## **Martin Robertson**

## **Catharsis**

Lear storms.
The fool's laughter takes the wind from his sail the moment after.

Hamlet, faltering on a split hair, hears the laugh of the gravedigger.

My thoughts posture, but a rude thought sits in the corner and laughs them out.

Only Othello who threw away the pearl has no laughing shadow —poor lost fool.

This poem is reprinted from Now and Then, the website devoted to the poetry of Martin Robertson, at http://rtnl.org.uk/now\_and\_then/