

## Disco Fever

Hamlet spins his glitterball, swivelling his hips,  
lighting up the dancefloor with each flex of his wrist.  
He says Ophelia, my love, come and dance with me!  
She rides in on a milky horse, hair down to her knees,  
and says, oh Hamlet *mon chéri*, Hamlet honey please,  
I've had enough of Incel talk, I've had enough of sleaze.  
He says that is not what I meant, not what I meant at all,  
and sliding across the dancefloor, he throws her the glitterball.

Ophelia spins that glitterball on her index finger,  
sings to the skull in the hedgerow, sings to the hydrangeas.  
Hamlet clasps the glitterball, gazes into its sockets.  
Ophelia's left the dancefloor, gumming coke in the toilets.  
Next-door Hamlet takes a piss, says Alas, poor Yorick—  
he lived with Section 28 so never left the closet.  
Gravediggers banging on the door, we've got you bang to rights,  
Come out, come out, bring out your dead, come out on the town tonight.

Hamlet spins the glitterball, contemplates his navel,  
Ophelia's swigging vodka underneath the table.  
Hamlet leaves with a publisher, acting out his trauma,  
Rosencrantz and Guildenstern got waylaid in a sauna.  
Ophelia's sick on the night-bus on the way to Murder Park,  
wishes again she hadn't worn white as it tends to show the dirt.  
Severed arms in the wheelie bin, chicken bones in the basement,  
Hamlet says he's not a Goth but maybe Goth-adjacent.

Ophelia spins the glitterball, tosses it back to Hamlet,  
Fortinbras marches on Whitehall, saying he'll save the planet.  
Hamlet vapes on the forecourt, channelling Johnny Cash,  
the best songs are the devil's and he'll sell them if you ask.  
Ophelia floats in the pool in a pound-shop pink flamingo,  
checks her feed on Facebook and updates her page to single.  
Laertes is in the kebab shop, spoiling for a fight,  
Come out, come out, bring out your dead, come out on the town tonight.