From Sylvia to Me

Jeanne Fielder

Your glamour
And flashy persona
Left ripped behind
In the shadows.

A torn Jewish
Enslavement
"My thumb instead of…"
Chinese letters
Bipolar in depth

Little girl to young woman
Life seemed so perfect
Your ethereal eyes
Shone insight and daring

Passion turned to madness
Your grasp in the end, frozen.

How sad and lonely
Your life had become
Your husband gone.
A strange country
You got lost in -
With symptoms
No one could help.

Confused and scared
You left us.
Your beautiful deep poems
Remain.

How could that have happened
to someone like you?