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Ophelia

Sara Blaisdell

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Ophelia

sara blaisdell

You look so pleased with yourself
And now you think you deserve to be painted,
Lying there, drowned, or crowding library shelves.
Your silly suicide cost me 6.95
At an art sale. I get jealous of you each morning
On the wall, resting there below the ferns.
Your arms are open to something, foolishly:
That prick prince isn't coming back.
They never do once you're dead. They never do anyway.
Still, everyone should have your painting,
A print for every room of the house.
For the bedroom, the bathroom, the kitchen,
For the garage where they get the rope or leave
The motor running—to prove
You keep floating, shining in bright pastels,
Thoughtful flotsam till the resurrection—
A sort of conquest.
I try mirrors and shoe stores
And can't equal your confidence.
I can't throw myself in the river, you know.
Something must be done. A haircut, perhaps,
A few hours of sleep, a prayer.