

Home from work our Juliet
Clears her morning meal.
She dabs her skin with pretty smells
Concealing to appeal.
I will make my bed,
She said, but turned to go.
Can she be late for her cinema show?

Romeo locks his basement flat,
And scurries up the stair.
With head held high and floral tie,
A weekend millionaire.
I will make my bed
With her tonight, he cries.
Can he fail armed with his chocolate surprise?

Take a little trip back with father Tiresias,
Listen to the old one speak of all he has lived through.
I have crossed between the poles, for me there's no mystery.
Once a man, like the sea I raged,
Once a woman, like the earth I gave.
But there is in fact more earth than sea.

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