

# 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.

