

Realia

by Hiromi Yoshida



Sylvia's Hair

Wavy cascade of mousy brown hair, exhibit at the Lilly Library, invites voyeuristic "peanut-crunching" crowds to gawk awkwardly—shorn from the [actual] head that was

Sylvia Plath's. From papery catacombs, the realia object was resurrected, whispering her abjected name—Lady Lazarus, her curvilinear remnant fusing the golden ash, the slippery mirror, the Japanese moon, the paper sky—crinkling into

bone-colored preservation tissue. Castaway snaky DNA strand of a goddess smiling hieroglyphically at her

accomplished striptease; she devours ether—vomiting peanut shells, the stink of formaldehyde clinging to her "old whore petticoats."

Sibilance

Slippery sybil,
silver sylvan sylph—
sliver of the new moon (castaway fingernail

paring)—Sylvia sliding into new sibilant lexicons—spitting saliva—savoring saliva—sidling into tight pews;

sizzling audacity,
like Electra burning;
bald-headed lightbulb,
contending
with singeing moths,
unwinged—singing unhinged songs.