



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 vomituous 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.