‘how did we make it up 2 yr @tic’ —
(what am i doing w/ a lung full o’ dust & a tongue o’ wood,
knee-deep in the cold & swamped by flowers? how shall
i tell anything @ all 2 this infant still in a birth-drowse?
what do u know about th@, my ph@ pork, my m→y
sweet♥, face-2-the-wall? what keyhole have we slipped
thru, what door has shut? – the moon’s? is she sorry 4 what
will happen? have u seen something awful? when will it
b, the second when Ti’m breaks & eternity engulfs
it, & i drown utterly? who is he, this blu, furious
boy, shiny & strange, as if he had hurtled from a ∗?
what did my fingers do b4 they held him? what bloo, moony
ray ices their dreams? how long can my h&s b a b&age
2 his hurt, & my words bryt birds in the sky, consoling,
consoling? r u not blinded by such expressionless sirens?
who has dismembered us? is there no way out o’ the mind?
what r these words, these words? o God, how shall
i ever clean the fone? is He here, Lil’ Poppies, Lil’
Hell Flames? do u do no harm? where r yr opiates,
yr nauseous capsules? what do they know th@ i don’t? –
i am bitter, i’m averse, a tiger this year @ the door, a Christus,
the awful God-bit dying 2 fly? O mother o’ leaves & sweetness
who r these pietâs th@ whisper ‘howz this, howz this?’
will it go on once 1 has seen God, once 1 has been used in
the sun’s conflagrations, the stains?) — ‘what is the remedy?’

Sources: Sylvia Plath’s ‘Leaving Early’, ‘Candles’, ‘Zoo Keeper’s Wife’, ‘The Babysitters’,