

Waking Fall

**Found poetry from Sylvia Plath's The Bell Jar (1-2)*

That queer, sultry summer
they electrocuted the Rosenbergs

I'm stupid about executions.

I remember goggle-eyed headlines staring up at me
before the fusty, peanut-smelling mouth of every subway

being burned alive all along your nerves

New York was bad
the tail end of a s w e e t d r e a m

enough.

populated by mirage-gray granite canyons
and cindery dust

The first time I saw a cadaver
what was left of it
floated

up behind my eggs and bacon at breakfast

uncomfortable, expensive clothes,
hanging limp as fish

little successes
all *fizzled* to nothing

I was supposed to be having the time of my life.

the envy, in patent leather
drinking martinis in imitation
a big fat cloud

all-American

having a real whirl

[look] what can happen in this country

I wasn't steering anything
I couldn't react

still and
empty,
the way the eye of a tornado must feel,
moving dully
surrounding
hullabaloo.