

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.