

SUSAN McCABE

Sybil

They came in the night & it was the food that they thought.
Spasms and telepathy of spine, the nerves in catechism,
It was not the numeric page of a universe humming me
to a river of the dead; not the charge
& discharge of fate, Sybil's cry to be nothing.

I am a nightmarist by trade.

It was food that they thought, or sometimes
Symbol, fixed, like if you walked up a hill by a burned tree
and sang it meant birth. I try to catalogue each one, where gathered,
where unraveling. *When I wake up, the house is moving. A sea-*
wall coming and I, nailed to a plank. Every day
the notebook's icicles gleam on my pillow case.
This one still echoes: *I kept trying to die and couldn't.*
Each time my veins briefly brimmed with the unto of the unto—