

Sylvia, Be Still

by Jennifer Aikman

Enough, Sylvia.
You do not do.
Death is my shepherd
I **shall** want!

You've found my thoughts,
My secret self,
Under your bell jar.
Is that not enough?

My agonies, wrenchings
—that surreal emptiness—
(which is, by God, the worst of all)
Have matched yours—one by one
It must suffice.

I cannot join your ghoulish group
You've good company in Anne _____ and the pitiful rest

I seek solution . . . and absolution
not suicide.
Suicide sickens.

I've played the part long enough
I quit now, before the final act
For one who wrote so well
You botched the script
The climax is all wrong
You know I asked for farce.