

Hamlet Dries Up

Hamlet dries up in mid-sentence,
the words dying limp on the lips
like a spiritless deathbed repentance;
while gathered in Europe
the kings of the world stammer and feign
as if their wills were pickled in syrup.
Oh for an arm to seize hold of the lever,
or a heart to explode with the fury of horses;
oh for a “never, never, never, never, never!”
Meanwhile let us crouch behind
these canvas and paper walls,
as Sophocles, tottering on his pedestal,
falls.

BRUCE F. FAIRLEY