

ROMEO AND JULIET
THE SONG OF JULIET

*From the recently discovered 1591 draft of Shakespeare's An
Excellent conceited Tragedie of Romeo and Juliet done into
modern Australasian English*

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Poem by
C dean

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FORWARD

In this draft Shakespeare has dropped the iambic pentameter By dropping the iambic pentameter Shakespeare has been able to achieve in no other work of his a lyricism not encountered again except in the poetry of Australia's leading erotic poet colin leslie dean Shakespeare reaches such heights of passion and despair not achieved again by any poet again except in deans

THE SONG OF SHAKUNTALA

Layla and Majnun

josei sakura

Madam Butterfly

The reciter of **THE SONG OF JULIET** can literally break out into tears at the same time as being strongly sexually excited Combining these two emotions **THE SONG OF JULIET** reaches such intensity that the reader must put down the song and take a rest from reciting or if not literally become over excited and their mind burst open like an over ripe fruit due to the mellifluous rhythms and intoxicating images Vertigo sets in a swirling dizziness over comes the reciter the melodic lines hypnotize the reciter such that they cant put down the work exhaustion sets in but the reciting goes on till at the works completion the reciter slumps exhausted over stimulated with every nerve neuron quivering in ecstatic discharge A sure work of genius one wonders why Shakespeare dropped this song from his finished work what a great joy for humanity that it was finally found what a great service *Sheila Grundies* has done rendering it into Australian English

PREFACE

**All is death and decay when the lover goes
All the lovelorn knows
Pestilential air noxious vapors through
out the world flows
The object of love its loss turns all the
world to dross
The inner mind the world becomes
Our despair blackens all
O'er all a morbid shroud
Covers all in the grave we have made
Encased in sordid dreaminess suffocating
stagnant languor
The soul-sick languishes in listlessness
melancholy
Lurid thoughts perverse the soul-sick o'er
and o'er rehearse
Masturbation the only solace for he or she
in the pit of despondency**

ACT 111 SCENE 11

JUL:

Wash they his wounds with tears? Mine shall be spent,(135)
 When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
 Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguil'd
 Both you and I, for Romeo is exil'd.
 He made you for a highway to my bed;
 But I, a maid, die maiden-widowed.(140)
 Come, cords; come, Nurse. I'll to my wedding bed;
 And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!
 With thee gone Romeo that rose by any other name will smell
 not the same¹

¹ In Act II, Scene II of the play, the line is said by Juliet in reference to Romeo's house, Montague which would imply that his name means nothing and they should be together.

Juliet:

O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
 Deny thy father and refuse thy name;
 Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
 And I'll no longer be a Capulet.

Romeo:

[Aside] Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?

Juliet:

'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
 Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
 What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
 Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
 Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;

With thee gone vapors pestilent and foul encase this stale rank
world

All joy hast left me no mirth or sunshine naught but nature gross
do I see²

Despondency and despair hang o'er me like the deads death
shroud

Rank deaths airs surround my pallid flesh from my bloodless lips
out I shout

Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art he

The blue fades from the sky

The red fades from the rose

The scent from the flower goes

So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name,
And for that name which is no part of thee
Take all myself.

² These lines are reminiscent of those from Hamlet (act 1 scene 11, act 11 scene 11 which outline Hamlets melancholy

The taste from fruit sweet dies

Oh Romeo Romeo in thy exile I think of thee and we

No more thy bird sweet voice

No more thy honeyed words no more to rejoice

My blithe beauties bright eyes no more will I see

Oh Romeo Romeo in thy exile I think of thee and we

My heart thy heart for thee and me

My heart thy heart for us and we

Oh Romeo Romeo in thy exile I think of thee and we

Ponder thoughts that will not be

Oh that thy tongue would butterfly flick my tongue

That I may kiss thy lips forever

A summers day to thee dost not compare³

Pallid face anemic lips bloodless

Lank lilies lay withered o'er my bed

³ *Shakespeare Sonnet 18* "Shall I compare thee to a *Summer's day*"

VIII

O'er which I languid lolling lay

Dank moisty atmosphere upwells from tears shed

Dripping into stagnant pools

Forming mould on walls to my tear filled eyes displays

Red speckled rust o'er things does grow in the air fouled by

lovelorn tears

The air rancid from wilting withered blooms

Encases my youthful fleshiness like the earth around deathly

tombs

Yet in this morbid death filled world are born strange desires

strange passions for the one I mourn

I think of thee and country matters⁴ with me

Us the two back backed beast⁵ I see

⁴ Hamlet act 3 scene2 "Do you think I meant country matters?"

⁵ Orthello Act 1 Scene 1

"*I am one, sir, that comes to tell you your daughter and the Moor are now making the *beast with two backs*.*"

My passion full lips ache for thy kiss

I long that thee would give this maiden head

Thy tongue running o'er my twin sisters lips

That thee would suck on my throats pulsing veins

Kiss the eye-lids veins

Kiss the red blushes stain on pallid face

Kiss my cream soft breasts thy tongue round nipples race

That thou would paint with thy lips thy love o'er this pallid flesh

Nibble with thy teeth sonnets and sestina to take away my breath

I my rose white caress I

Running finger along the petals edge

O'er and around the bloated bud the colour of blood

Oh the exhilarating bliss

The sublime intoxication of this

Finger fluttering like moth fluttering o'er the petals lips

Furling out blood gorged swollen the sensations flood

Stars beam around my eyes

A million nightgales sing in my ears

Bright lights flash inside my head

Unquenchable delights fill my flesh

Inextinguishable raptures rippling through me do spread

Oh give my lips thy lips that I can suck out thy breath

That I can swim in the unfathomable depths of thy beatitude

Give me thy arms legs that we can be united like vines meshed to
vines

I my rose white caress I

Spasms surge like waves on a stormy see

Quiverings pulsate faster than the fluttering wings of the bee

With the memories of thy eyes fingers hurriedly flick to my
rapturous sighs

The petals spread out

The grape-like bud stiffens and quivers in the fetid air

From my bloodless lips Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou

I shout

O'er the pillow mildew mottled lays my lank hair

Strange forms strange growths grow in the green air

Tear drops on the lilies lay stagnate and slimy in the humid

gloom

Blooms tremulous their petals fall overlay the suffocating room

Decaying sweetness fills the twilight gloom

Heliotrope and mignonette narcissus and rose all their scent dies

and go they withered lay a deathly show

The stagnate miasmatic air enfolds about my limbs like a foul

clutching wreath

My loveless bed a sepulcher a bower o'er which I lay couched

upon a grave of flowers

My desires drop dead upon the floor like those wilted blooms

My wanton despair a lustful prayer fill these catacombs

Oh that all joy fades sadness fills me like death's shades

The song I sing falls dead upon my love's deaf ears

My song I sing only the dead do hear

I lay upon this bed limbs lank like the lank lilies that surround me

Breathing in these pestilential airs all thoughts upon thee

My doleful breath breathes o'er all the stink of death

A doleful thought a fetid breath

Amidst decaying blooms my joy dies

With closed eyes lamenting sighs

As blossom petals fall nourishing the humus laden floor

With legs spread wide knees up my thoughts of thee soar

I my rose white caress I

Grab my peachy arse cheeks like two ripe pink fruit

Roll thy hands o'er them

Roll thy hands around them

Squeeze them softly

Feel the soft doughy flesh melt into thy fingers

Cup them tight

Press thy fingers into the spongy flesh

Oh that thee would grip them press them fondle them the left the
right

Push my arse into thy groin lifting up around

Run thy fingers up and down

Oh that thee would press thy chest to my breasts

Crush my creamy swollen paps to thy heaving chest

Let me feel the beating of thy heart

Let me feel the thundering beat of thy passions heat

As thee grinds thy groin to my groin such that we will never part

Oh I am thy vassal oh lord of my love⁶

Light filters through ivy laced windows splashing shadows o'er
walls and floor

⁶ Sonnet XXVL "lord of my love, to whom in vassalage /thy merit hath my duty strongly knit"

The light lingers on the tear bespeckled blooms

Spreading sparkling light beams the air a shimmering shroud of
multi-coloured gleams

Refracting reflecting light mirrored in the slimy green streaks
upon the walls

Darts up down around and o'er all falls

Like raining light the light drips down splashing in pools upon
the humus ridden ground

Lilies of translucent sheen hang their blooms limpid deathly white
like the dead going to their doom

O'er all the light spills its green glow

The pale molding decaying show

Crawling creatures slithering slugs viles bloated forms scurry and
slither under bed through cracks in and out they go

Shiny shells red slimy flesh iridescent hues golds blues

Thousand feeted things scurry to my view

Leaving slivery slime trails the foamy green snails

Around my bed in ever widening circles they stare

Cold beady eyes pin points of icy light leer up at me all the while

I my rose white caress I

Oh would that thee would lie beside me

My breast pressed to thy chest in ecstasy blest

Oh would that thee would be beside me

This oppressive languor lifted from me by the closeness of thee

Twirl my hair with thy finger tip

Run thy fingers under my slip

O'er soft flesh thy fingers slide

Up the inner thigh to my heated sigh

Circle round slowly

Linger softly

Slip under panty cloth

Twirl my hair with thy finger tip

Run o'er pouting pink lips

Into my fount thy index finger gently dip

Run round the pellucid pool

like a liquid pearl molten gleaming within the lips furled

Spread wide the fleshy flesh

Slither thy finger up down my moist silken slit

Oh these things be the perfect rite of loves ceremony⁷

Oh Romeo Romeo thy absents pains

My world a grave my bed a throne within this tomb of decay

The odious loathsome crawling slither sliders watch me with

delicious delight in the suffocating green light

Peer up at me transfixed like death in my sight

Thy worship this melancholy soul with lusts perverse

Amidst flower upon flower decaying in this pestilential bower

The dripping tears wind down the fungus ridden walls

⁷ Sonnet XX111 "Whose strength's abundance weakens his own heart;
So I, for fear of trust, forget to say
The perfect ceremony of love's rite"

As a rainbow spreads from wall to wall

Imprisoning me and all in this living hell enclosed within the
walls

As ne'er ending the bloated shiny slugs foul fanged creepers
givers of pain sittest around heaving gluttonous calls

All around a cancerous leprous sight of decay foulness stench all
an allegory of my melancholy dismay

I my rose white caress I

Ah ah

A foul repugnant worm slithers slippery o'er my pallid toes flesh

Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou

Come to me come to me

Rescue me from this melancholy blight

Come to me come to me

Take me back into the sunny light

Take me back into thy loves delight

Oh disgusting thing be off

Oh Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art he

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