

After Plath

Christi Concus

she is mine
this lithe little self
(the knotted ribbons that made
the net of her were pulled from my heart)
her eyes and her angles
are mine as well
though sharper, more limber
(was I ever so sure?)
she is mine
she sleeps and I search her face for fissures
the cracks that must pass from me
like milk
like blood
to one so completely mine
(I am blind)
she is mine
with a will,
with cruelty
(only four! this fascist)