

1995

## Anne Sexton

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### Recommended Citation

Lemieux, Allison (1995) "Anne Sexton," *Exile*: Vol. 41 : No. 1 , Article 25.  
Available at: <https://digitalcommons.denison.edu/exile/vol41/iss1/25>

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**Anne Sexton**

how will I know it's you  
 if you fail to light a cigarette  
 between sneer and cackle,  
 a poet's pause, and your heels on the wood?  
 how will you alert the others,  
 the prick of a spindle  
 or a shadowed wall, a postcard  
 from Boston and a vacant couch?

oh god, anne, your color is fading  
 why did you not fight them off,  
 see them as tumor and tooth  
 and time for drink, tickets  
 yellowed in their hands?  
 they jaded you like words  
 meaning nothing to you  
 anne, all perfume and performance.

how did you know  
 sauntering off stage at the end  
 to skip the curtsy, clapping hands  
 strangling you—no more, no more  
 madness on the critic's couch.  
 you were that kind: too lanky  
 and long for proneness; for  
 posterity, then, a kiss to the palm.

-Allison Lemieux '96

**The Holy Grail Ain't Nothin' But a Battered Tin Cup**

This morning my beard became an animal that  
 tore into my chin. I had to kill it with  
 A razor dipped in an ointment of honey and  
 bile.

A foggy-eyed drunk asks me, "Have you seen my  
 mind, I seemed to have lost it." He searches  
 the ground on hands and knees.

The street lamps drone in An insect language.  
 The sky divides like a cell and lightning id  
 silver on the backs of my hands.

When I die, Mozart's "Requiem" will stroke  
 my ears with raven wings and thunderheads.  
 The skull will rocket from my head into a  
 bleeding nova.

-Ed Shim '95