

A New Script for Sylvia Plath

Dana Curtis

The dance floor tilted on its axis
like a planet and we gyrate to
all our brand-new seasons: I remember
you in my 13-year-old angst like
nothing will ever be the same:
I was watching a movie called
The Dead Girl and it was you even if
your name was not mentioned and
there was so much falling
through space as I became
peanut crunching enamored by
this infant existence.

Have you received
the latest rewrite, your ultimate role?
We look in the mirror and do not
see you. We fall in the water
as your voice wanders through us
in our last visit to Westminster Abbey,
the grave I did not dance upon.

Yes, you are every dead girl, every
movie star who died young, did not die,
each and every phantom beside
an unmarked grave.

I'm on
the film set shut down by angry bees
and one holocaust after another.