

SYLVIA PLATH, 1932—1963

Her glittering mind, swarming bee-box temporary: such
 Ableness to support vast barbaric confusions and illuminations
 Between God/good/bad.
 Not able to bear its own harsh, winged weight.
 And not willing to bear.
 Unwinding a wake of sparks
 from horse's hoofs or maybe unicorn's,
 Trimming her wick always Charon-close
 to joyous fuel's drench, still
 Knowing blaze laps, fire-free stretches upward,
 wind-branching, rocket-showering
 Fire enough to fry the pit demon, the sheet-
 Covered trees, the scalpel-carved moon. Almost
 Fire enough to flame-harden living into
 Giving up only enough blood to write it on
 A well and wisely worn scroll of flesh.