*Weeds: An Ode to Sylvia Plath*

Eternal conflicts

of passion and agony.

The beauty that surrounds me;

I am a dead rose

in a sea of shining sunflowers.

The world:

cruel, cruel, cruel.

If only I was

the refreshing milk in my glass.

I have turned tepid and sour.

Life stalks me.

Tears bubble.

The radiance

of a plump blueberry.

I’m only plump,

no sense of graciousness.

The universe—

capturing me—

refuses to discharge me

but my soul wishes to leave.