

THE QUARRY

Sienna Knowles

The Globe's Ghosts

By a Sleep We End the Heartache

He was a violet –
The most striking of the King's garden.
Should I have even tried
To play the instrument of his mystery?

I was warned he would not bloom long,
But what power does a young heart hold
Against the melody of a prince?
Soon, he seemed to wither –

Not with the ecstasy of love,
My beauty not the cause of his wildness
But his madness the cause of mine.
It was not to be.

The willow branch would not hold me.
I sent myself to the man I loved –
Left Hamlet to fight upon my grave. It seems
Only after muddy death did grief and love pursue.

No matter –
By a sleep we end the heartache.

Lay Me With Juliet

Though in fair Verona he did lay his scene,
Sempiternal is the role of luminous lovers:
Volatile, meteoric, furious, but bright –
And so, blinded are we
To the fool's journey – not years but four days
Until young love is lost young.

Not often have happy mothers been made younger than fourteen.
I bide my time and wait for the work of years
To attune her infant eyes. Too late –
He whose heart just yesterday glowed incessantly for another Rose
Has crossed the stars for my wife-to-be.

So though she weeps for the death of kin
At her lover's hands, she wavers not from her given lines,
Nor he
With his poetry, iambic and irresistible,
That captures the awe of not just her
but the audience of four hundred years.

All asteroids meet their demise.
While no one predicts such a sudden strike, I saw the moment coming –
Saw her streak across the sky
And though he killed me for scattering flowers on her grave,
My type was already slain when, palm to palm, those holy lovers kissed

So open the tomb,
And lay me with Juliet.

She Had Eyes but Did Not Choose Me

Beauty, wit and fortunes tied my heart to Desdemona.
But as it always is,
She loved another for dangers I had not passed.
No witchcraft can brew the draft of lustrous rebellion.

Is death or friendship the physician of a broken heart?
One came in the form of the other.
He told me my garden was fertile yet
And so I filled my purse

With villainy.
But for youth she did not change.
I did not taste the perfume of her lips,
Instead

Assured they would never blush again.
And yet, I could not even claim the role of antihero –
Outplayed by both good and evil,
I did not die upon a kiss.

For she had eyes but did not choose me.