

Letter to Sylvia Plath

i.m. C.C.

I

Impacted fans of dawn unfold
aubades of memory. Through the street
cat-eyed last night's now stirring, curled
across the window, round your feet.

Worlds' whirling: cellos in the fur
will scrape the brain across a string
unfurling spiderwebs in air
to suck the discords mornings bring

when evenings twitter and grow stale.
The game's musical cats. The prize,
a peepshow glimpse at what you fail,
or come too late to realise

of nights. You'll notice, though the wine
sheened you in canopies of gold,
the glitter's trickled down to stain
the morning's floor. It's hot (it's cold).

II

'You're wearing yourself again.'
The fragile occupant recalls
flowering of emblematic veins
to foliate paper on the walls

which are all acting's foliage.
Then consciousness assumes a place
where memory theatre marks the stage;
rooting against the carapace

tendrils gone mandrake writhe and slide
because a nerve refracted there
touches their filigree's outside
and makes a scream out of thin air.

The walls grow rot and fungi pass
from smell to form. The patrons come,
crumble to waterfalls of glass.
Pale eyes from the proscenium.