

**Resurrection of True Talent
(A Parody of Anthony's Speech in Julius Caesar)**

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Friends, Americans, MTV, lend me your ipods!
I come to reveal my talent, not to adhere to false assumptions;
The limited appreciation that true artists receive is trifling,
The hidden talent within one's voice box oft' goes undiscovered;
So let it be with me... My all-knowing brother
Hath told you my voice sounds like ugly, croaking frogs:
If it were so, it was a weak fallacy,
And weakly hath I momentarily gave in to the general opinion.
Here, under assumption of my brother and my parents,
(For my brother is all-knowing;
So are they all, all all-knowing family members),
Come I to declare my voice is worthier than Michael Jackson.
I was caught off guard, singing in the shower isn't my cup of tea;
But my brother says my voice sounds like ugly, croaking frogs;
And my brother is all-knowing.
I hath crushed The Beatles with my feet,
My voice touched the hearts of millions much faster than 182 blinks of an eye:
Did this in my talent sound like ugly, croaking frogs?
When that The Police were a hit; I hath scoffed:
Their song really should be kept sealed in a bottle;
Yet my brother says my voice sounds like ugly, croaking frogs;
And my brother is all-knowing.
You all did see that on ABC
I was thrice presented a Grammy,
Which I did thrice received an encore for: was this not talent?
Yet my brother says my voice sounds like ugly, croaking frogs;
And, sure, he is an all-knowing person.
I sing not to annoy my brother,
But here I am to sing what I was born to echo to the world.
You all did adore me, not any less than Elton John:
What cause withholds you all then not to vote me #1 on TRL?
O judgment! my art has fled to deaf monsters,
And the world has lost its taste for fine music... Bear with me;
My voice lies hidden here too worthy for discovery,
And I must pause because of my brother's rude interruption till I start my song again.