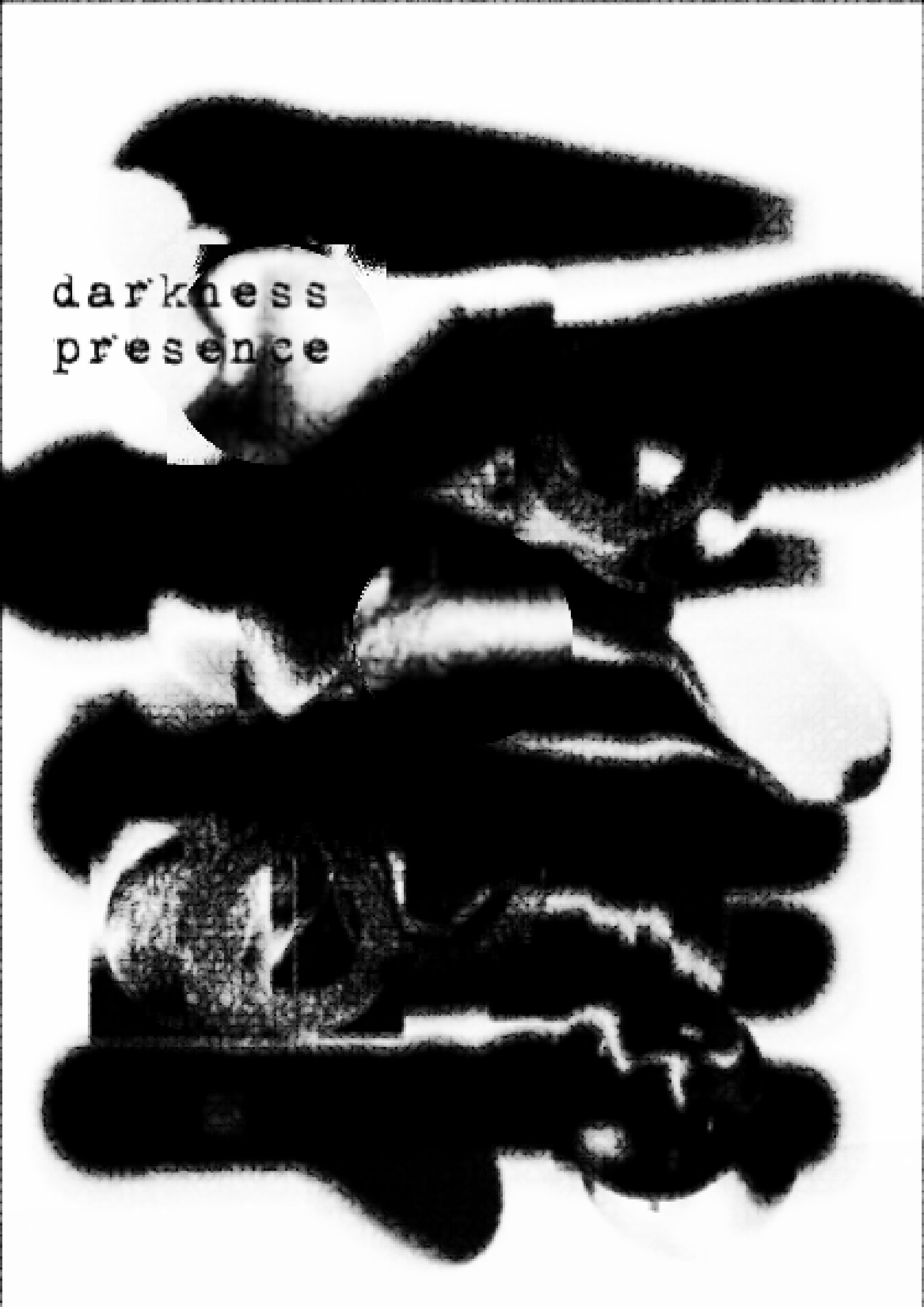




*The fire i
speak of
is not a kind
fire*






darkness
presence



I can be
dreaming



in **dreams** are all the
characters **real** **you**.
different aspects **you?**

do answers **common** **dreams?**

The woman is perfected.

Her dead

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,

The woman is perfected.

Her bare

Her dead

Body wears the smile of accomplishment,

Body wears the smile of accomplishment,

The illusion of a Greek necessity

We have come so far, it is over.

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,

Flows in the scrolls of her toga,

Her bare

Her bare

Feet seem to be saying:

Feet seem to be saying, it is over.

We have come so far, it is over.

She has folded

We have come so far, it is over.

Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,

Each dead child coiled, a white serpent,

Of a rose close when the garden

One at each little

Pitcher of milk, now empty.

Pitcher of milk, now empty.

From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

She has folded

Them back into her body as petals

Them back into her body as petals

Of a rose close when the garden

Staring from her hood of bone.

Stiffens and odors bleed

Stiffens and odors bleed, mirrors of the night flower.

From the sweet, deep throats of the night flower.

She is used to this sort of thing.

The moon has nothing to be sad about,

The moon has nothing to be sad about,

Staring from her hood of bone.

She is used to this sort of thing.

edge by sylvia plath





fire walk with me

F