



Christopher Bernard

### Hamlet Embarks for England

Detachment is more sure. Like rain on winch iron.  
The wind breathes without it across the sea  
and folds cool and dry around the tower.  
The freedom of the air around you is a drunkenness—  
how can you resist it?  
There are too many tears otherwise. Desire is a pebble  
that won't be kicked from the shoe. The sole is red  
with blood. We keep saying it is worth it,  
really, nevertheless, as the clouds dissolve between phantoms  
and the stars, lined up along the quarry pit, mime  
(Hubble has caught their random, crowded outbursts)  
shadow plays about infinitely past times.  
They are frankly puzzled by us:  
why can't we be cold and free, like them?  
Maybe we can, maybe we must, and will.

Then I remember you. Or do I?  
You walk in circles inside my mind  
like a crippled pigeon. But that shadow has nothing to do with you.  
Then a pair of wings carries me up, into the sky.

Look, down there:  
Eros is racing through the fields, his feet on fire.

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Christopher Bernard is the founder and a co-editor of *Caveat Lector*. He writes essays, criticism, fiction and plays as well as poetry. His novel *A Spy in the Ruins* is available from Regent Press, and he recently finished another novel.