

Sylvia Plath's Ted Philip C. Kolin

He folded up
All his love
Letters into a postcard

And sent it
To her waiting

Across an orgasmic ocean
Of her untried fears

The day it came
She was reading Lawrence

On the subway
In at least five languages

The billet doux of the lost
Invited the touch of her cries

She pondered pain
And refused to accept

The mystery of Ted's
Brazen wrist

At home, though, his words
Surrendered her

To poems that
Tasted like turpentine