

Death & Co.

Two, of course there are two.

It seems perfectly natural now——

The one who never looks up, whose eyes are lidded

And balled, like Blake's.

Who exhibits

The birthmarks that are his trademark——

The scald scar of water,

The nude

Verdigris of the condor.

I am red meat. His beak

Claps sidewise: I am not his yet.

He tells me how badly I photograph.

He tells me how sweet

The babies look in their hospital

Icebox, a simple

Frill at the neck

Then the flutings of their Ionian

Death-gowns.

Then two little feet.

He does not smile or smoke.

The other does that

His hair long and plausible

Bastard

Masturbating a glitter

He wants to be loved.

I do not stir.

The frost makes a flower,

The dew makes a star,

The dead bell,

The dead bell.

Somebody's done for.

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...

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