

On Plath's Fever

by Hongtao Hu

"Until you cull all but movement, one cannot find god."

Make a single motion, the hand streaking circular to
trace the yin like breath, mind flickering down
to a locus, purity chambered through motion
static yet flowing—an unchanging river—
the hand streaking circular, your
belief confirmed through action,
your breath like
catch and
release.

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Flickering,
my body's
motion lost in
the sin, the sin,
even sin cannot purify—my
love, my motion lurches, rolling, rolling
like some lilting tongue; my throat's striations
reborn as kintsugi, gold filling my larynx, Midas'
Wealth—I swoon! My god lost in flickering, on
and on, my breath's tension choking, I cannot move, release.