

## Chalcot Square Morney Wilson

I have been here before  
although I do not think it  
was during this lifetime.

Those streetlights are familiar shadows,  
beckoning me over  
to whisper an intimacy -  
to tell me a truth about my life.  
I have known once already and  
the battle to forget was rather bloody.

I won by sacrificing her life.

I do not wish to know again  
(nor do I wish to bring her back)  
so I turn the other way.

My ears are closed to your secrets about my life.

Voice. The snow by this doorstep speaks to me  
and I will gracefully accept -  
for a moment -  
this red carpet laid out for me.

I will not stay long.

A primrose grew here on this hill -  
bloomed briefly -  
and was gone.

I have no fear of this place now.

## Your Blue Hour - For Sylvia Plath, Fitzroy Road, 1963

In your blue hour, before the world awoke,  
You were pristine, shining white, sharp and straight as an arrow.  
You wrote like never before  
Like pen and paper were invented just for you  
Just for these hours.  
You wrote like never before.  
Oh yes these poems will make your name.  
Forged in fierce flames, furious, fighting, frightened genius.  
Giving birth to immortal verse  
In that blue hour.



In your blue hour, driven by freezing fever,  
 You turned inside-out, spewing your ghosts across the pages.  
 Creating a new art.  
 Never before. Never since. Never never again.  
 The moon hid behind a cloud, awed and afraid, watching you  
 Creating a new art.  
 Oh yes you have it in you.  
 Sitting alone, abandoned, adrift in an abyss apart.  
 Giving birth to immortal verse  
 In that blue hour.

In your blue hour, the colour soothed you,  
 Moved you to say the unsayable, write the unwriteable.  
 Red would have hurt you.  
 Ghostly, he places a red tulip beside you.  
 But the tulip turns to dust. You are too powerful for it.  
 Red would have hurt you.  
 Oh yes you are writing the best poems of your life.  
 In the worst winter weeks when weather wounds without warmth.  
 Giving birth to immortal verse  
 In that blue hour.

But later:

In your blue hour, you paced and paced.  
 Right on the edge, did you mean to do it?  
 Making your kitchen your Auschwitz.  
 You did it too exceptionally well this time.  
 You gambled your life and you lost - or did you win?  
 Making your kitchen your Auschwitz.  
 Oh yes you did it so it felt real. It was real.  
 Betrayed, bereft, beaten black blue, burnt to the bare bones.  
 Giving birth to immortal verse  
 Wasn't enough to keep you from dying  
 In that blue hour.

I have read your daughter's poem "Readers,"  
 And I have felt ashamed.  
 I have read your husband's poem "The Dogs Are Eating Your Mother,"  
 And I have felt ashamed.  
 Empathy, connections, dreams, love, aching pain for you.  
 All of this I feel and yet: what of it?  
 Strip it bare and all that remains is this:  
 I am a reader. I am a dog.

But still  
 I will  
 Still I will sing this song:



In your blue hour, when pain shrank you to nothing  
You created your most terrifying art ever: your death.  
No Lady Lazarus you, no rising from the ashes this time.  
But I fancy your blue hour held its arms out to you –  
Held you close, calmed you, soothed you, made you safe.  
I see it cradling you and carrying you to a beautiful place.  
Not lying in your chamber, your head in the oven –  
But riding Ariel bareback.  
Free, joyful, tossing your mane, your jewel eyes glittering.

This is what I sing for you  
In that blue hour.

Editor's Note:

It is with great sadness that I report the death of Morney Wilson. Morney was a dedicated Plath reader and a person whose love of poetry was evident to all who knew her. She was very excited to have her poems accepted for publication in *Plath Profiles 4* and we hope you enjoy reading them.

Gail Crowther

