

"I Am in Danger—Sir—" ADRIENNE RICH

"Half-cracked" to Higginson, living, afterward famous in garbled versions, your hoard of dazzling scraps a battlefield, now your old snood

mothballed at Harvard and you in your variorum monument equivocal to the end who are you?

Gardening the day-lily, wiping the wine-glass stems, your thought pulsed on behind a forehead battered paper-thin,

you, woman, masculine in single-mindedness, for whom the word was more than a symptom —

a condition of being.

Till the air buzzing with spoiled language sang in your ears
of Perjury

and in your half-cracked way you chose silence for entertainment, chose to have it out at last on your own premises.