

Hamlet
(at the skating rink)

to drink, or not to drink, that is the question-
whether 'tis smarter to wait for it to cool
and thus not burn my tongue out of haste,
or to take up thy cup against other's warnings
and by disagreeing, drink. To burn, thy tongue-
so sore; and by burn to end thy taste
of thy supper, to be eaten this evening
as is expected; tis a consumption
to be desired. To drink, to burn-
to burn, perchance to taste, ay there's the rub,
for in that drink what taste may
come

When thou has scalded off thy taste buds,
must give thee pause; there's the respect
that makes calamity of such a hot drink.
For who would bear the burns and sores
of hot chocolate.

Th' oppressors tempt, the cold boy's desire
The pangs of something hot, the winter's day,
the bitterness of wind, and the aromas
the patient merit of a delay to drink,
when desire might his sense make
with a quick sip? That would burn
to cause a grimace and sore mouth,
But that dread of tastelessness after drink,
the soon to be discovered leatheriness
from whose tongue that now can't taste,
puzzles the will,

And makes us rather think twice,
than to drink forthwith, but tarry?
Thus pain does make cowards of us all,
and thus our wait for it to cool
is sicklied by standing and shivering
and causes us to pitch and spill
thy contents over thy rim
And lose the "coco" upon your hands,
The fair chocolate. -Coco, in thy desire
be all my burns remembered.

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