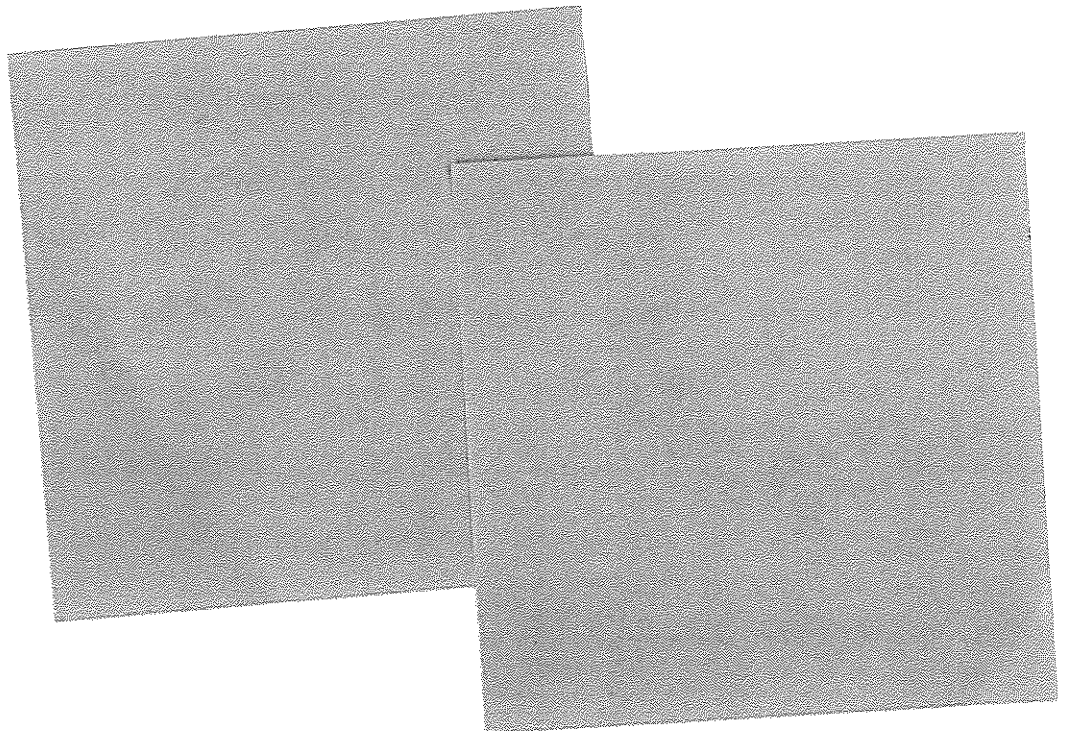


Emulation of Hamlet's Third Soliloquy

To cry or not to cry - that is the question:
Whether 'tis braver for one to display tears
In watch of the beacon eyes of the public,
Or to tightly bottle emotions within
And by ignoring end them? To cry^x to weep;[~]
No more;[~] and by a weep to say we free
The weaknesses and the innate tensions
The mind is heir to, 'tis a culmination
Fatefully to be relieved. To cry, to weep;⁼
To weep^x perhaps to scream[!] yet, there's the snag^x
For in that exposure what pain may come
When we have shed off our armored facade,
Must warn us wait. There's the delay
That draws out these sensations much too long.
For who would preserve the sorrow inside,
The disconsolate soul, the stomach's tangled knots,
The throat's pendulous lump, the clouded eyes,
The throbbing of the temple, and the jeers

That the broken reap from their unsightly display,
When they themselves might let all stress vacate
With a stream of tears? Who would keep building,
To accumulate their unhappiness,
But that the fear of vulnerability,
The perpetual impressions from
No criers escape, wavers the thought
And makes us rather bear an unsettled life
Than to plunge into embarrassments?
Thus shame doth make us all depressed souls,
And thus the instinctive practice to cry
Is suppressed without granting too much a thought,
And the inclination that comes in great pain
With this humility learned constraints,
And lose the reason to cry.

Nice!





Emulation of Hamlet's Third Soliloquy

To speak or not to speak – that is the question:

Whether 'tis simpler to keep to myself

Avoiding the stingy words and opinions of others,

Or to let my voice be heard,

And, by sharing, make others listen.

To be safe, to keep my mouth shut —

No more – and by staying silent therefore no one

Knows the true words I wish to express

Deep inside my mind—

'Tis a battle

I do not wish to remain.

To speak, to converse –

To converse, perhaps *too* much. Ay, there's the issue,

For in overstepping the boundaries that are set

When saying too much that is on the mind

May cause more issues to rise than to be solved

Can make us bite our tongue.

These the ^{rare} ideas

That make a misfortune of speaking.

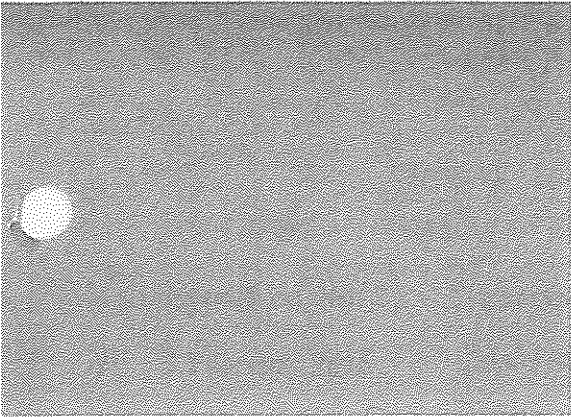


For who really wants to keep it all in,
Shamed for their thoughts,
Framed by other for being wrong,
The embarrassment of inaccuracy,
The sound of snarky remarks,
Those around you proving statements false
And the harsh rebuttal
That those who claim to be wiser force upon you,
When they too have been mistaken
About the so-called truth?

What person would scream from the rooftops,
Leaving nothing to be left sacred and to themselves,
But, the dismay opportunities may be lost while being silent,
The horrific events that those may face
That words may aid
While we listen in a concerned mindset,
Yearning that we had spoken up
Rather than being a doormat for those around us?

Therefore, the possibility of restraint makes preachers of us all,
And thus the safety of being unheard
Is lost by stunning tales that we must release,
And awkward situations of those tongue-tied
With this in mind have become no more
And those with whispering mouths unleash their screaming minds.

ston dunning
WORK!



To draw or not to draw- that is the question:
Whether 'tis easier to ignore the desire to create
And participate in the reality of the world,
Or to give in by opening a sketchbook,
And, by letting imagination take over, escape into a world of fantasy.

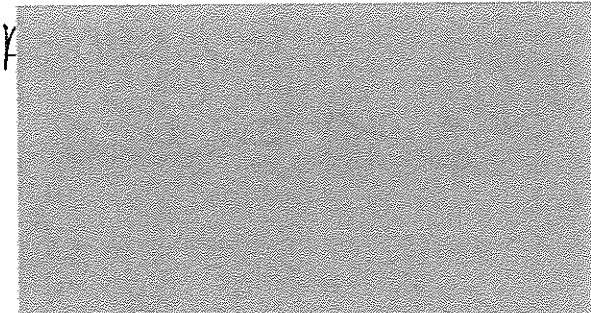
To draw, to sketch-
No more- and by participating to say I must tend to
The typical monotonous occurrences
That happen in dull procession each day-
'Tis a situation
I do not wish to experience.

To create, to imagine-
To imagine, perhaps for too many hours. Ah, there's the obstacle,
For in an abundance of imagining what occurs
While we are lost in a beautifully false illusion
Must make us pause and ponder.
That's the concept
That makes disaster of possessing an artistic mind.

For who really wants to face the never-changing landscape,
The majestic but ordinary creatures,
The same blue sky with clouds or without,
The everyday events that seem stuck on repeat,
The people that blend one by one into the crowd,
And the weird looks
That the copycats send in my graphite-smeared direction,
When they too may create illusions
In their mind that are then hidden by fear?

Who would pay attention to the ideas that flow in,
To eagerly grab the pencil and begin to sketch out the forms of new life,
But that the horror that those fantasies may steal your reality,
The reality that travels steadily onward which
Everyone else follows easily
While we lag behind trying to brush away the dream clouds,
Wishing desperately that we had never lifted the pencil
And opened our minds to the beast of imagination?

Thus the chance of becoming lost in fantasy does make copycats of us all,
And thus the joy of drawing
Is corrupted by the thought of losing reality,
And exhilarating afternoons spent in fervent sketching and designing,
With this consideration these paths are covered by thorns
And twist to turn towards the reality that is comfortable and ordinary.





Hamlet Emulation

To watch or not to watch – that is the question:

Whether 'tis better to devote myself to another episode

And delight in the laughter caused,

Or to sleep restlessly until the cold

And the blaring alarm wakes me.

To turn off my computer, to face the troubles of tomorrow -

No more – for laying awake without a show to comfort

Means that I must lay in the anxiety

Of the future's test-

'Tis a predicament

I do not wish.

To watch, to laugh-

To watch perchance too long. Ay there's the rub,

For one episode leads to five, ten, others

And time waits for no man.

The clock strikes midnight and suddenly you are aware

Of what horrors Netflix has caused.

There's the reason that makes us stop

Before those fatal ten seconds have passed.

But who wants to stop and worry the night away

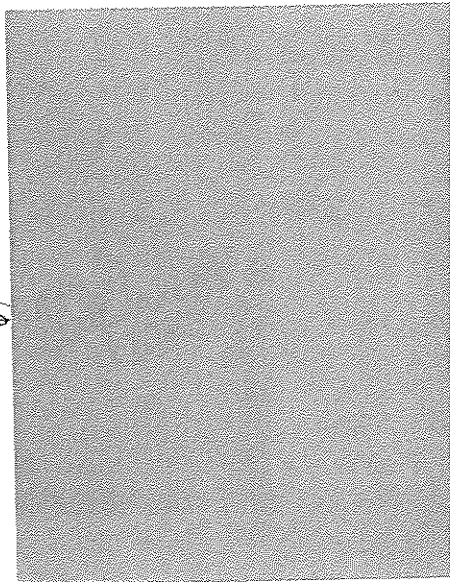
Thinking about the homework you didn't do,

To stare into the unavoidable abyss and wonder what is out there waiting,

To hear the coyotes howl, and the dogs answer,

To contemplate life until you doubt every action you have ever taken,

To listen to the clock tick, tick, tick, until you can hardly stand it anymore?



Who would heed the darkness' shadowy call
To lay in the bitter blackness of the room,
But that dread of rising prematurely to struggle to school,
The frightening aspect of being sleep-deprived throughout the day,
The test starts and in a daze,
You wished you had gotten sleep
Instead of watching an entire season of Lost?
Thus the fatigue does make us early to bed,
And thus the euphoria found by television
Is ruined by the thought of tomorrow's suffering,
And entertaining shows are cut short,
And lose their amusement in the dark night.

