

## Terese Coe

### David Tennant's Hamlet

He cannot suppress what he cannot accept  
nor countenance the loss,  
but has to contend with the fester:  
the murder of his father.

A regicide so effective  
it was not at first detected.  
When the murdered King has spoken  
Hamlet is cut clear through.

Foreboding deposes the present.  
For the queen as silent accomplice  
his love contorts to mania.  
One trauma adds to another.

There is reason in Hamlet's raving,  
regicide in his day,  
and the finish in his future is  
the play within a play.



### Reversing the Void

It's a miracle anyone survives  
the creative life.  
No one *really* survives it:  
part re-creation,  
part improvisation,  
part rummaging for survival.

It is not so much a sacrilege  
or a presumptuousness,  
but a follower of consciousness.  
A re-collection of what  
could have been a hidden  
miracle. Or a divestiture.



### Detritus of Greed

Her reason skewed,  
Her precocity spent,  
the Tragic Muse faces  
the camera:

*Greed is the flaw.  
I did not invent  
these armaments of fire,  
this mad malign intent.*

