

Hamleta

To be or not to be, that is your question.
To wonder about the purpose of thyself.
To be, to die, to dream, to sleep.
Good luck!

My question is- is how to be:
I have nine thousand names,
You add another seven more:
A lover, mother, sister, whore
And many, many more.

But I am just like you:
I also toss and turn and wonder.
Is my existence of a less importance?
Don't have I also lands to conquer?

No. Because I am a she,
I'm to be had, to be looked at,
And be an add-on to thine image
But not a person of my own.
My body's under your command
And therefore,
I do not qualify for the condition-
The one, the human I'm referring to.

And you are right.

I am the daughter of the moon, the sister of the night,
The mother of the sea, the lover of the wind.
I am a cycle.
I need to run, to see, to scream and to create.
I am enough.
I know I am.

But shhh, here comes my man,
The fearless Eugene.
I better close my eyes as if I am asleep.
And once he is inside me

I'd better concentrate on him
And his existence-
I have no dreams, remember.

Here, have my body
Because I'm so much, so much more.