtain Falls," *The Angle*: Vol. 2010: Iss. 1, Article 10.
Available at: <http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol2010/iss1/10>

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Cover Page Footnote

Appeared in the issue: Volume 12, Issue 1, 2010.

AFTER THE CURTAIN FALLS

poem by
JACOB HILLIS

Mark.

Mark these words unto thy lips.
For treachery and sorrow doth beseech thee
Dear Horatio.

Can't you see?

Even unto the morrow of this late passing,
My face will haunt thee.
Even as the lace around thine ears and covering ceases chills,
For why? I ask

Only why.

And though I do not turn in dust,
You hear my breath upon your cusp.
For I, yes I, come for you: "my love."

To you.

Yes you, I giveth mine own rue.
For unlike I, thou hast sinned,
And upon what 'twas,
Thou shalt die like the violets.

I loved.

And lived only for one, my true, the heir.
And yet, you beseeched me come.
And at that pond you lay me down,
Some foolish poison of lovesick treachery.

And so.

As your face of iron grasp looked upon the ravaged flower,
You tossed me like such, intern to drink.
Allowed me thus to sink and sink.

And my point?

My point, dear sir, is revenge.
Revenge for my love and I,
For our arms will enwrap you

Tie to tie.

Drag you down to scream and yell
Your enmity now come to sell.
Pull you down . . .
Straight to hell.