

The porcelain doll
lay shattered, still, in egg shell
innocence.
The bulge of trunk, a stalwart belch
~ shred crinoline, blood satin.

The ancestors and spirits
re-fixed their gaze
through oval, opalescent frames.
That vomitous cardboard box.
Susan Polis Schutz profanations
begging validation, unequivocal adoration.
Expel papers, aseptic records, births/deaths,
winsome widow's weeds, scribbles from murdered
third world child.
Coffin rose triad, delicately bagged
blossoms "family," yet once again,
as something wholly not mine.

The gilded mirror
Dissected my aspect in hair thin beam
and Amphiarus'
shadow.

Through gutted pane,
same efflorescence of color and
fertility,

which
some days soothed
and some days slayed.

They were all there.

Leather bound,
cerated paged,
vellum yellow.

My wandering white flights,
of comfort and inconsolability.
Coffee spoon by coffee spoon
I stood on Machu Picchu
and fetal-curved on saline shore
of cursed bestial kingdoms.

Weighted to bottom
it was finally clear that whether

resurrection
rehabilitation
reinterment

There was nothing worth the taking,
and so I took it,
All.

Upon a Reading of the First Stanza of Plath's "Mirror"

Mercury

I am.

Silver ooze

That spumes

Effulgent suffocation.

Warmed, I rise

Chilled, I kill

Fleet winged goddess

Miasmatic muse

Immune to grasp

Efflorescent irresistible
Toxin.

Sterling,

Seething Staining
 Shrieking.

Abasing flume.

Puddled

Abomination.

* * *

In the epiphany of moon spun.
My nacreous beauty shames stars
Palette of pink- cream flesh.

Noli me tangere

My presuppositions amuse lesser gods
Pastel winged soul pincers

Why else am I so lovely tonight?

Flailing in the wash of dripping breast
And vaginal coursings
Purgation seems so sweet.
One touch and all are punished
Reeling me back to
comfortable ugly,
on chilled, crisp bathroom tile
riddled by the pockings of fluorescent truth.

Naked.

Cleanse me to reveal, what no one could bare.

Sanctus

Sanctus

Sanctorum.

The gift of 'The Gift'

The black attic grew blacker,
twisting in the gyre of each
wordless moment.

The view of cathedral tops,
cloaked in industrial ashes,
brewed no thoughts of lyrical,
acrimonious commentary.

The solitary wren on the ledge
was neither a companion of
stunted blank nor poseur
of newborn affliction.

The chromatic eloquence of
young October, its glorious burlesque:
goldenrod, cardamom, burnt umber,
deaths, passed through my whitewashed
crenellating soul.

The soft and fallow harvests of ancient loves
neither pricked nor mitigated. They were,
they are not ... now.

The purity of the pristine paper,
unscathed by ink, glistened in cadaverous assault,
refracting full torment of the unkind candle.

Hollowed, defrocked, I turn back the quilt
in aurora mourning.

Saying nothing.