

## Romeo and Juliet

*Oh Romeo, Romeo  
Wherefore art thou, Romeo?*

Tchaikovsky tried  
to answer his Juliet's call.

*Is love a tender thing?  
It's too rough,  
                  too rude,  
                          too rowdy,  
and it pricks like a thorn.*

It took but a month  
of harmonious wedded  
                  bliss.

*You kiss by the book.  
Do you bite your thumb at me, sir?*

And so he  
left, fled to St. Petersburg,  
collapsed,  
unconscious for two days  
from nervous breakdown.