

## *Fig in The Night*

Plath and her fig tree  
Pruned in the dead of night.  
Purple figs, squashed at our feet.  
Falling and plummeting to the depths of the abyss.

If I sink will they make me a star?  
Will they prop me up,  
Hang me on their wall.  
Will you taxidermy my words.  
Will you paint me as a deer caught in the crossfire.  
The headlights of life — too callous  
My existence — too cruel.

Please preserve me,  
Place me on your pallet.  
Smother me with linseed oil,  
Cover me with varnish.  
Write my words  
On the back of your canvas.

Let that be what people remember.  
Hang my words above the river,  
Where my body runs cold.

I don't know where Plath's grave lies,  
But I can locate her words on my shelf,  
Without a map or a compass.  
Even without eyes.