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English 1 - X Band

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The Progressions of a Mad Man; A Series of Three Poems

The Beginning of the Descent

A soldier, that is what I am.

I am a loyal subject of my honorable King.

I fight for and with this great country.

Then I hear the whispers,

The whispers of my deepest desires

From these gruesome she-devils.

These sisters, who also tell my friend of his destiny.

But this does not matter now.

They tell me I will become another Thane;

The Thane of Cawdor.

Which is ridiculous,

But then they tell me I will become King.

Me! King! Oh, how I yearn for that power.

I want to hear more from the hags,

But they vanish into thin air,

Disappearing into the inky blackness.
That of which matches the color of their souls.
Suddenly there is a sound.
My comrades have come to inform me on some matter.
They tell me that the Thane of Cawdor has betrayed us
And that I have, in order of the King,
Reclaimed his title.
My other thoughts cease.
They stop, like time has slowed to a halt.
I have claimed the title of Thane of Cawdor.
What the Witches foretold is coming true.
I know what this means.
The power that I thirst for is in my reach.
I will sit and wait,
For it is inevitable.

A Murder Amongst Us

My comrades and I go to visit King Duncan.
He thanks us profusely for our heroism in battle.
I profess my loyalty even though I know
Somehow I will take his place as king.
Then the ignorant monarch betrays this knowledge.

He declares his son, Malcolm, to inherit the throne.

I declare my joy on the outside, but my mind is another story.

My thoughts swirl,

Flash violently,

And I ultimately make a decision.

This insolent prince, Malcolm, is now in my way.

I still believe I will become king, but now I just have to work harder.

I have to get my hands dirty.

Duncan declares to dine at my castle that evening to celebrate.

How ironic.

I go on ahead to tell my wife on what's to come.

When I get to my castle my wife and I discuss Duncan's arrival.

I tell her that he plans to leave in the morning,

But she responds that he won't see tomorrow.

She tells me to have patience and that she has a plan.

I realize what she means.

We are going to assassinate the king.

Truly Insane

Killing the king was not an easy task.

At first I was full of guilt,

But once I tasted the power, I was addicted.

His foolish sons fled,

And I rightfully got the throne that belonged to me all along.

I will never give this magnificent crown away.

This leads to my next issue,

Banquo.

That friend who was with me during the prophecies.

The Witches said he is supposedly going to have a long line of kings.

Ha! Like that will ever happen now that I am in power.

I will rule as long as possible and so will my family.

And I will make sure of that.

I order the two murders I hired to enter.

I trick them into thinking Banquo is now their enemy.

Oh how easy it is to manipulate these brute fools!

I twist my words and at the same time their thoughts.

I order them to kill Banquo, the now assumed traitor.

I feel no guilt, but excitement as they leave to carry out the deed.

I now will never have to give up this authority.

I ensure this by visiting the sisters that gave me the grand prophecies in the beginning.

Sadly they are mostly absurd and laughable.

So I kill one of my Thane's, Macduff's, family just for safe measure.

Little did I know the foolish prince, Malcolm,

And the familyless Macduff, were plotting against me.

This brought on the war.

The war that took my wife and the rest of my sanity.

I will not give up, which would eventually lead to my downfall.

I fought on, harder and harder.

Swords clashing,

voices yelling,

Forests even moving to witness this appalling event.

Then the man that I dreaded came forth.

Macduff, the one the Witches warned me about.

We fought, traded insults,

Until he revealed what I feared.

He struck me

And everything faded to black as I lost it all.