THINKING ABOUT ANNE SEXTON'S LETTER IN MS

Words like glass you see but can't. touch what's behind them Renoir saying nothing he did was right If I'm not trying on clothes when I feel those wild ups and downs I'm writing letters 7 a day to a friend Postcards like wild birds like the poems spit out pine burning too fast Words drugs like vodka you wrap up in flirt make love to an audience in red pajamas

THE LION TAMER'S WIFE: OR THIS IS YOUR LIFE

She is pale from never being in direct light so the tv cameras burn her eyes

One neighbor comes and remembers her as a child who loved kittens not a woman jealous of

cats The woman a priest will swear on NBC was a virgin untouched as the white skin her

husband flashes over the belted satin pants that hug over what she has almost

stopped remembering she misses An old woman in

a shawl stuns her like a leopard rearing hissing

and the druggist knows the pills she takes the dose that increases It's so long since she's been

touched The white teeth of relatives gleam like knives A woman who lent her a vibrator has flown in from

L.A. dangles the dildo for nationwide audiences The fat lady tells how she's heard her moaning There

are clowns her husband in street clothes made up to look like a German banker telling how he remembers be

ing inside and there are no tents to collapse and blur cameras no leopards to take back the attention she

thought for years she wanted

THE FEELING

like the smaller of two Canadian fishing boats colliding going down as fast as it takes to write this