

ROMEO

Alas that love, whose view is muffled still,  
Should without eyes see pathways to his will!  
Where shall we dine?--O me! What fray was here?  
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.  
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love.  
Why then, O brawling love, O loving hate,  
O anything of nothing first create!  
O heavy lightness, serious vanity,  
Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms,  
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health,  
Still-waking sleep that is not what it is!