

SHAKESPEARIENCE!

Romeo & Juliet

Romeo, Act III scene 3

'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here, Where Juliet lives;
and every cat and dog And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;

But Romeo may not:

more validity, More honourable state, more courtship lives In
carrion-flies than Romeo: they my seize On the white wonder
of dear Juliet's hand And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who even in pure and vestal modesty, Still blush, as thinking
their own kisses sin;

But Romeo may not; he is banished: Flies may do this, but I
from this must fly:

They are free men, but I am banished.

And say'st thou yet that exile is not death? Hadst thou no
poison mix'd, no sharp-ground knife, No sudden mean of death,
though ne'er so mean, But 'banished' to kill me? 'banished'?

O friar, the damned use that word in hell; Howlings attend it:
how hast thou the heart, Being a divine, a ghostly confessor, A
sin-absolver, and my friend profess'd, To mangle me with that
word 'banished'?