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Bloody Encounters: Introduction

Beneath the gills of society lays a pool of dark matter drifting through veins like a sea creature sloshing through murky depths. Yeah, that’s me. Blood. See, I always thought I was an entity of just cold, crusted atoms collected inside the capillaries of individuals, making them live another day. Turns out, I am much more than that. I am a picture-perfect gift to all sorts of thanes and human beings. This brings me to my role in the everlasting life of Macbeth and his so-called friends. He is a conniving creature of the night. He boasts of me negatively, but in a positive light and even – though whispered lightly through the labyrinth of his mind, echoing like a knife – thinks of me as vile in a condescending way. These are the tales of my experiences throughout Macbeth’s life, chronicled through my eyes.

Bloody Encounters: Part I

Act I, Scene ii

As I cling to the Captain while approaching two dark figures, I hear a man speak:

**King:**

“What **bloody** man is that? He can report,

As seemeth by his plight, of the revolt

The newest state.” (1.2.1-3)

These words press against me. I feel them dripping with amazement and curiosity. His questioning is ignorant until Malcolm explains everything about how the Captain basically saved his life. I listen intently as the man I currently inhibit explains Macbeth’s enormous role in saving the lives of many. According to these men – the king, Malcolm, and the captain in which I cling to – Macbeth is an honorable man. But this is only because of how much I cover the length of his sword. If I were not present, the honor of killing and fighting in battle would relinquish. I am omnipresent during a battle, making me – me – the soul provider for Macbeth’s title as an honorable man. Without me, Honor would have no victim, and the victims would have no honor. These men surround me with praise, but we shall see what Macbeth thinks of me later on.

Bloody Encounters: Part II

Act 1, Scene vii

I perk up once I hear Lady Macbeth talking about something strange. So strange, indeed, that I make myself hover near her and Macbeth. She talks of murder. Murder! The one thing I assist unwillingly. Once a cut is made, I drench the barrens around me and escape the safe haven of the innocent veins forced to burst open. I feel my name roll off the tongue of Macbeth:

**Macbeth**:

“When we have marked with **blood** those sleepy two

Of his own chamber and used their very daggers,

That they have done ’t?” (1.7.75-77)

So I am going to be apart of a crime. Great. Before this conversation between Lady and Macbeth, he would not shut up about killing the King. And now he has pondered the thought of using me – freshly placed upon daggers – and pinning his dastardly plan on two homely guards simply performing their duty. This does not sound very honorable, to me. Where did the man Malcolm, the Captain, and the King (ha) were talking about earlier? Where is the honor? Where is the glistening sword I was placed upon? Does it not exist anymore. Lady Macbeth agrees with him. I understand this notion, though. She wants to be thought as an equal – or more – to her husband. She wants to get rid of her femininity and retrieve male-like power, so of course she will do whatever it takes to get her husband the throne and her the crown. It’s not like Macbeth could survive without her. They exit as devilishly as they came in.

Bloody Encounters: Part III

Act II, Scene i

Oh, Macbeth, how you confuse thee. I hear him giving a casual, mind-bending speech to himself. Some soliloquy or whatever. I hear him speak of the dreadful duty he is about to perform, and I heard him mention me. Twice. Naturally, I start to pay more attention:

**Macbeth**:

“And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of **blood**,

Which was not so before. There’s no such thing.

It is the **bloody** business which informs…” (2.1.46-48)

So he is feeling woozy like it’s his own blood destined to pour from his pores. Not completely ready to take a life. Understandable. He is but a man, after all. I feel him reach for something he calls a dagger. But I do not see this so-called instrument of death. It seems like he is in some mental state of longing. He longs for the dagger? He is becoming nearer and nearer to the homicide, and he is going completely insane. He sees me upon his dagger, but I am not really there. I represent the deed that is about to be done, so he hallucinates my presence on the dagger, representing the actions he is about to take. Without my presence – hallucinated or not – there is no deed at all. I need to pour out of every crevice that is opened for me. I need to suck the life out of Duncan by being sucked out of his life. Once that blade pierces skin like a knife slashing through air, my career will be boosted to another level. What now will I represent? No more honor, no more hallucinations. No more.

Bloody Encounters: Part IV

Act II, Scene ii

The deed has been done. I literally drained the life from our most humble king. It wasn’t my fault, though. Macbeth is quite the killer; he even killed those poor guards. I cannot imagine what mess he is going to be in if it ever comes out he is the murderer. But gosh-darnit, Macbeth! He carries me around on his dagger like a child with a dolly, ignoring the fact people could see him with it and put two and two together later on. A few minutes later I hear the Lady speak:

**Lady Macbeth**:

“They must lie there. Go carry them, and smear

The sleepy grooms with **blood**.” (2.2.49-50)

Obviously she is talking of the two guards. I am going to be used as a dishonorable act once again. Framing. She speaks again:

**Lady Macbeth**:

“That fears a painted devil. If he do **bleed**,

I’ll gild the faces of the grooms withal,

For it must seem their guilt.” (2.2.54-56)

Macbeth, you coward! I know he just committed an unlawful act, but to refuse to finish the job and basically force his wife to do it for him, is not honorable at all. *Now* he feels guilty. After everything he just did. The Lady has more courage than the Lad. I can hear Macbeth’s voice grow weak:

**Macbeth**:

“Will all great Neptune’s ocean wash this **blood**

Clean from my hand?” (2.2.59-60)

Nuh-uh, honey. I am not leaving this mess. There is no way in Hell I can be washed from Macbeth’s conscious. I may wash off of Death’s physical instrument (cough, cough, dagger), but I will always be plastered in the back of Macbeth’s mind. Not even an ocean can wipe me away from good ‘ol Mac. Because of this massacre, I will remain tainted by guilt. Macbeth’s guilt. I was first an essence of honor, turned fearful, and now ridden with guilt. What a life I have led. And I still have a ways to go.

Works Cited

Shakespeare, William. *Macbeth*. A Parallel Text ed. Logan: Perfection Form, 1983. Print.