

Understanding Sylvia

Rooted to rage-----

At an early age, Death arrives, sucks
up father. Later, as pollen, he returns.

How to explain it, these Daddies that die,
such evil machinery?

Love, a sensitive nature turns to poems
as a defense, shapes expressions as masks.
For a moment, they work.

Bees become sign language, clouds and stars
A symbolic. The myth is perfected, utilized
heartfelt. She figures as queen, Ariel, Electra.
Confused guilt turns to anger and fury to purity
though it be but a fleeting paper-puppet catharsis.

Meanwhile there are babes to be tended to, bills,
chores, daily grievances, even pleasure:
Walking the waist high wet, kindness is so nice,
a providence flower, ineluctable.

How to shield what
is susceptible in the face of futility-----
Explosions she has nothing to do with, being,
amid Nazis, only a Nobody? Such brutal
vicissitudes validate rage, the words urgent flow...

Life strives to survive, brittle and bitter with pain.
Occasionally something of tenderness, of beauty
seeps through:

Black rook in rainy weather, *with luck...trekking
stubborn through this season of fatigue...Oh
Brasilia...the ancient fear...worries, worries...
This troublous wringing...this dark starless
ceiling...and a heart, this holocaust ...
the world kills and eats*

(Poetry-art hybrid also available)