

# 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.