Sylvia Plath

Kim Bridgford

I think I know what you were thinking then:
You lay in death's lap, waiting to be mothered.
Love wouldn't let you go, pulled you back in.

In hospital, you discovered love had won,
Each needle frightening like the pulse of God.
I think I know what you were thinking then.

Later, the babies helped, and your husband;
Travel, bees, work. Yet sometimes nothing could.
Love wouldn't let you go, pulled you back in.

But you were up at five with poems that were written
In blood; and still they came, harboring your dread.
I think I know what you were thinking then.

The night was hardest: the moths, helpless, drawn
To the light; you listened to what darkness said.
Love wouldn't let you go, pulled you back in.

One day they came and scraped your stone
While you tapped out the Morse code of the dead.
I think I know what you were thinking then:
Love wouldn't let you go, pulled you back in.