

April 18

the slime of all my yesterdays  
rots in the hollow of my skull

and if my stomach would contract  
because of some explicable phenomenon  
such as pregnancy or constipation

I would not remember you

or that because of sleep  
infrequent as a moon of greencheese  
that because of food  
nourishing as violet leaves  
that because of these

and in a few fatal yards of grass  
in a few spaces of sky and treetops

a future was lost yesterday  
as easily and irretrievably  
as a tennis ball at twilight

### About the Author

Sylvia Plath (1932 - 1963) was born in Boston. Her father was a professor of biology at Boston University, and had specialized in bees. He has been characterized as authoritarian and died of diabetes in 1940 when Plath was eight years old...

Source: <http://poems.writers-network.com>