

## 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?

