

# SHERRYL CLARK

## DARK LADY

Dark they call me, oh aye,  
only because she's twice as fair  
his wife, the poor ninny  
dealing with stoves and chamberpots  
whilst Will pens alone.

If it were not for me  
Hamlet and Macbeth  
would still be wisps in his brain.

It pains me not  
to remain in the shadows,  
my power is the flame  
beneath his crucible of brilliance.

And the sonnets - ha!  
The world has seen  
but a paltry flutter of phrases  
to melt a maid's heart.

I hold two score of his best  
and vow to burn them  
before I die.