

ROMEO & JULIET

Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, naught could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage,
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss, our toil shall strive to mend.
In destination festivities' extravagant decadence.

Elvis told me not to, but here I am anyway. I have to tell the world that **I AM STILL ALIVE!!!!!!!!** Don't try to live forever; it gets awfully boring after a while. But every now and then, something can happen that makes you forget how old you are for a moment. One such time, for me, was in 1596 when English playwright William Shakespeare made entertainment out of my pain. What he never realized was that I was the old man always crying into ale in the shadows of The Globe at 108 shows. I was actually happy that our story was being told to more of the world than just academic historians. He did a fairly good job with it, though there were a few historical mistakes that had to be made in order to keep it entertaining. I will attempt to correct them as I tell you the true story. The first thing being, of course, that **I AM STILL ALIVE!!!!!!!!**

Did I ask to live forever? **NOOOOOOOOOO!** I didn't sell my soul to the Devil or anything. No, as Shakespeare does a good job of explaining to his audience, I was completely in love with, ..., I can't even write her name without going into crying convolutions for hours. It was like I had died and gone to heaven; things were so perfect and wonderful between us. We didn't care about our warring families anymore; we were ready to leave Verona together. Then, well, you know the story; she obtained a potion through Friar Lawrence that made her appear dead to everybody to avoid a prearranged marriage. When I found out she was dead, I just wanted to die. I go to Mantua's "best apothecary," not knowing this was Friar Lawrence's connection also. That pharmacist knew our story, and thought he was giving me the same thing he gave the Friar. Well, as you can see, he grabbed the wrong bottle! I must find him; I have been chasing him all over this globe for the last 600 years. The latest tip says, "best druggist in the world will be at some festivities of extravagant decadence somewhere near San Luis Obispo, Italy on September 5, 1998." Can you help me? Please help me go join her up there. In any case, sit back and I will tell you what really happened. Maybe Andrew Lloyd Webber can get it on Broadway. You can sell him the script for millions! Just **HELP ME!!!**

1.

We felt so lucky with love at first sight
How could our parents be having a fight?
We could only meet far from candlelight
Deep in palace dungeons late at night
Or out in orchards under crossed starlight
On strict meeting schedule we ran in flight
From family and friends who chased us in spite
Of our true love that held no fright
Despite our family name bondage plight
I'll never forget with my memory still bright
Juliet's poetry which I must recite:

"Bondage is hoarse
And may not speak aloud
Else I would fear the cave
Where echo lies
And make her airy tongue
More hoarse than mine."

ROMEO & JULIET, Act 2, scene 2, 161--163

Only deep below would we have our right
To exchange our lips but never bite
(Like your Marv Albert now in total blight)
Gallop away deep into a near palace site
We wrote our messages like a playwright
Setting up meetings in romantic moonlight
For hugging and kissing always upright
As woman of my dreams Juliet was quite
Exactly the one that would always excite
Passions in me that are all of our birthrights
To pleasure and pain they always invite.

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2.

Mercutio and Benvolio were my best friends
Always lending their hands to family ends
Matchmaker Mercutio tried to lead my way
Into instruments of women I yearned to play
Convinced that I should send out my feeler
Picking them for me so sure I would see "her"
Capulet-Pesenti courier once stumbled upon us
Mistaking our names, so we made a big fuss
So he gave us tickets to their biggest game
Everyone masked, all looking the same

CAPULET-PESENTI: "Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?"

ROMEO & JULIET, Act 1, scene 5, 29--33

They were throwing the ball for young kin to the Prince
To take the mound and pitch strikes to convince
That would allow him to take her to the altar
Only a block away, how could he falter?
When they will kneel below the Bells of the town
He would feel like he was scoring touchdown
There I realized that everything comes in pairs
Our lives, our loves, and even our glares
Given the chance to join our enemies' team
I suddenly felt like I had fallen into a dream
For across the melee' of camouflaged fools
I caught sight of cause for my future drools
Her training nurse sees to it that Juliet never
Dresses for less than princess most clever
Even in masks we knew we were above the match
Now fighting off the crowd so we could attach
Tybalt tried to send me down amongst the minors
But Coach Capulet-Pesenti let me stay with headliners
Until when they started shutting out the lights
I then caught where she spent her nights
And dreamt myself the lucky one that joins
In on *two* balls that night with our loins

3.

There in her presence I never carried a care
Only concerned with how much we could share
My guardian angel eliminated her family soldiers
Making my shield impervious for us youngsters
At Capulet-Pesenti Castle I always climbed her tree
We reached out as she ate leaning on balcony
As she was large and manly there was some danger
Nothing could stop us, even if she were stranger
Love can blind you and I still must be blind
Searching for my pharmacist that's one of a kind
After hundreds of years, I should have found him by now
But I always lose him by stumbling somehow
You may think of me as something of a dolt
But I am very old and I sometimes moult
Back to my story under Santa Rosa guidance
I often met friends and left them in a trance
At the foot of the hill painting them colorful stories
So well described, they could picture my glories

4.

While telling my most personal courting secrets
Mercutio led laughter but I have no regrets
Back under the wing of my St. Rosa guardian
We set out to relax after work as thespian
As bohemian artists we were certainly liberal
Agreeing in only one direction being civil
Never stopped at colonies along the trail
Nor institutions where I would probably fail
Heading on into center of a quaint small town
Capulet-Pesentis there often held a showdown
Our favorite tavern was known for it's heroes
Though today they might be considered zeros
There in cool breeze we would escape the heat
With bartender Bobbie pouring our shots neat
Once finally feeling substantially more cultured
I would set out to meet her in family orchard

5.

Once catching a buzz from a hearty ale brew
I became bold enough to show her all I knew
And so I set out crossing countryside by horse
(Safer than today's drunk driving in cars of course)
I loved to gallop north along the seacoast
Until turning east to her palace at a signpost
I had to stop for an avocado hors d'oeuvre
Then back on trail with galloping swerve
Up over the hills along steep sliding passes
Always a problem behind overloaded asses
Back then when approaching the renaissance village
There was only one church funded by native pillage
Now several denominations all line up in their mile
Spreading the wealth in their own chosen style
Shortly thereafter I was close to her grounds
Slinking behind guards making their rounds
Not only them I had to be careful around pets
Most of them captured in jungles with nets
Quietly avoiding her father's animals at all costs
Making my way to her chamber dodging accosts
Allowing my horse to go drink from their lake
I sipped from her fountain for safety sake
Sometimes her huge family was dining outdoors
Hiding my face, I was a gardener with chores
As I climbed her tree I always grabbed her some fruit
Her eyes always leaping to my hands was so cute

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6.

We finally decided that we just had to do it
Get married that is, tie the knot, get it writ
Her father found out and did not like it one bit
Shaking Prince's son Paris, he made him commit
We asked Friar Lawrence for advice from prophet
He warned us of danger, but could see that we fit
Seeing potential in helping bury family hatchet
He secreted us in for kneeling before altar on carpet
Where we exchanged our vows impervious to shit
Euphorically skipping down the street after our skit
I ran into her cousin Tybalt always firing some spit

continued

6. (continued)

I tried to tell him our families were now knit
He and Mercutio disagreed and they got into a snit
Pulling their swords and then Mercutio got hit
He shortly died and I just could not sit
Losing **my** temper with Tybalt I made a bloody slit
Prince declared life in Verona I would have to forfeit
Before those immature acts led to bodies in casket
Our ritual act of love in the chapel was the limit
To find her again is the reason I cannot quit

7.

Banished from Verona there was little that I knew
My Juliet had to deal with something new
Her father and Paris had set date and time
For their wedding with she in her prime
I ran to see her at her balcony that night
Eating a snack under the moonlight
Between her mouthfuls we exchanged a kiss
Their chef had recipes that could never miss
When morning sun arrived I had no choice
One last chance to hear her deep voice:

“**O** God, I have an ill-divining soul!
Methinks I see thee, now thou art so low,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb.
Either my eyesight fails, or thou lookest pale.”

ROMEO & JULIET, Act 3, scene 5, 55--57

One dream that I had was just about the same
So young I didn't believe it true until it came
Only if I had I might have been wary of poisons
And very careful of the one to be chosen
All I knew was that our upcoming life in stealth
Would not include a guarantee of good health
I did not know that Friar Lawrence found potions
For a plan Juliet could avoid her father's motions
His apothecary was near my banishment cell
East of the main road which I called hell
Found fraternally dealing behind huge drums
Her blue bottled poison was not for bums

8.

To avoid life with Paris she slugged it down in time
Though flavor was smooth, she chased it with lime
On her "wedding" morning, Nurse found her "dead"
All pale, cold, and rigid laying across her bed
Instead of a wedding they all changed into black
Placed her in open casket and hid her last snack
They slowly carried her "corpse" to north cemetery
For Friar's quick eulogy and then into sanctuary
With no room in Verona, all usher backs would ache
Crossing bridge and spring on old road up to lake
At the fork in the road, resting fills the space
Very green and shady it is a beautiful place
Family territories in stone sit high above
Filling up fast when push comes to shove
Meantime in Mantua I napped all day
With dreams of her that found a way
A way to overcome anger of the Prince
And his very severe life sentence
Friar Lawrence had tried to send me a note
But his messenger had slipped into a moat
They had worked out an excellent plan
But it had to be kept spic-and-span

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9.

Balthasar my man awoke me with the news
In shock I could not consider any ruse
I rode directly to my pharmacist for poison
Without her here I no longer had reason
I burst into his store yelling for him to be quick
Not realizing his eyes were a little bit sick
You see, he was the first with idea of franchise
Only in hiring staff he was not quite that wise
He had to race from Paso south and then west
On two score plus six he tired without rest
Once at the end he'd make the conservative move
A trail along Fiscalini he'd always disapprove
Pressing on up the hill until next light in the forest
He'd zig and zag east along that top of hill crest
Then down the steep road and over the bridge

Continued

9. (continued)

He'd arrive at his store with potent package
Back then without Prince' regulations he was free to sell
Just about anything that would make you feel swell
Things that could help you restore your dried skin
And help wash off evidence of any decadent sin
Solved all your problems whether medical or mental
Everyone loved him with his advice always gentle
That's why I shocked him bursting in so fast
When he later found out, I became his last

10.

I then raced off to Juliet's grave with his "poison"
His power of will had decided what was chosen
And there she performed in the soft candlelight
Lying on stone cold as ice and very white
It tasted terrible but I slurped up every drop
After a necrophiliac kiss I came to a stop
Off to dreamland similar to floating in womb
Until waking up in my family's tomb
I had been in "dead" state days up to seven
Thinking all the time I was up in heaven
As she was nowhere to be found, "I must be in hell"
Our souls never joined as far as I could tell
Squeezing through the bars as I felt fasting hunger
I scared an old man so I could no longer linger
First I had to check her family's place of interment
Maybe he had given her the same impermanent
Her body not there I rejoiced in state of glee!
How would she react upon seeing me?
Disguising my face I asked about her around town
All their eyes glared as they met me with frown
Finally learning what she had done with her knife
I again quickly tried to put an end to my life
My blood cannot drip and my neck will not break
Not a hint of pain when I jump on a stake
Because our message had ended family war
I acted dead for our burial down near the shore
Right next to her body I laid in my wood box
Until late at night when I dug out like a fox
They had placed our graves far away from theirs
As examples to all families rather than just heirs.

11.

I am told of having chance to find him after hundreds of years
Only pharmacist with the potion can be found with my ears
Could he have been hiding disguised just like me
Here so close to Verona, San Luis and the sea?
For hundreds of years I have been rounding the globe
Searching for "doctor" lately dancing to a strobe
Snorted full of concoctions trying to forget what he did
Throwing big parties where all sinners get naked
In beautiful prime recreation and vacation locations
He leads pleading disciples in their vile celebrations
Winding past clean quiet villas along the way
You have to wonder how much owners pay
When his noisy parties get so wild and loud
Then they unite to become a dark cloud
Raining down by convincing local Police
To act on their behalf like our old Prince
They say it will be found in big peeling blue palace
Where all worshipers are to pass potion chalice
With fountain of youth he should have done better
Maybe he lost it then hid fact he's a forgetter
Just riding the ruse for hundreds of years teasing
Respectable jobs with demeanor quite pleasing
This time a district attorney doing community service
To cover his nights of raving demonically lawless!

THE END

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