Sylvia's Jar

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In all the photos, your eyes
you laugh, they scream;
it was all there inside, bottled, stifled,
like a spark inside that old leather
couch at Mademoiselle HQ.

did it stink in there? how 'bout the steam?

You must have felt as lonely as your
clothes must have looked falling from that
high window in New York City. Once, when
the jar was lifted, you were able to
smell the clean pure air, the fresh
green of the Devon countryside.

how'd it seem? did you touch the damp grass?

...mostly, it was as though you could
only manage to rub clean spots on the glass,
the windows, and look out from inside your
cottage to see the air, the green, the
golden apples of your orchard.

how'd they taste? were they tart?

In Yeats' old house you must have felt the
words seeping from your fingers when you
composed your brilliant pre-mourning, verse
after verse it flowed—and one morning, as
the children slept, the air outside looked
dangerously cold and you could not keep a
spot clear of frost...your arm, it must have
been so very tired.

I want to go
where the moon says
I love you

between sheets
of dreams
departure comes

with a hiss of wings
the owl calls my name
and lets moonlight in

a full moon
of white
loneliness

and long fingers
touching my spine
and thighs

fold my body
in white shrouds