

XXIV.

Is this the waking world, or do I sleep?
I find I can't be roused, to my dismay;
but you should not for this delinquent weep
for I'm a brute whose soul's been toss'd away.
O mother sweet, I bring thee news of dread –
my life's at end, for I've another slain.
I press'd my crossbow up against his head
and loosed its bolt away into his brain.
– but hark! I see a dark and ghostly form
amidst the lightning launch'd by Jove on high!
The cries for mercy, silenced by the storm,
are futile; I'll not be released, but die.
— My fate now seal'd, 'tis plain for all to see:
the wind's direction matters not to me.

Queen, "Bohemian Rhapsody"

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