



Lady Macbeth

Risba Bhattacharya

The raven itself croaked the fatal entrance of Duncan under my battlements. It now screeches at the hour of my own death. The blade giveth off a shining illumination by candlelight. I stare onto the surface and rear back in terror, nearly dropping the as yet murderous instrument. The wretched thing gleamed like the eyes of my dead son.

I grasp hold of the hilt and steady my hand. The castle is still, save for the occasional clatter of soldiers in preparation for battle, laughter bursts from my bosom. It is an ugly, dead sound, the likes that would have murdering ministers cringing in fear. I cannot help it, the state of affairs is humorous to me. My husband and I have switched places. It seems so long ago that the future was opened unto us and all its mysteries laid bare, its prizes contending with time to be plucked up by our hands. I had to challenge his manhood, twice, to bring him to the deeds required to seize upon our destiny. Duncan was slain, yet I had to carry the daggers and smear the sleepy grooms with blood. He became King, yet I had to assail his ears with condemnations to settle him.

Fate is cruel, yet fair. He is now hardened to the bloody deeds, and I walk in guilt. He desperately clutches to power while I hide, cowering in my own machinations in our bedchamber.

It is time... I lift the blade and throw back my head like the untamed mare...

The blade flies towards my heart.

Lady Macbeth shall sleep forever more