

Sylvia Plath—
the well-known suicide bomber, that is
the one I mean—
the terrorist Sylvia, that one. She

infected all the girls I knew
while they sat
in our high school study hall.

They cracked *Ariel* and inhaled
lung-seizing Anthrax or
heart-eating Ebola; I still can't tell the difference.

Yeah, yes, you know I don't know what
kind of plague I'm talking about, but I swear I saw it.
Saw those girls drop their pink petals and blacken their stems
hard before these very eyes.

I'd thought they walked because of my pallor.
Just now though, stretching into a lonely robe and Cabernet
sedative, I read *Ariel*.