












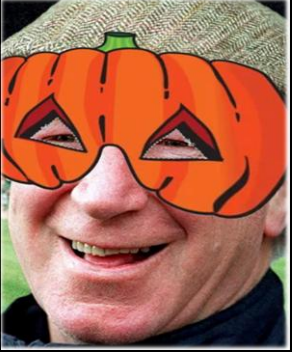












Team:		Jack-o'-lantern				
						
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06.	07.	08.	09.	10.		
						
11.	12.	13.	14.	15.		
						
16.	17.	18.	19.	20.		
						
21.	22.	23.	24.	25.		

Team:		Shakespear Jukebox							
<p>Good Morpheus, bring to me a vision bright, Make him the fairest e'er to grace my sight. Grant him lips like clover and rose in bloom, Then whisper soft: "Thy nights no more shall gloom." O Morpheus, I dwell in solitude's domain, No soul to call mine own, no sweet refrain. Pray, cast thy beam of magic light unseen, Good Morpheus, bring to me a vision keen.</p>		<p>I get no gain, I get no gain, Though strive I do, and strive again, And strive, and strive, and strive once more— I get no gain, I get no gain.</p>		<p>In yon fair town where I drew breath anew, There dwelt a mariner of salt and spray, Who spake of ventures 'neath the ocean blue, In realms where sunken vessels make their stay.</p>		<p>“There must be passage from this cursed plight,” Quoth the jester to the lurking knave, “For chaos reigns, and none can set it right— No balm is found, no comfort doth me save.</p>		<p>Suppose no heav’n beyond the mortal veil, A simple thought, if thou but wouldst assail. No nether fire beneath our feet doth lie, Above, no throne — but endless, open sky. Envision now the folk of every land, Living this day, by none but time’s command.</p>	
01.		02.		03.		04.		05.	
<p>Full many years ago, I did recall How song stirr'd deep the chambers of my soul— Its merry strains would draw a gentle smile, And lift my heart beyond the world's control. I knew, if chance did grant me but the stage, I'd make the folk to dance and cast off care; Perchance their hearts, unburden'd for an age, Would taste of mirth, if only for a flare</p>		<p>Is this life veritable, or but a dream? Swept in earth's slide, from truth I cannot flee. Unveil thine eyes, lift gaze unto the stars, For I, a humble wretch, crave no lament. I come and go as fortune bids me tread— A breath aloft, a whisper low beneath. Whichever way the zephyr dares to blow, It matters not to me. To me, it matters not.</p>		<p>Once more thou speak'st of liberty anew, And who am I to chain thy soaring will? 'Tis just, methinks, that thou shouldst dance thy truth, As heart commands, so let thy spirit move. Yet hark! Attend the echo in thy breast— The haunting strain of solitude's lament.</p>		<p>Lo, mark me by the manner of my stride— A suitor bold, with speech cast swift aside. Loud strains of lute and ladies fair I've known, Though fate hath tossed me since I first was grown. Yet now I stand, unbowed, in proud array, And thou may'st turn thine eyes another way.</p>		<p>I spied a beast beneath the waning moon, The lupine clutch'd a scroll of foreign script; Through Soho's mist he strode in tempest's tune, With hunger deep, to Eastern tavern slipp'd. There sought he out, with wild and longing face, A steaming dish of beef and noodles rare.</p>	
06.		07.		08.		09.		10.	
<p>At first, I trembled, stricken deep with dread, Believing I could ne'er draw breath alone; For thou wert ever by my side, I said, And without thee, my life would turn to stone. But lo! Full many nights I dwelt in thought, On how thy deeds did wound me, cruel and long; And from that pain, a newfound strength I caught— I rose anew, and learn'd to journey strong.</p>		<p>We crave not schooling, nor thy learned yoke, No fetters forged of thought to bind our minds. Let not thy jests be cloaked in shadowed spite, Good master, meddle not with youthful souls.</p>		<p>Thou wert a maid who served in tavern bright, When first mine eyes did fall upon thy sight. I plucked thee forth, did stir thy soul anew, And shaped thee into one the world now knew. Five winters hence, thy feet do grace the globe, Success hath clothed thee in a gilded robe. Yet mark me well — 'twas I who raised thee high, And I, if moved, could bid thy star to die.</p>		<p>A maid of humble birth, from village small, Did dwell alone, where silence draped the hall. She boarded late the chariot of the night, To seek her fate beyond the candle's light. A youth of city blood, from southern shore, Raised 'midst the clang of iron, smoke, and roar, Did likewise mount that midnight steed with care, To chase a dream that wandered anywhere.</p>		<p>We speak, though words do wander from my mind; What I should say, I know not, nor can find. Yet speak I shall, though sense may go astray— For lo! another dawn brings forth the day Wherein I seek thee, though thou dost retreat; Thy love I chase, with heart and hastening feet.</p>	
11.		12.		13.		14.		15.	
<p>The torches burn, yet thou art not within; Thy thoughts stray far, as if possessed by sin. Thy heart doth sweat, thy frame in tremors quake— Another kiss thy soul must surely take.</p>		<p>Thomas, once a labourer by the sea, Now cast adrift, his union doth rebel. His fortune wanes, his soul in misery — A bitter tide, where hope no longer dwells. Fair Angelina, in the tavern doth she toil, From dawn till dusk she serveth plate and cup. Her wage she brings, though wearied by the moll, To feed their love, and lift her lover up.</p>		<p>Thou need'st not be fair of face to stir my flame, To rouse my heart, thy form alone shall claim. I ask but thy body, sweet one, from dusk till dawn, No lore of love thou need'st — thy touch alone is drawn. No schooling in passion must thou possess to turn me out, Just leave thyself to me — I'll show thee what love's about.</p>		<p>Arm thyself, and summon forth thy comrades bold, For folly's sport doth charm the wayward soul. To feign, to fall—such jest we oft embrace, Whilst she, ennui-bound, wears pride upon her face. Alas! Methinks I've stumbled on a phrase most vile— A word unfit for gentle ears, yet known the while</p>		<p>O Life! Thou art a force immense, profound— Far greater than thy frame, than thee or me. Thou art not I, nor I akin to thee, Yet still I chase thy shadow o'er the ground. The bounds I'd cross, the trials I'd endure, To bridge the chasm glinting in thine eyes. Alas! Methinks my tongue hath run too far— The stage is set, and truth unveiled in guise.</p>	
16.		17.		18.		19.		20.	
<p>I am too comely for love's embrace, Too comely, yea, for love's sweet grace. Love shall forsake me, so it seems. Too comely am I for raiment's thread, So comely, aye, it strikes me dead. And lo, too comely for Milan's gaze, Too comely for her gilded ways.</p>		<p>I do confess, with naught but truth and pride, Mine eye delights in curves both vast and wide. And thou, my brethren, cannot well gainsay— When she doth pass with waist so trim, I say: Aye, round of form and bold of gait she be, And lo! That sight hath set my soul full free. I'd strut and boast, forsooth, with heart alight, To spy such bounty clad in denim tight. Mine gaze is snared, I cannot look away</p>		<p>Another brow doth bow in mournful grace, A child, by cruel fate, is drawn away. The clash of arms hath birthed a hush so grave— What error lies in us, who let it stay? Yet mark me well: 'tis not my kin, nor I, Who wage this war beneath the bloodstained sky. Within thy mind, the battle still resounds — With iron steeds, with fire, with thunderous rounds. In thy poor head, the cries do echo still, The weeping ghosts of those the guns did kill.</p>		<p>This day, methinks, shall be the hour ordained When all is cast anew into thy hands. By now, thou shouldst, through fate or thought constrained, Perceive the course that duty's voice demands. Yet I hold not belief that any soul Doth feel as I for thee—so deep, so whole.</p>		<p>She doth delight in omens dark and dire— In sable beasts and dolls of woven thread. Her heart is drawn to charms and mystic fire, Where whispered spells and shadowed rites are spread. Methinks a vision stirs within my mind: A fate unseen, yet clear as twilight's call. That maid, with eyes like storms and soul unkind, Shall be the cause of my most grievous fall.</p>	
21.		22.		23.		24.		25.	