

Artist: Don Haggerty

Titles of Artworks:

Ophelia-Ad Lib I

Ophelia-Ad Lib II

Complete Excerpt—Ophelia of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*

Queen: One woe doth tread upon another's heel.
So fast they follow. Your sister's drowned, Laertes.

Laertes: Drowned! O, where?

Queen: There is a willow grows askant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream:
Therewith fantastic garlands did she make
Of crowflowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them.
There on the pendent boughs her crownet weeds
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And mermaidlike awhile they bore her up,
Which time she chanted snatches of old lauds,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element. But long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laertes: Alas, then she is drowned?

Queen: Drowned, drowned.

Below are poems I wrote that are associated with the two Ophelia pieces in the *Visual Poetry* show, and with my larger body of work, *Moods of Ophelia*, of which these pieces are a part. The body of work, and the poems, are centered on the theme of “inspirations”.

How Many Moods?

How many moods, Ophelia?
Where have you gone to summon them?
A banquet of feelings, a feast of ideas,
Let me ponder their source.

From a single seed,
An entire mountain is dressed.
From one morsel,
A meal of many courses is served.
From a lone canvas,
A gallery is filled.
From one simple gift,
An artist is made happy for a long, long time.

-- Don Haggerty

How Many Times?

How many times
Must I lose my way?
A hundred.
Perhaps a thousand.

One painting,
A hundred turns.
One painting,
A thousand destinations.

-- Don Haggerty

Who Knows?

Who knows where I'll go
Until I go there?
Who knows what I'll be
Until I am?

-- Don Haggerty

So Easy to Forget

In the middle of a crosswalk,
Or the middle of the night.
An inspiration is equally
Easy to forget.

-- Don Haggerty