Bones

by David Olsen

i.m. Sylvia Plath (1932-63)

the last poems
incandescent
spirit distilled to essence

bones without flesh
bones without marrow
bleached bones

mineral earth
coalesced
dust of broken stars

Beyond the Edge

by David Olsen

i.m. Sylvia Plath (1932-63)

You were precious Pegasus
of Laura's glass menagerie,
an astigmatic lens with inner light.
Your brittle crystallinity
craved a faithful touch,
alas withheld in fear
of breaking fragile wings
whose edges cut the gentlest hand.

Your opus ends at the Edge
of a reflecting pool. You dived
to break the mirrored view,
to swim at depth beneath
the flawless silvered glass.
Did you find the promised dark
or does your luminescent gift
transform the errant night
to unquenchable day?

Was your life an end-stopped line,
a couplet with reflected gloss,
a stanza with a perfect rhyme?
And then the greatest mystery:
how like the surface is the depth
beyond the fearsome Edge?

N.B.: "Edge" was Sylvia Plath's last poem.