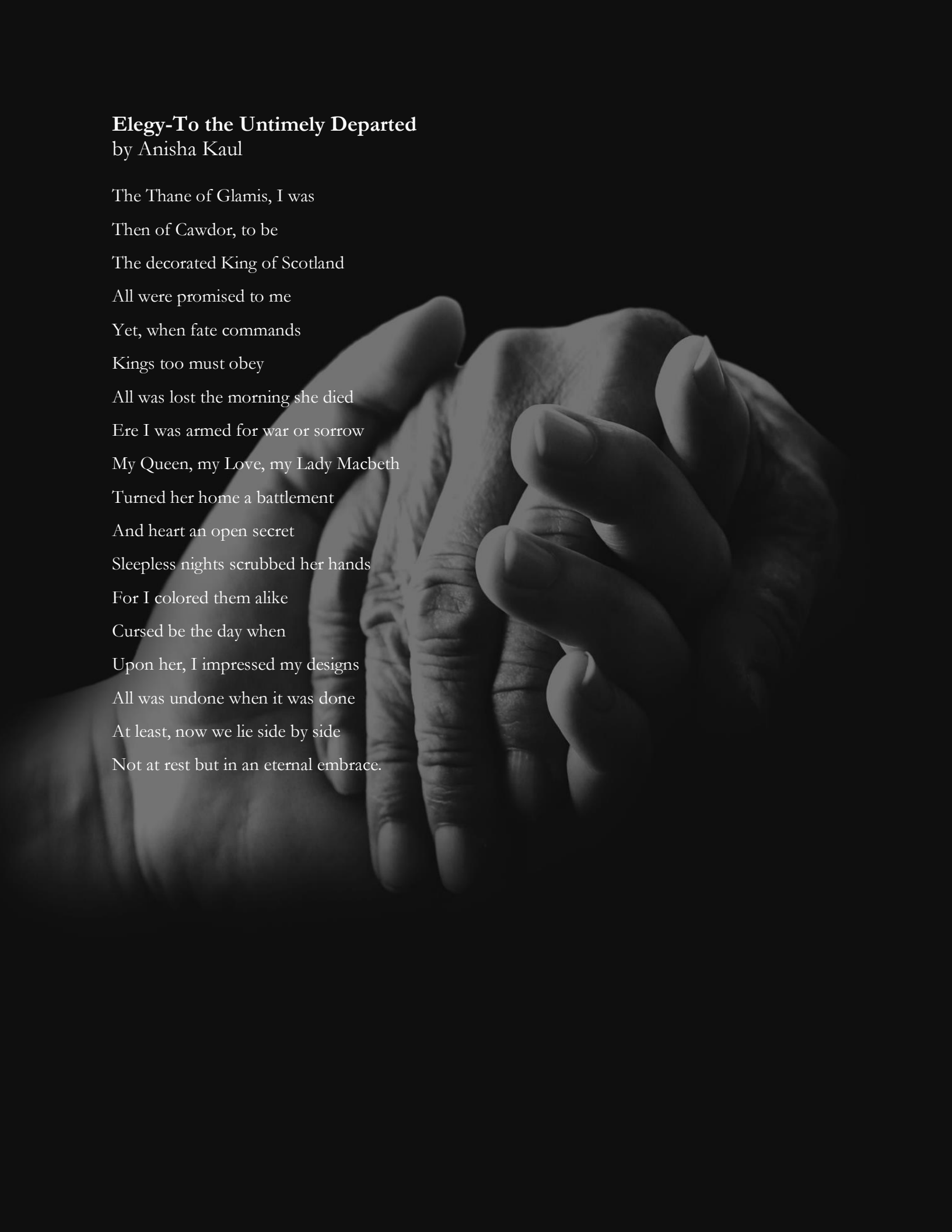


Elegy-To the Untimely Departed

by Anisha Kaul



The Thane of Glamis, I was
Then of Cawdor, to be
The decorated King of Scotland
All were promised to me
Yet, when fate commands
Kings too must obey
All was lost the morning she died
Ere I was armed for war or sorrow
My Queen, my Love, my Lady Macbeth
Turned her home a battlement
And heart an open secret
Sleepless nights scrubbed her hands
For I colored them alike
Cursed be the day when
Upon her, I impressed my designs
All was undone when it was done
At least, now we lie side by side
Not at rest but in an eternal embrace.