# Sylvia

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*Who shall measure the heat and violence of the poet's heart*
*when caught and tangled in a woman's body?*
*– Virginia Woolf*

A hole
sliced thin
under the skin
split like a hinge.

I can feel it too,
the dimmed light
from a husband
too good,

as if
you meant
to be a failure.
This wife life

clinking in sleep,
awakening
pre-dawn
to the wordless hole

that darkens and stains.
These short
staccato lines
clinging

to the next.
Unable to hide
from what is
always with me.