

## Perdita

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I have suffered the atrocity of sunsets.

Scorched to the root. . .

Now I break up in pieces that fly about like clubs.

Sylvia Plath, "Elm" (19 April 1962)

I am a lost soul.

A shapeless lump hanging in the air,

Choking with the vastness of her puny existence.

I was baptized with the first cries of pain,

And I'm talking to you through my hurt:

Zeus was long dead before I was damned to birth

And Themis' eyes are still shut

And her sword has rusted away.

Clio is weaving threadbare stories of lost times

And the Muses dance to Apollo's lyre,

Pirouetting chapters in mythology.

—When they slip away on the icy heart of mine

And open their arms to embrace the wind

And put out the burning candle of my love,

Then all the entity of a deceit dies

And a snow-drop fades

And a heap of an empty world appears at the bottom of my weariness—

I'm among the classic notes.

The guitars are loud,

But I'm still dancing to the music of my tears

When the horror of life seizes me hard at my roots

And suspends in the memory of your barbed gaze.

— The silk of womanhood waves in the wind,

Feeding nothingness—

It was all the marriage of suicide and life inside that building when I took my other self and ran.

Ulysses is peeking at the first flowers of the last spring,

Under the fading rays of the last sun,

And says farewell to them all.

—I was just going down when you came and asked for more—

My north-west is cloudy

And my north is blue.

I'm aware of the boundaries,

But my east is still cloudy.

I have been turning and turning for thousands of years now,  
Competing in a rat race,  
Dancing a long-distanced dance through the end of love:  
He got lost in the twist of stairs when Prometheus was bound  
And I got lost among his feet  
And nobody knows. . .

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~~boats of pink scarves sailing away~~

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*Loss*

lying in the disillusioned eyes

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