

Five Poems  
Teresa Laye

Melting Sylvia Plath

No coincidence

melt and  
meld sound  
similar,

my energy  
personifies  
your touch.

I lay my  
moving body  
next to yours

and come  
home.

I finish words  
for you, Ted Hughes,

our time  
seemed endless

as we fished  
with untethered  
fears

to find  
truth.

Melted  
melded

I am  
gone,

gone  
rogue

in your  
damned  
heart.

## Ten Years after Ted

standing on the platform  
of this collapsing wave  
waiting for the crash  
of consciousness to break

listening to the angry  
undertones of this street  
cars, oil, more oil, more cars  
when the silence of your breath

resounds in my head  
as you slept next to me  
just hours ago,  
where we were one,

and then gone

ego, ego  
everywhere  
I go,  
even  
in my radio

I feel alone,  
there use to be  
a place  
to smoke  
to talk,  
to bleed

all gone now  
under the sea womb  
everyone else  
waits  
to be born again  
but not us

take my hand, do you see me there  
reaching through the sunless sky

across the constant cold of England  
inbetween the hungry poetic minds

to find you  
to end this day  
to take you back

together we will crumble  
phoenixed in these Lawrence flames,  
built from ash, we will  
rise, a common colossus

on the horizon  
of our new order  
where a sign that read  
'out of order' once hung

## Obsession

I lie and writhe  
in this obsession,  
  
as beating tulips  
try to flail  
but fail, to thresh  
these thoughts  
of you  
from me.

I want to shake  
this scented sleep  
from my sheets,

want to slip  
that stilled kiss  
off my shoulder,  
as you  
walk away.

You are  
leaving,  
I am  
barely  
breathing.

Take me  
with you  
on you  
in you.

Remember, Ted,  
there are  
no exits  
from the heart.

## Broken Angel

left earth  
bound  
by betrayal

and another  
angel,  
poetry,  
pinned  
her  
down

woke her  
in *Ariel*  
wearing  
wings  
of fear

which  
never,  
ever  
fly

anywhere,

except for those  
who read, who hear

take these  
tender  
words,  
she said

wings  
that *do*  
fly, and watch them

fly  
away  
again

## Carve You Out of this Heart

again  
racing  
pacing  
wakes me,  
at three

dug deep  
you remain

in, under  
rapid  
pumping  
muscle

viscera  
veins,

tangled  
arteries

cavernous  
chambers

emptied,  
except

for you

wandering  
widow-like  
room by room

*please*  
I want  
to sleep

need  
words  
tools

to carve you  
out of

this heart