

I wore my best dress for this Sylvia Plath Letter

I saw wild mushrooms
in Poland today and thought
of you.

Exterminate their land, they'll live on—
pick one up—you'll kill yourself.
No, no—

I don't mean to praise
death! Letters hardly
make it under the grave—

it's always Sunday there. Yet
we kneel, wrinkle, cry
just to say

what's left unsaid. And what
absurd things have I to say?
I'm writing to you over wild mushrooms;

I've no connection to Poland, no roots
in fungus. I'll snack on pierogis,
but I can't grow them!

I've been with a few
men, some who taught
me the word sex

at 14.
But I won't say
that was your intention

when writing *Daddy*.
Are you disappointed?
Do I merely misunderstand?

I hesitate to say when it's wrong,
fear I'll lose when intervention is gone,

and tap my door twice

before I leave each day, but
we've all got bloody
tissues somewhere in the trash.

So what have I really said?
Tell me all important things, the psychiatrist demands.
"I fancied eating wild mushrooms!"