

REMEMBERING SYLVIA PLATH, 1932--1963

I saw her once,  
poems clinging to her lashes  
along with unknown things  
she couldn't seem to blink away.  
Now when current winds go slack  
she tinges the periphery of thought  
like cedar smoke.

Her glittering mind,  
swarming like her mail-order bee box,  
(she examined every inch of its premises)  
supported vast confusions and illuminations  
on the same sweet pollen while she hefted  
the winged weight of the hive.

Whirling with the constancy of stings,  
she unwound a bright wake of sparks  
from horse's hoofs or maybe unicorn's,  
trimming her wick always Charon-close  
to joyous fuel's drench,  
knowing briefly  
free-as-fire stretches upward.

FIRE enough to fry the pit demon, the sheet-  
COVERED trees, the scalpel-carved moon. Almost  
FIRE enough to harden living into  
GIVING up only enough blood to write it all on  
A WELL and wisely worn scroll of flesh.