



Love is a Privilege

Romeo and Juliet had a cruel and short romance.

Their love was kept a secret,

not everyone gets a chance.

They held the delicate petals that spelled out privilege and power,

And the key to their true love was a lovely, lovely flower.

Then Juliet took the remedy to her broken, aching heart.

When what she really needed was a remedy for families torn apart.

Love is a privilege

Romeo and Juliet were,

their love peaked at infinity,

It became a loud alert of amber.

Warning it was,

Their love was so strong, it could of overpassed borders

But alas,

The Capulets wouldn't allow true love and they held back Juliet,
so their grudge caused chaos and a world of disorder.

The Prince held power, and imposed upon them a threat,
They would have to forget the very day they met.

The Montagues held true love back,
And so Romeo lost the most important thing to him,
the only one true lover.

Both full of faith cleaned up a disastrous scenario.

But,

When did the petals fly away?

Society was the oppressor.

They needed to find a solution,

They went away

He decided to lastly kiss her.

The end to their romance was hideous

A tragedy.

Sometimes privilege isn't bad

But there is always an oppressing, unfair,

"Your majesty".