

## STILL REMEMBERING SYLVIA PLATH

The first time I read her poems,  
felt their flicking tongues, smelled  
the earthworm soil that crumbled  
where they furrowed,  
my poems turned to fragments and shadows.  
I could no longer hear them  
for her decibels. And in the deafening,  
I couldn't even hear my weeping.

Going somewhere from there  
was learning to walk again,  
learning foreign road signs in Braille  
and licking my burning fingers.  
Sight forever altered,  
she taught me to transliterate cubic  
and curvilinear and spectrum shards.

But who helped sort and label  
her swarming bee-box for her?  
If no one did  
it's not hard to know  
why she died.