



The Collected Poems

Sylvia Plath , Ted Hughes (Editor)

[Download now](#)

[Read Online](#) 

The Collected Poems

Sylvia Plath , Ted Hughes (Editor)

The Collected Poems Sylvia Plath , Ted Hughes (Editor)

The aim of the present complete edition, which contains a numbered sequence of the 224 poems written after 1956 together with a further 50 poems chosen from her pre-1956 work, is to bring Sylvia Plath's poetry together in one volume, including the various uncollected and unpublished pieces, and to set everything in as true a chronological order as is possible, so that the whole progress and achievement of this unusual poet will become accessible to readers.

The Collected Poems Details

Date : Published 1981 by Turtleback
ISBN : 9780808595045
Author : Sylvia Plath , Ted Hughes (Editor)
Format : Hardcover 349 pages
Genre : Poetry, Classics, Fiction

 [Download The Collected Poems ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online The Collected Poems ...pdf](#)

Download and Read Free Online The Collected Poems Sylvia Plath , Ted Hughes (Editor)

From Reader Review The Collected Poems for online ebook

Erin Dunn says

<http://angelerin.blogspot.com/2016/03...>

I really enjoyed reading Sylvia Plath's poetry. Ever since I read *The Bell Jar* (and then googled Sylvia and learned more about her) I have been fascinated by her life and her work. I also loved her book of unabridged journals. So when I saw there was a book of her poetry I just had to buy it and read it.

Sylvia Plath's writing is just so addicting. Everything flows beautifully and I just loved so many of these poems. I had such a great time reading this book while I was out relaxing in a cabin in the woods. I still wish I was there on vacation reading this book of poetry.

These poems are just so emotional and honest. They speak to me as a woman. There is just something about Sylvia Plath's writing that I connect with at the very core of myself. I'm sure some psychiatrist would have a field day with that, but there it is.

Overall I thought *The Collected Poems of Sylvia Plath* was a great book of poetry that I would recommend to all Sylvia Plath fans, even if you aren't a poetry fan.

Edward says

Introduction

Poems 1956-1963

1956

- Conversation Among the Ruins
- Winter Landscape, with Rocks
- Pursuit
- Bucolics
- Tale of a Tub
- Southern Sunrise
- Channel Crossing
- Prospect
- The Queen's Complaint
- Ode for Ted
- Firesong
- Song for a Summer's Day
- Two Sisters of Persephone
- Vanity Fair
- Strumpet Song

--Tinker Jack and the Tidy Wives
--Faun
--Street Song
--Letter to a Purist
--Soliloquy of the Solipsist
--Dialogue Between Ghost and Priest
--The Glutton
--Monologue at 3 a.m.
--Miss Drake Proceeds to Supper
--Recantation
--The Shrike
--Alicante Lullaby
--Dream with Clam-Diggers
--Wreath for a Bridal
--Epitaph for Fire and Flower
--Fiesta Melons
--The Goring
--The Beggars
--Spider
--Spinster
--Rhyme
--Departure
--Maudlin
--Resolve
--Landowners
--Ella Mason and Her Eleven Cats
--Crystal Gazer
--November Graveyard
--Black Rook in Rainy Weather

1957

--The Snowman on the Moor
--Mayflower
--Sow
--The Everlasting Monday
--Hardcastle Crag
--The Thin People
--On the Difficulty of Conjuring Up a Dryad
--On the Plethora of Dryads
--The Other Two
--The Lady and the Earthenware Head
--All the Dead Dears
--Natural History
--Two Views of Withens
--The Great Carbuncle
--Words for a Nursery
--The Disquieting Muses
--Night Shift
--Ouija
--On the Decline of Oracles
--Snakecharmer
--A Lesson in Vengeance

1958

- Virgin in a Tree
- Perseus: The Triumph of Wit Over Suffering
- Battle-Scene from the Comic Operatic Fantasy *The seafarer*
- Yadwigha, on a Red Couch, Among Lilies
- A Winter's Tale
- Above the Oxbow
- Memoirs of a Spinach-Picker
- The Ghost's Leavetaking
- Sculptor
- Full Fathom Five
- Lorelei
- Mussel Hunter at Rock Harbor
- Moonrise
- Frog Autumn
- In Midas' Country
- Incommunicado
- Child's Park Stones
- Owl
- Whiteness I Remember
- Fable of the Rhododendron Stealers
- The Death of Myth-Making
- Green Rock, Winthrop Bay
- The Companionable Ills
- I Want, I Want
- Poems, Potatoes
- The Times Are Tidy

1959

- The Bull of Bendylaw
- The Eye-mote
- Point Shirley
- Goatsucker
- Watercolor of Grantchester Meadows
- A Winter Ship
- Aftermath
- Two Views of a Cadaver Room
- Suicide off Egg Rock
- The Ravaged Face
- Metaphors
- Electra on Azalea Path
- The Beekeeper's Daughter
- The Hermit at Outermost House
- Man in Black
- Old Ladies' Home
- The Net-Menders
- Magnolia Shoals
- The Sleepers
- Yaddo: The Grand Manor
- Blue Moles
- Dark Wood, Dark Water

--Polly's Tree
--The Colossus
--Private Ground

Poem for a Birthday

--1 Who
--2 Dark House
--3 Maenad
--4 The Beast
--5 Flute Notes from a Reedy Pond
--6 Witch Burning
--7 The Stones

--The Burnt-out Spa
--Mushrooms

1960

--You're
--The Hanging Man
--Stillborn
--On Deck
--Sleep in the Mojave Desert
--Two Campers in Cloud Country
--Leaving Early
--Love Letter
--Magi
--Candles
--A Life
--Waking in Winter

1961

--Parliament Hill Fields
--Whitsun
--Zoo Keeper's Wife
--Face Lift
--Morning Song
--Barren Woman
--Heavy Woman
--In Plaster
--Tulips
--I Am Vertical
--Insomniac
--Widow
--Stars Over the Dordogne
--The Rival
--Wuthering Heights
--Blackberrying
--Finisterre
--The Surgeon at 2 a.m.
--Last Words
--The Moon and the Yew Tree

--Mirror
--The Babysitters

1962

--New Year on Dartmoor
--*Three Women: A Poem for Three Voices*
--Little Fugue
--An Appearance
--Crossing the Water
--Among the Narcissi
--Pheasant
--Elm
--The Rabbit Catcher
--Event
--Apprehensions
--Berck-Plage
--The Other
--Words heard, by accident, over the phone
--Poppies in July
--Burning the Letters
--For a Fatherless Son
--A Birthday Present
--The Detective
--The Courage of Shutting-Up
--The Bee Meeting
--The Arrival of the Bee Box
--Stings
--The Swarm
--Wintering
--A Secret
--The Applicant
--Daddy
--Medusa
--The Jailer
--Lesbos
--Stopped Dead
--Fever 103°
--Lyonnesse
--Amnesiac
--Cut
--By Candlelight
--The Tour
--Ariel
--Poppies in October
--Nick and the Candlestick
--Purdah
--Lady Lazarus
--The Couriers
--Getting There
--The Night Dances
--Gulliver
--Thalidomide

--Letter in November
--Death & Co.
--Years
--The Fearful
--Mary's Song
--Winter Trees
--Brasilia
--Childless Woman
--Eavesdropper

1963

--Sheep in Fog
--The Munich Mannequins
--Totem
--Child
--Paralytic
--Gigolo
--Mystic
--Kindness
--Words
--Contusion
--Balloons
--Edge

Notes on Poems 1956-1963

The 'Ariel' Poems

Translation

Juvenilia

A Selection of Fifty Early Poems

--Bitter Strawberries
--Family Reunion
--Female Author
--April 18
--Gold mouths cry
--Dirge for a Joker
--To Eva Descending the Stair
--Cinderella
--Jilted
--Sonnet: To Eva
--Bluebeard
--Aquatic Nocturne
--Notes to a Neophyte
--Metamorphoses of the Moon
--Dialogue *En Route*
--To a Jilted Lover
--The Dream
--Sonnet: To Time
--The Trial of Man
--April Aubade

--Go get the goodly squab
--Trio of Love Songs
--Lament
--Doomsday
--Moonsong at Morning
--Doom of Exiles
--The Dispossessed
--Admonitions
--Never try to trick me with a kiss
--The Dead
--*Danse macabre*
--Circus in Three Rings
--Prologue to Spring
--Song for a Revolutionary Love
--Sonnet to Satan
--A Sorcerer Bids Farewell to Seem
--Midsummer Mobile
--On Looking into the Eyes of a Demon Lover
--Insolent storm strikes at the skull
--Denouement
--Two Lovers and a Beachcomber by the Real Sea
--Black Pine Tree in an Orange Light
--Terminal
--Love Is a Parallax
--Aerialist
--Morning in the Hospital Solarium
--The Princess and the Goblins
--Touch-and-Go
--Temper of Time
--Epitaph in Three Parts

Uncollected Juvenilia: A complete list of poems composed before 1956
Index of Titles and First Lines

Jason Lilly says

It would be an understatement to say that I fell in love with Sylvia Plath. *The Bell Jar* sank my heart, broke it in two, and revived it again. Her choice of words, even in prose, dance through your mind and are hard to forget.

This is especially true, though, of her poetry. Each poem has a beautiful life of its own, but together as an anthology, the poems show Plath's true heart, fickle, angry, passionate, uninhibited. From the more disturbing poems like "Daddy" to finding eloquent beauty in simple things like "Black Rook in Rainy Weather".

This collection is the best there is. While "Ariel" may be her most famous collection, this anthology includes so much more, compiling a collection of poems that span her writing career, from 1956-1963, as well as some of her early work. The book also contains a modest introduction from Plath's once-companion Ted Hughes.

Glitterbomb says

I keep coming back to Sylvia Plath whenever I'm trying to make sense of my own troubles. Since my troubles rarely make sense, that means I come back to this quite often.

Which is so incredibly cliched, it would normally make me cringe. I mean, its screams *"I'm a damaged girl, and I read Sylvia Plath, just like all the other damaged girls!"*

But I don't cringe, because ultimately, her poetry makes me *feel*. I have this incredibly old, earmarked and tattered edition that is full of notes in the margins, words underlined and phrases highlighted. Scraps of paper with my thoughts tucked between the pages. Its the only book I have ever taken a pencil to and its incredibly private. It doesn't live on my bookshelves with the rest of my collection. And its the only book I don't lend out the friends and family. I'm selfish with it.

Each time I pick it up, I flick to a random page, and take it all in again afresh. Each reading means something different to me, or I see something a different way. For how angry, destructive and wrenching these poems are they also set the reader free, and that's why I keep coming back to them.

Sekaquaptewa says

I have never really liked poetry, so I wasn't sure if I was going to like this book when I first started it, but after reading this collection my feelings have really changed. Sylvia Plath is a very powerful poet, who can turn an ordinary experience into a thunderstorm of emotions. For example, in her poem "Cut" she writes about cutting her thumb while cooking. While this sounds mundane, her choice of words and tempo make a hauntingly beautiful poem. In my favorite poem in the book, "Lady Lazarus" This poem tells the story of a woman who can come back to life. It reads "Dying Is an art, like everything else. I do it exceptionally well. Kind of dark, but in a good way, which is really the theme of the whole book. I would recommend this book to people for like poetry and have long attention spans, because staying focused was the main thing I had a problem with. Over all I thought it was a interesting read and would recomend it to anyone looking for a book to read for halloween.

Fede says

Sylvia Plath's poetry is the North American (late) response to French Symbolism and Latin Magic Realism. During her short career indeed this young, red-haired poet achieved what her fellow countrymen hadn't been able to fathom yet: an all-American interpretation of two intellectual movements so utterly alien and unintelligible to a society in which Pop artists and Beatniks were dominating the whole scene.

What would be known as the 'Paris - New York Shift' had established a new cultural polarity, a dichotomy between European intellectualism and American avant-garde; Plath was brave enough to cross that border and explore the unknown territory spreading in front of her.

The first connection with Symbolism is to be found in the juxtaposition of visual art and poetry. Plath's references to French painting are quite explicit in "Snakecharmer" and "Yadwiga on a Red Couch", visions

inspired by Henri Rousseau's paintings (same titles); as for "The Shrike", one can't help but think of Chagall's dreamy visions of men flying over cityscapes. Böcklin is another artist she often refers to, sharing his gothic fantasies of imaginary Lands of the Dead.

Also her affinity with Magic Realism emerges in the way she looks to the world through the eyes of animals and other unexpected subjects, such as in "Mushrooms" and "Blue Moles". The poet often identifies with any sort of creature living and dying in the darkness: moles, worms, the roots of flowers and plants... she seems to share their mysterious, secret existence although living her family life as a mother of two.

Even the most trivial occurrences give her the chance to journey through reality: working in her orchard, a short vacation on the lakeside, returning to her hometown are something more and something different than that, the start of a journey to an unknown, unexpected destination.

I'm not going to deny the way her tragical death (she committed suicide at the age of 31) heavily affects the reader's perception while reading her poems. It obviously does, especially because she was perfectly aware of her own self-destructiveness. She fought a lifelong struggle against mental issues and her work reflected her sufferings quite honestly and shamelessly: most of her poems are permeated by a sense of existential pain she managed to depict with a heartbreaking imagery of gloomy landscapes, haunting presences, disquieting journeys through moors, winding paths, snowy countryside, bleak sea landscapes.

Even though no other poem equals "The Disquieting Muses" (see De Chirico's painting) in describing Plath's state of anguish, embodied by three horrible female creatures, "Channel Crossing" is also a poignant metafore in which life is compared to an awful voyage, whereas her "Soliloquy of the Solipsist" is the ultimate withdrawal of the self, when the Other become a mere product of her mind:

' My look's leash
Dangles the puppet-people
Who, unaware how they dwindle,
Laugh, kiss, get drunk,
Nor guess that if I choose to blink
They die. '

The main source of unease though is the obsessive memory of her dead father, forever haunting her daily life and undermining her self-confidence. Her poetic imagery revolves around a frightening sense of doom and vulnerability, even more so when her father takes the shape of a "Colossus", unattainable and overwhelming:

' I crawl like an ant in mourning
Over the weedy acre of your brow
To mend the immense skull-plates and clear
The bald, white tumuli of your eyes '.

However, another theme not to be overlooked is the intense eroticism of Sylvia's poetry. In "Pursuit" the lover becomes a wild beast ready to devour its (willing) prey, whereas "The Glutton" is an erotically charged metafore comparing sex to cannibalism; in "Virgin in a Tree" the myth of Apollo and Daphne gives Plath the chance to cry over the repression of sexuality in a few deliciously ambiguous lines:

' Neglect's
Given her lips that lemon-tasting droop:
Untongued, all beauty's bright juice sours. '

This volume also provides the reader with a selection of fifty poems written by Sylvia before 1956, poems in which her skills are already outstandingly developed; these early texts are of enormous interest for the admirers of this tragically talented woman.

Thank you so much, Sylvia. I wish you didn't do what you did.

Well, I hope you're better now.

jack says

i keep coming back to plath as a source of inspiration for my own writing or alternately as a reason to never try to write anything again. because, people, she is one of the best. arguably one of the top five american poets of all time.

the only downer of this book is that ted hughes edited it, and he was the piece of shit she killed herself over. so if you want to read the ariel poems in their correct, initially intended order check out the notes in the back for that. why that asshole thought he could or should re-organize her order after she died is beyond me. maybe it had something to do with that fact that he and his worthless writing is only famous for the association with her.

just saying, is all.

Jon says

Sylvia Plath was super gangsta. She stuck her head in an oven and killed herself. Besides that, she wrote some pretty dope poetry and was super fresh.... (I apologize for writing in outdated youthful urban slang, but I was bored and thought it might "spice up" these less-than-mediocre reviews. I can see now, after closer examination, this was a terrible decision... Once again, I apologize for the inconvenience).

Also.... reading Plath's poems extremely intoxicated on alcoholic beverages can be a rewarding and exciting adventure... However!!..... I strongly advise you DO NOT stick your head in an oven during this drunken escapade to replicate how the author might have felt before her last seconds on earth expired...This could end in truly deadly results or, even worse, a failed attempt to make a joke out of this shameful incident at future family gatherings or while hanging out with friends. This will only lead to ridicule and the epiphany that close family and friends have not been laughing with you all those years, but at you....

Finally, I mostly read this book because I was accused of being misogynistic due to the lack of women authors I have read. I hope I have proven to you all that I am not misogynistic and do, in fact, like women. After reading Sylvia Plath (a woman), I hope you all think I am not misogynistic anymore...

However, I still believe women have smaller brains and belong in the kitchen...

I don't know, after sobering up, her words are a bit clamoured together and read densely. I CAN'T DO IT! I am sorry world, but there is not enough booze for me to get through it. I shamefully throw in the towel, its just too dense...I guess I really do hate women after all...sorry. Life is too short to torture yourself and drudge through this...Plath taught us that!

Super dope quotes:

"We mask our past in the green of eden, pretend future's shining fruit can sprout from the navel of this present waste."

"Horizontal lines are like dusk...everyone breathing the same."

Also the poems "Pursuit" and "Tale of a Tub" are pretty great.

Vanessa says

“Out of the ash
I rise with my red hair
and I eat men like air.”

Eli Phillips says

i'm not into poetry, but i love plath.

i was hooked first on her recording of The Thin People

she's grim, she's angry, she's mad.

i love her brutal emotion. and her use of alliteration is unrivaled.

yummy. i'd like to die wrapped in her words, like a spider's snack, woven and suffocated in them :)

Pewterbreath says

Whoo-boy, nobody has given me more trouble than Sylvia Plath. Only Byron may be as difficult in separating the personality from the work, and with him we at least have a good bit of time since the works were actually written. I half-wonder if anybody can really be objective about her work.

See, she has a group of followers who just about worship her to the point of Tori Amos's fans, where everything she's done is meaningful and perfect. Her suicide date is celebrated. Every word she wrote is put through the lens of her suicide. (Hemingway committed suicide too, but if I recall correctly people celebrate his LIFE and not his death.) And don't even get me started on all those who read Plath and practically no other poetry.

Sounds like I don't like her much, eh? Actually I have no problems with her--just her fans I find irritating. Her work is good, and not about suicide (or sad things) at all. "Daddy" good as it is, isn't even close to her best work (though it may be the most quintessential). The best way to read her, IMHO is to pretend you know nothing of the woman and get over the obsession with tacking every poem to her biography. Poems are meant to be free. If you want her life story read her diary.

Galih Khumaeni says

Here's my favorite poem from this book:

The night is only a sort of carbon paper,
Blueblack, with the much-poked periods of stars
Letting in the light, peephole after peephole —
A bonewhite light, like death, behind all things.
Under the eyes of the stars and the moon's rictus
He suffers his desert pillow, sleeplessness
Stretching its fine, irritating sand in all directions.

Over and over the old, granular movie
Exposes embarrassments—the mizzling days
Of childhood and adolescence, sticky with dreams,
Parental faces on tall stalks, alternately stern and tearful,
A garden of buggy rose that made him cry.
His forehead is bumpy as a sack of rocks.
Memories jostle each other for face-room like obsolete film stars.

He is immune to pills: red, purple, blue —
How they lit the tedium of the protracted evening!
Those sugary planets whose influence won for him
A life baptized in no-life for a while,
And the sweet, drugged waking of a forgetful baby.
Now the pills are worn-out and silly, like classical gods.
Their poppy-sleepy colors do him no good.

His head is a little interior of grey mirrors.
Each gesture flees immediately down an alley
Of diminishing perspectives, and its significance
Drains like water out the hole at the far end.
He lives without privacy in a lidless room,
The bald slots of his eyes stiffened wide-open
On the incessant heat-lightning flicker of situations.

Nightlong, in the granite yard, invisible cats
Have been howling like women, or damaged instruments.
Already he can feel daylight, his white disease,
Creeping up with her hateful of trivial repetitions.
The city is a map of cheerful twitters now,
And everywhere people, eyes mica-silver and blank,
Are riding to work in rows, as if recently brainwashed.

Vanessa says

So it turns out "The Collected Poems" means literally everything Sylvia Plath EVER wrote. It's arranged more or less chronologically, and when I was about halfway through the book I was all set to only give it three stars. At 2/3 of the way through, it had gone up to four stars, and by the last 20-30 pages there was no

way it was getting anything less than five.

Although her earlier poems aren't to my particular taste, and you can tell her command of the craft is still developing, it's so wonderful to be able to trace that evolution from obviously talented novice to absolute master. Moving, evocative and completely unforgettable.

Esther says

My psychiatrist laughed when I said I read Sylvia Plath, "why do all you young women" etc. I do think part of it is that Sylvia becomes a friend if you go through some of the same stuff she did. Any famous person who shares your condition does. But to say that's all she's good for, as if there's no merit or instruction in her work...

And then, once again, it's back to the emotional Plath -- phrases that crush your head both because they are so well wrought and also because you know exactly what she was talking about.

I've spent a dozen years reading this book and I've learned that Plath and I may cross over emotionally, but our poetic jaws are not the same. I don't always understand how her construction works. Part of why I keep reading.

Having her all together like this, including juvenilia, is a lesson, especially as her life was so short. I've sought several other complete works since stumbling across this one.

Grace says

I think this collection may be even more essential than Ariel, though Ariel is more of a landmark. This book is literally therapy for me. I don't care if Plath is a cliché; she was a genius and you can experience it through this work.

Michael says

Astute, ironic, and intense, Plath's poems brood over a wide range of topics, through language that's cutting in its precision. The poet's sharp intellect consistently is interesting, but her early collections read as less forceful and breathtaking than her later ones; with age, Plath moved away from the stiff but accomplished formalism of her early poetry toward a risk-taking aesthetic of the theatrical. Had she had the chance to develop that style, she likely would have fulfilled her early promise and published several daring volumes.

Jeremy Allan says

First: my rating applies to the edition, not the poetry.

After hacking away at this collected poems for the better part of six months, I'm not sure I have any interest in rating the poems. I think, in part, this is due to a certain experience I had in reading, as if this were a

history book or a chronicle rather than a work of literature. Of course, while that reveals something (unsavory?) of my predisposition as a reader, I think it at leaves gives a hint as to how the work struck me.

Whereas the work of other poets of Plath's era, and certainly before, can still touch me in the current moment, as living documents, the majority of this volume felt artifactual, archeological. That is not to say there are not poems that have and continue to hit me in the solar plexus like a sledge — "The Rabbit Catcher," for instance, will likely be a treasured poem for as long as I have a relationship with language. But aside from these highlights, I often had the sensation of reading through an excavation.

In my mind, there is no question of Plath's talent; at moments it terrifies me ("There is no mercy in the glitter of cleavers, / The butcher's guillotine that whispers: 'How's this, how's this?'" — "Totem"). Furthermore, I think there is an abundance to be learned from her that is completely separate from her hypertragic biography. But the biography does haunt her collected poems; it butts its forehead into the reading experience and dulls the ear with its wailing. Certain Plath devotees are liable to put a reader off with their fetishization of her horrible life story; I have been put off in the past. Working past such acolytes, I still sensed their demands in editing of this collected poems.

What am I getting at? What is needed?

A new edition of selected poems. Faber has presented, in this volume, an excellent resource for scholars & collectors. But the truth is that practicing poets, interested outsiders, and casual newcomers have no need for most of what this book offers. We don't need or want the juvenilia that closes the book. Most of the end notes gloss Plath's weird ideas of what the poems were "about," or charts biographical context. And, frankly, many of the poems just aren't good — or, rather, they aren't up to the standards that Plath herself sets in other poems.

What we need is an edition of selected poems, not simply *Ariel* in one form or another, that judiciously picks from all the work, surrenders biography to anything other than a note on the author, and keeps Ted Hughes many arm lengths away (with all due respect, sir). A sensational life story does not write a poem, and neither does such a biography warrant that we collect and document every scribbling ever written by an author. I say, let Sylvia rest, and let the great poems be revived, free of the shackles that bound their author.

That's a bit dramatic, but you'll have to forgive me — I just finished reading a few hundred pages of Sylvia Plath.

Lily says

It really does not get much better than Sylvia Plath.

GirlOfTheCrowd says

I've taught this collection at A Level and it was a challenging yet enlightening experience. Plath's imagistic, brutal poems are beautiful yet cutting. Our appreciation of her work is certainly heightened by a knowledge of relevant biographical information (her father's death and the effect it had upon her; her marriage to Ted; her psychological and emotional state; her suicide attempts etc) but these poems are engaging literary gems in themselves. Vibrant colour symbolism, aggressive imagery, haunting and complex subject matters.. to me, poetry doesn't get any better than this.

It is worth noting, however, that Hughes edited Plath's posthumous publications. His 'Birthday Letters' clearly portray the situation as he wishes it to be viewed; and one cannot help but wonder if he has censored Plath somewhat here (After all, he did famously destroy one of her journals.... and we can make of that what we will.)

Jen says

I had this exact edition and carried this book with me all the time. My favorite poem is below in it is below:

I Am Vertical

By Sylvia Plath

But I would rather be horizontal.
I am not a tree with my root in the soil
Sucking up minerals and motherly love
So that each March I may gleam into leaf,
Nor am I the beauty of a garden bed
Attracting my share of Ahs and spectacularly painted,
Unknowing I must soon unpetal.
Compared with me, a tree is immortal
And a flower-head not tall, but more startling,
And I want the one's longevity and the other's daring.
Tonight, in the infinitesimal light of the stars,
The trees and the flowers have been strewing their cool odors.
I walk among them, but none of them are noticing.
Sometimes I think that when I am sleeping
I must most perfectly resemble them --
Thoughts gone dim.
It is more natural to me, lying down.
Then the sky and I are in open conversation,
And I shall be useful when I lie down finally:
Then the trees may touch me for once, and the flowers have time for me.
