Juliet’s Soliloquy

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Sci. Sr.

Jul.: Come, night; come, Romeo; come, thou day in night;
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven’s back.
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow’d night;
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heaven so fine,
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess’d it; and, though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy’d. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse.

—Shakespeare

(This is an attempt to use the technique of Joyce and Woolf to present a modern soliloquy.)

Jul. The trees seem to grow when the shadows get longer. All shadows are alike, trees, house, wall, dial—the dial, awful measure of time passing. Does time really slow down when you want it to go faster? Romeo will come as soon as it gets dark. What a friend—night and darkness! What has night to do with sleep—ninth grade—why couldn’t I have met him as ordinary lovers do without this feud? My family, my parents would all forsake me if they knew about my throbbing pulse and temples. Do all brides feel like this? How different it is to be with him. . .
Hymn . . . Him . . . Hymn. Love divine, all love—love—all love and night, night of cloudless climes and starry skies. Just one star as constant and quiet. What a misnomer for Venus. Love isn’t quiet; it isn’t changing either, though it is. Will he love me till death? I’m not a day-old bride and thinking of death. Why should—no I’m just on edge waiting, waiting for Romeo, my light, to come with the dark. Oh, here comes my nurse.