

Your Presence Confirmed

(for Sylvia Plath)

Laurie Eckhout

Your words condensed
encyclopedic volumes in our palms
freeze dried, watered with our DNA.

You reconstitute with a splatter
pieces of us, pieces of you
patterns on the wall.

We cajole them to look like you,
connecting the dots in a black & white world
aching to try colors
only your mirror remembers.

In our dreams we save you from yourself.
Heroes of poetic proportions
Gods and Goddesses from the future,
your dead father's fan club (and yours)
keeping a safe distance from the flame;
something you could never do.

We're spectators. Attending
a familiar play, we found carved
in stone and confirmed by the moon.

A gift
Just what we always wanted,
but had to buy for our selves.