

Et Tu, Brute?

Tilly Winingar

Et tu, my beautiful Brutus?
Your memory has changed on me
As is your justified right
But I mourn it nonetheless

It is not as if you are chained to 'then'
Simply that I foolishly hoped for 'now'
I hoped your eyes to be the ones of this storm
The calm before calamity that crashed into Rome

But your heart has violently entered mine,
And in a way poisoned our endeavours,
And a dagger has been driven into my heart,
And I regret nothing except the blood

I know it is not the end, as it was for old Caesar
But it feels dreadfully solid and dreadfully real
I longed for an intimate fantasy of calm
But the storm arrives, it's the Ides of March

Once a thought echoes in my head,
It incessantly rattles and remains for years,
It is no longer a question, but a statement
For now I know et tu, Brute.