

Ophelia

by Ed Higgins

Her ghost
kept coming back
to Hamlet
maybe driving him
mad as well who knows

trailed by pale regret
and her sad specter
(haunted undersea dreams
of the innocent drowned)

his mist-thin love
incapable of saving her
but oh, her fair fey hair
glistening, floating there

lost love's shudder rising
over Elsinore's
blood-hazed moon.

Death's deep chill
moaning loudly
this ghostly loss too.

Denmark's knowing
defects of weather--
winds blowing cold
north-by-northwest

warning of darker skies
coming still.

