

Annotated 'Lucrece'

Page 1

Line 4: At first I assumed "lightless fire" was gold, but on reading subsequent lines it became obvious that it was lust.

Line 9: Bateless: not to be abated.

Line 37: 'Issue' used here to mean 'son' or 'child'.

Lines 36-40: So basically he's pissed that Collatine has this beautiful wife so he's going to have his way with her...? Mature.

Line 57: Intituled: to give a title (past tense)

White = innocence/virtue seems to be an ongoing theme. Possibly because a virgin kept indoors would be pale rather than tanned by the sun.

Lines 96-98: Greedy much?

Line 100: Parling: to speak. Telling looks, perhaps?

Page 2

Lines 117-119: Nice imagery there. Too bad the metaphor would be too unwieldy to use in my own writing.

Lines 128-129: I'm lying awake worrying about the dangers *I* could face while trying to rape a lady. Hi, everyone, I'm Tarquin, and I'm a douchebag.

Lines 134-147: I think Shakespeare and Marx should talk.

So this extended aside on coveting wealth is all well and good, and makes some insightful points, but he does remember that he's talking about a woman, right? Not gold or jewels or objects. Ah, yes, antiquated ideas of women as objects.

Lines 183-186: Oh, more self-pity.

Lines 190-196: Second thoughts? Mein Gott!

Line 210: Interesting spelling of been. Bin? The original spelling or a typo?

Line 217: Strucken? Original form of 'stricken' I imagine.

Lines 232-236: It would be okay to rape his wife if he'd wronged you? How about you wrong him and leave his wife out of it, you Neanderthal.

Page 3

Lines 274-280: Nevermind. No second thoughts here. Seriously, Tarquin, DON'T DO THE THING!

Line 309: Words chosen specifically to allude to what he's planning.

Line 333: Sneaped: to bite, pinch or blast. Frostbitten birds?

Line 354: Ah, yes, the Catholic cure-all: Death-Bed Confession. Been a dick all your life? Worried about going to hell? Well, not anymore! With just one easy payment of talk-to-a-priest we'll send you Death-Bed Confession and one all-expenses-paid trip to Heaven. But wait, there's more! Pray in the next 20 minutes and you get a second Death-Bed Confession absolutely free! –ahem—Moving on.

Page 4

Line 433: Alarum: warning, call to arms.

Line 456-462: Hey, come on now, Lucrece. Now ain't the time to lie there trying to figure out what's going on. Sit up and kick him in the dick.

Lines 182-183: It's her fault, is it? Typical. What a dick.

Lines 498-499: Good for you, pal.

Lines 512-518: Talk about world's biggest asshole. Can somebody kill this guy? Please? He better die by the end of this poem.

Page 5

Line 540: Dead-killing? As opposed to what? Live-killing?

Line 543: Gripe: grip, hold. A grip has claws? Whose grip?

Lines 565-566: Describes speaking like writing. He's done this before in sonnets.

Lines 575-609: Very nice speech, but she's giving him more of a chance than I would.

Lines 668-669: First of all: Rude.