

## Poem by Meghan O'Rourke

### *Ophelia To The Court*

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My shoes are unpolished, my words smudged.  
I come to you undressed (the lord, he whispers  
smut, that man, he whispered that). I bend  
my thoughts, I submit, but a bird  
keeps flying out from my mind, it slippers  
your feet and sings – barren world,  
I have been a little minx in it, not at all  
domestic, not at all clean, not at all blinking  
at my lies. First he thought he had a wife, then  
(of course) he thought he had a whore. All  
I wanted (if I may speak again) was: more.  
If only one of you had said, I hold your  
craven breaking soul, I see the pieces,  
I feel them in my hands, idle silver, idle gold.  
You see I cannot speak without telling what I am;  
I disobey the death you gave me, love.  
If you must be, then be not with me.