Plath’s Recipe

_Nina Bannett_

You hand me rocks to put in my tiny pockets.

She put her head in the oven,
left her children milk and cookies.

For you, Plath was always what she left behind,
what I should take away,
along with my fear of why you had told me about her,
always spontaneously.

She put her head in the oven’s pocket,
left her tiny children milk and cookies like rocks.

You give me hard rocks,
my pocket all fear,
apron strings falling on my back,
an ample floor, tiny crumbs to sweep.