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Mecutio's Curse

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Mecutio's Curse

Alex Weisman

Revelry games to rivalry effects.

I am hurt.

His cold hip-mate is now warm with blood.

Such things are to happen when hip-mates
become hand-mates.

I am Hurt.

For in my torso fell Tybalt's aimed toy

But for Romeo's hand my breath grows weak.

A laugh.

These merry men in stupid faces around me
won't take me in truth.

They think me in jest.

I am hurt!

Do they not see what I see?

How this prick is only a battle in war?

Romeo, not you who killed me, 'twas family

Tybalt, not you who killed me, 'twas family

Feuding families find friends to be their victims.

Both to blame.

For their rift I bleed.

I am hurt.

My wound can't heal, neither can that wounded
rift of manors.

Their streets forever crooked, windows always
shut, doors unwelcoming to each other

but now must welcome the weight of their
decisions.

“A plague on both your houses!”
Fools! I am hurt!

Your destinies doomed. In my final breath, I see
the clearly-hidden future.

“A plague on both your houses!”
Suffer as I am.

“A plague on both your houses!”
Realize the daunted dreams of your young
prodigies as we receive the same fate.

“A plague on both your houses!”
I am
done