Two Poems By Sylvia Jones — The Poetry Society of New York

Turning the Head of a Rake On Its Side

Robitussin & tourmaline. I licked Gwendolyn Brooks' grave in a fever dream. I wasn't afraid of dying on the flight home. Dextromorphathan, I was better with words when I wasn't with them. Little is new—written small, on a mirror in Philadelphia next to the hole in the wall in the shape of my running body. One ear then the other. Barely visible in the dust of the standing crowd. So much is different but I am not better. In my literary dreams, Carl Phillips plays me— playing myself. Norman Mailer gives me a handjob. During intermission Susan Sontag whispers in my ear that she has to go to the bathroom. Perhaps this is blasphemous, but Phil Levine is there too. I swear to God. In the bathroom with Susan together in perfect unison reciting Auden.

On a Line by Wojahn

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