

Mark Anthony's Speech

When Caesar fell,
Mark made a speech.
He mourned his death
And began to preach:
"Friends, Romans,
And Countrymen,
Thou shall not hear
Of this again."
"I come *not* to praise
But instead to bury,
For I speak under consent
Of Brutus the Merry."

"Caesar was indeed
An amazing man —
He conquered villages;
He always had a plan."
"Brutus says
'Caesar's ambitious,'
But I maintain
This is fictitious."
If what you say is true,
I wonder and frown:
Why thrice he denied
The royal crown.

Caesar returned
Our people home.
And brought back
captives
To the country of Rome.
He wept along
With all the poor.

But by everyone
He was adored.
I found his will
In his cupboard
But I mustn't show you
What I discovered.

You will be surprised,
Tears will fill your eyes,
Perhaps there'll be cries,
About his generous prize:
Caesar found it wise
At his demise
(When he dies)
To leave to you guys
As goodbyes,
Which implies
How much he tries
In disguise.

You shall surmise
In great size
That Brutus lies,
And I advise
You shall despise
And chastise
He who relies
On his thighs,
He who spies
On his allies,
He who vies
Against those he does
prise,

He who I reprise
Firmly defies,
The lows and highs
Of the Roman skies.
We cannot improvise;
We must take rise;
Hold back our sighs;
Eat French fries;
Gather our supplies;
Demand he complies;
Ignore his replies;
Bash his decries:
Because he belies;
And breaks his ties;
The blood he dries
Is not comprised
Of red dyes,
Rather I realized
It's upsized,
And surely underlies,
And surely tries,
To be the deadly Ides.
We mustn't decriminalize!"

After Mark
sensationalized,
Or publicly apprised,
That Brutus denies,
The war did arise.