

Robert Lund, Shakespearean Pie

A long, long time ago
I can still remember
How, alas, poor Yorick's jokes drew groans
He'd dance and sing and kiss my hand
Like Elsinore was Neverland
But then he went and joined the Skull and Bones

And now, Horatio, I get shivers
With every line the ghost delivers
All the Globe has been dark
'Cause something rots in Denmark

I can't recall a thing as weird
As when dear old Daddy reappeared
To say that he'd been poison-eared
The day King Hamlet died

So:
To be or to choose not to be?
That's the question I'm digestin' in my soliloquy
And when fortune aims its slings and arrows at me
Tell me how I'm gonna live through Act III?
Answer, please, iambically

Did you like Shakespeare in Love?
And did you rewind for scansion of
Gwyneth with her wardrobe gone?
Now, do you believe in English Lit?
Is brevity the soul of wit?
If so, then why's this bloody play so long?

Well, I know this role has real cachet
For each Branagh and Olivier
Mel Gibson draws blood nice
Man, I dig that Passion of Christ!

I was a young, great Dane in British schools
With my pet Ophelia and a dad who rules
But I knew we'd been played for fools
The day King Hamlet died

So here's the question:
To be or choose rather to be
Suicidal or to idle apathetically,
Or is volition all it's cracked up to be
If "to die, to sleep, to dream" is lovely?
(Please explain the question to me)

Less than two months since the obit ran
And Lord knows, frailty, thy name's wo-man:
My dumbass uncle wears Dad's ring
So I set the stage for a royal sting
What a script! I thought, The play's the thing
Where I'll catch the conscience of the king

Oh, and while the king enjoyed the show
The players showed him whack his bro
The king stomped off and cried
O.J. yelled Homicide!

So Let's Make a Deal, Queen Mother, who
Is behind curtain number two?
How now, a rat? I sliced him through
The day Polonius died

I was thinking:
To be or to go with Plan B?
Is it nobler just to soldier on Shakespeareanly
Or fly off to the undiscovered country?
Thus my conscience makes a coward of me
Get me to a fun nunnery

Hanky panky? Nope, Ophelia's cranky
Could she be ticked that I nailed that Yankee?
Maybe 'cause I knifed her dad?
She shouted Foul! in her wrath
You'll never tread on my primrose path!
(Guess my joke 'bout 'country matters' made her mad)

Now, the nymph went nutso north-northwest
Went and took a swim completely dressed
She sank just like a ship
So here's the moral: skinny-dip!

Poor Laertes missed his tour de France
But, merde, this ain't no cheap romance
(Ask Guildenstern and Rosencrantz)
The day Ophelia died

I kept on thinking:
To be or to other-than-be?
That's the question! Screw depression! Death sounds painless to me
This too too solid flesh should melt melt like brie
And resolve into a fondue for me
Serve it with some crumpets and tea

Oh, and there we were all in one place
Equipped with poison, swords, and Mace
With Fortune there to shape our ends
So come on - fence me nimble, fence me quick
Don't tase me, bro, with your tainted prick
Or bet your royal ass we're foiled again

So Laertes and I both got poked
Mom drank some Chinese lead-based Coke
The king was S.O.L.
Thus ends his sworded tale:

I said, My name ees Hamlet Junior, guy
You keeled my dad; prepare to die
(Yes, I stole that from The Princess Bride)
The day King Claudius died

Here's the question:
To be or choose alternately?
That's the question I'm processin' in Scene I of Act III
To end these shocks or bear them heart-achingly,
Quoting Sonnet Number 73?
(That one's too depressing for me)

(Soft you now)

I met a girl named Juliet
And her boyfriend, whose name I forget
(What's in a name, man, anyway?)
I led Othello to his death
And made life a bitch for King Macbeth
Till the Bard said, Dude, you're in a different play

So meanwhile back at Elsinore
A bunch of guys come to mop the floor
It's Fortinbras's legions
I guess we're now Norwegians

And the three co-stars I riled most:
Laertes, Mom, and King Claudi-os
Went off to hang with Daddy's ghost
The day Prince Hamlet died

I see dead people...

To be or choose oppositely?
Are we tougher if we suffer indefatigably
Or take up arms against a turbulent sea
Of the troubles fortune's slinging at me?
Screw it - let's go watch some TV

We were thinking:
To be or to not freaking be
That's the question we're obsessin' 'bout interminably
But as for us, the answer's clear: Not to be
Caught in this Shakespearean tragedy!

~~~~~ THE END ~~~~~

(Horatio:)  
Good-night, sweet prince.

(Hamlet:)  
I'm not quite dead...