

Heginbotham – Day 7
Dickinson and Plath

Extra Poems for Dickinson Today (see the list on page 2) these are additions from our guest

There's been a Death, in the Opposite House, Fr 547 F27
We grow accustomed to the dark -- Fr428 F15
The Props assist the House Fr729 G35
(We do not play on Graves) Fr599 F26

Extra poems for Plath

“Ariel”

Stasis in darkness.
Then the substanceless blue
Pour of tor and distances.

God's lioness,
How one we grow,
Pivot of heels and knees! – The furrow

Splits and passes, sister to
The brown arc
Of the neck I cannot catch

Nigger-eye
Berries cast dark
Hooks—

Black sweet blood mouthfuls,
Shadows.
Something else

Hauls me through air—
Thighs, hair;
Flakes from my heels.

White
Godiva, I unpeel—
Dead hands, dead stringencies.

And now I
Foam to wheat, a glitter of seas.
The child's cry

Melts in the wall.
Am the arrow
The dew that flies
Suicidal, at one with the drive
Into the red
Eye, the cauldron of morning.

“Lady Lazarus”

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it --

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nzi lampshade,
My right foot

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine e
Jew linen.

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify? --

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Them unwrap me hand and foot--
The big strip tease.

Gentlemen, ladies

“Fever 103”

Pure? What does it mean?
The tongues of hell
Are dull, dull as the triple

Tongues of dull, fat Cerberus
Who wheezes at the gate. Incapable
Of licking clean

The aguey tendon, the sin, the sin.
The tinder cries.
The indelible smell

Of a snuffed candle!
Love, love, the low smokes roll
From me like Isadora’s scarves, I’m in a fright

One scarf will catch and anchor in the wheel,
Such yellow sullen smokes
Make their own element. They will not rise,

But trundle round the globe
Choking the aged and the meek,
The weak

Hothouse baby in its crib,
The ghastly orchid
Hanging its hanging garden in the air,

Devilish leopard!
Radiation turned it white
And killed it in an hour.

Greasing the bodies of adulterers
Like Hiroshima ash and eating in.
The sin. The sin.

Darling, all night
I have been flickering, off, on, off, on.
The sheets grow heavy as a lecher’s kiss.

Three days. Three nights.
Lemon water, chicken
Water, water make me retch.

These are my hands
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I mesnt
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

As a seashell
They had to call and call.
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else.
I do it exceptionally well.

I do it so it feels like hell.
I do it so it feels real.
I guess you could say I’ve a call.

It’s easy enough to do it in a cell.
It’s easy enough to do it and stay put.
It’s the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

‘A miracle!’
That knocks me out.
There is a charge

For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge
For the hearing of my heart --
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large charge
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

I am too pure for you or anyone. Your body Hurts me as the world hurts God. I am a lantern——	Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.
My head a moon Of Japanese paper, my gold beaten skin Infinitely delicate and infinitely expensive.	I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby That melts to a shriek.
Does not my heat astound you! And my light! All by myself I am a huge camellia Glowing and coming and going, flush on flush.	I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern.
I think I am going up, I think I may rise—— The beads of hot metal fly, and I love, I	Ash, ash -- You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there --
Am a pure acetylene Virgin Attended by roses,	A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.
By kisses, by cherubim , By whatever these pink things mean! Not you, nor him	Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.
Nor him, nor him (My selves dissolving, old whore petticoats)—— To Paradise.	Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.

(forget the yellow on some lines!)