

Letter to Anne Sexton

Dear Anne,

My head is a bucket of Cirrus.
Most nights I fall asleep to spinning walls,
and the nightmare of those same walls
turning over like rocks
to show the worms and sow bugs underneath.

My typewriter in the corner,
covered by its glass museum case—
and I think of the season you left us for,
hot or cold,
hell or heaven,
maybe I'll travel to you.

Remember when I could brush
the darkness off my shoulder like lint?
Now I am the color of an oil spill
and believe that God walks
in silk slippers down singed streets
where tired voices yell for him
and he forgets his name.

Carrie Seitzinger

Carrie Seitzinger studied English with a Creative Writing Emphasis at UC Irvine 2003- 2007. Her first book of poetry, *The Dots Don't Connect* was self published, and since then she has been featured at poetry venues throughout Orange County, San Diego, and Los Angeles. She currently lives in Long Beach, but has been known to drift.

