

Soliloquy

To be or not to be. That is the question.
Whether our forefathers brought forth
a new nation dedicated to the arrows
of outrageous fortune, or by opposing them
ended it, here on this great battlefield.
Perchance to dream, dear friends and countrymen,
not asking what this dreary realm can do for you,
but rather when in the course of human events
have we ever seen the glory of the coming of the Lord?
And what would we do if he came?
The Camptown ladies? The lord chancellor? The honorable
senator?

We hold these truths to be self evident:
that almonds are created equal.
that the surgeon general has found and will be found again,
that no two are alike,
that platitudes are beggars, and beggars are kings.
So when two of us are gathered together in one place,
that place shall be wholly owned.
And the body politic shall be made real.

There are no lessons we cannot learn
with infinite patience.
There are no chains to bind.
There are no birds of paradise.
It is, in fact, a far far better thing
to have but one life to give.
Godot has come, and it was worth the wait.
See you next year. Same time. Same place.

Mark Friedman
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