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I could be Sylvia Plath

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I could be Sylvia Plath.

1. curled up in the capsule
of a pill
potent
imploring.

queen of the medicine cabinet:
band-aids,
salves,
blades.

2. the babies are crying in the kitchen.
stop their mouths with the cotton of words
of lullabies
stop your ears with the click of the typewriter
with poetry

3. your dress is sewn from pages
of Ulysses
of magazines
and rose petals.

you wear Daddy's shoes
and Lucifer's hair.
your womb is hollow,
your heart is full,
your eyes are closed.

4. you are Sylvia.
preserved in a jar
labeled *Poetry*,
it is full of ashes,
faerie dust.

5. I will not marry a poet,
descend the staircase to meet
Daddy in the kitchen.
I will not curl up in pages,
into oblivion.
I will marry poetry instead.

6. every ten years, you
pulled petals from the bloom,
leaving trails of red behind you,
causing the flower to wilt.

I am afraid to wear red.

7. the babies are crying in the kitchen.

—erin malone '00