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

Ritika Gopal

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.

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