

Horatio's Diary

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Literary Traditions 7

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Already four long months 's been paper blank
though life gave much to write about and so I do.

I.

When winter ruled and soil lay under snow

the three of us awaited the "thing."

1.1.26

I mean—the ghost. "Tush, tush, 't will not happen,"

1.1.35

I questioned friends of mine, but then he comes

and with his piercing vision constantly glares

at me... I would sell my eyes, a coin per piece

to first of merchants who would buy. Acknowledge

did I want 't not. So let the merchant drag

my college knowledge in a sack as well.

II.

To tell I had my dear friend Hamlet, since

such story made my brain boil over and

resolve could I not. Thus the lord had taken watch.

Between the rotting wreaths with ribbons black
we listen to the volley for his Excellence's
heroic deeds. But Hamlet could not stand
his manners, which I understand, yet fear
it much that clash will come among the late
king's family. I love lord Hamlet much
much more than he himself. When he said once
"I do not set my life at a pin's fee,"
pursuing ghost's trace, my face turned pale:
Will he be jumping 'round or rot in grave
as once beloved state?

1.4.73

III.

Just one night later (swiftly!) roles were switched
and Hamlet spoke to me about his date
with the ghost who holds his fate. No peaceful death
but vicious murder slain had our late king.
Believe or let it go? Forget memories
could Hamlet not, and worm of hidden wrath
gathered supplies for final siege of reason.
So swore the murdered's son to kill again:
"thy commandment... alone shall live," and chain
of sin will always live, too. Persuaded
so easily, as wish gave birth to thought!

1.5.109

IV.

I know he's sane, for should Devil lure him, he's got
insurance (that is to make *sure*): Will ghost's tongue
hold still when tension stretches pores, or brake?

Resolved, "Play is the thing" to make king drink

2.2.663

from glass of truth; look how wrinkles his his face

like lemon feels the taste. The mirror worked!

The king was caught and no shield wrought would keep
him from Lord's justice or lord's revenge.

So Hamlet's better now, new life he's found

and usual change's occurred—Hamlet is cured

from existential problems: From sky to earth

was brought by hand of sweetest God. Revenge.

V.

My journey's changed, for I know now this world holds

"more things in heaven and earth... than... philosophy."

1.5.187

No direct future based on given laws

awaits all creatures. But coincidence

of all saints' will will always be my teacher.

The villain's already there, but might my lord

not fall under the Justice's load.

As lightning from the holy heavens stroke,

he truly owned to his feelings, and asked,

“for what advancement may I hope from thee.”

3.2.60

Our friendship unchallenged stands as tree.

In freedom spoke he, free from pompous lies.

The dexterous hand and strength of sword,

the quickness’s act and thoughtful word—

our contrast keeps the bond as firm as iron plate.

Impression left he on my soul; how values

my advice. Though man should hide emotions,

so people continue to value his pride,

he did not seem, nor falsely play he tried.

Let “Heaven . . . direct” his course

1.5.101

that he’s not soon a corpse!

Work cited

Shakespeare, William. *Hamlet*. New York: Washington Square Press, 1992.