

My Shakespeare

Kae Tempest

He's in every lover who ever stood alone beneath a window,
In every jealous whispered word,
In every ghost that will not rest.
He's in every father with a favourite,
Every eye that stops to linger
On what someone else has got, and feels the tightening in their
chest.

He's in every young man growing boastful,
Every worn out elder, drunk all day;
Muttering false prophecies and squandering their lot.
He's there - in every mix-up that spirals far out of control -
and never seems to end, even when its beginnings are forgot.

He's in every girl who ever used her wits. Who ever did her best.
In every vain admirer,
Every passionate, ambitious social climber,
And in every misheard word that ever led to tempers fraying,
Every pawn that moves exactly as the player wants it to,
And still remains convinced that it's not playing.

He's in every star crossed lover, in every thought that ever set
your teeth on edge, in every breathless hero, stepping closer
to the ledge, his is the method in our madness, as pure as the
driven snow - his is the hair standing on end, he saw that all
that glittered was not gold. He knew we hadn't slept a wink, and
that our hearts were upon our sleeves, and that the beast with
two backs had us all upon our knees as we fought fire with fire,
he knew that too much of a good thing, can leave you up in
arms, the pen is mightier than the sword, still his words seem
to sing our names as they strike, and his is the milk of human
kindness, warm enough to break the ice - his, the green eyed monster,
in a pickle, still, discretion is the better part of valour,
his letters with their arms around each other's shoulders
, swagger towards the ends of their sentences, pleased with what
they've done, his words are the setting for our stories - he
has become a poet who poetries have embedded themselves deep within
the fabric of our language, he's in our mouths, his words have
tangled round our own and given rise to expressions so effective
in expressing how we feel, we can't imagine how we'd feel
without them.

See - he's less the tights and garters - more the sons demanding
answers from the absence of their fathers.
The hot darkness of your last embrace.
He's in the laughter of the night before, the tightened jaw of
the morning after,

He's in us. Part and parcel of our Royals and our rascals.
He's more than something taught in classrooms, in language that
's hard to understand,
He's more than a feeling of inadequacy when we sit for our exam
s,
He's in every wise woman, every pitiful villain,
Every great king, every sore loser, every fake tear,
His legacy exists in the life that lives in everything he's wri
tten,
And me, I see him everywhere, he's my Shakespeare.