

Ophelia

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:
but your prince isn't coming back.
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. I try mirrors and shoe stores
but 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.

—Sara Blaisdell