

## Two Poems

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## Victoria Lucas Alone Along the Shore

The moon, mother of all our hearts,  
I hear you in the silence, beating.  
My clubbed hand raised in a fist,  
I shake it angrily at you,  
As if your whiteness and purity,  
Untouched,  
Has betrayed me.

My childish voice  
So overcome at times with depression.  
I remember you, Moon, once tried to drown me,  
With white hands still wet from washing.  
It took all my strength to revive the memory  
Of the blue flowing waves of electricity,  
Blurring the lines between our identity.

It is unclear  
If the moon is a mirror.  
I, Victoria, on one side,  
You, Sylvia, on the other.  
Daughter and Mother,  
You are Dr. Jekyll to my Mr. Hyde.  
I have to ask, Ms. Plath,  
Why did you abandon me here?

The bonfire lit beach is like the moon at night.  
The craters, the sand, the dunes.  
Dried up skin sifts through my hands.  
The eerie surf, your voice reminding me to behave.  
Here, I am alone.

Frowning lipsticked skull, cheap salt perfume,  
The moon is out of reach in her mocking stare.  
Moonbeams caress my face, but there is no warmth,  
Only my pale terror.

Her purple sky is wavering, the moon's royal robe,  
Tapered with lace, jeweled with diamonds.  
But the stars who promised to be so constant  
Flicker and fade like burnt out bulbs.

On the horizon sit new planets  
Waiting for the plunges of faith,  
For that light that suicides love so much.  
All I can do is gaze into her white blindness,  
And wonder if she loves me as much  
As I love her.

But the quiet moon, she starts to leave,  
She sulks away guiltily,  
Sinking past her creation.

The moon, mother of all this madness.

## Plath's Last Laugh

Your Birthday Letters I return  
Unread.  
The recipient is unknown.  
Didn't you know?  
Do I really have to tell?  
The postage due does not meet your penance.  
Now it's your turn to tromp downstairs  
And grovel for more stamps.  
Regardless, your letters will never reach me in hell.

Your last words are as meaningless to me  
As my father's bumblebees.  
The actors have come hither, my lord.  
Buzz, buzz!

Running out of rhymes?  
It's just like you, Ted,  
To try and get the last word.  
Your heart drum  
Beating out these final lies.  
Oh--now you love me?  
What a joke.  
The punch line has taken forty years too long.  
Are you trying to seek absolution  
On your deathbed?

You left a few letters out...  
How about all the times you called me crazy--  
Or lazy?

You said that I was but mad north-north-west,  
Still I know a hawk from a handsaw.  
If you were a bird then you were a vulture.  
With your prodigious beak,  
You pecked the meat off my bones,  
Turned my poems into stones.

When we first met so long ago,  
At the Beowulf of Thorns dance,  
It was my jewelry, not my soul, that you stole.  
Master of Alchemy, you closed your hands,  
Transforming my earrings  
Into a statue of you:  
A young bull glittering like gold.  
And I worshiped you like the Golden Calf.

Always smiling and smiling,  
You at I, I at you.  
Your vampire's gaze is  
Hypnotizing, you can see,  
In photograph after photograph.

Even upon my dying,  
You still were not done with manipulating.  
You carved a caricature out of wood,  
And spoke through me,  
Like a ventriloquist's dummy  
Sitting on your knee.

I'm sure you will even lecture,  
Further criticize,  
My lack of rhythm,  
My lack of rhymes,  
My mixing of metaphor.

It was quite understood,  
By your own accord,  
That you could play me,  
Over and over.  
Like Lowell's broken record,  
On the neighbor's phonograph,  
Repeating "surrender, surrender, surrender,"  
That word spinning in my head,  
Forever and forever.

Regardless of the sentimentalities,  
The apologies contained in your birthday greetings

Are giving me a good laugh.  
You can come up with 88 excuses;  
It doesn't matter.  
I know what the truth is,  
And it is bursting me with laughter.

For I see you for who you really are:  
The liar, adulterer, cheater, and abandoner.

Words, just words.  
Too late, Ted,  
Too late.  
We're both dead.