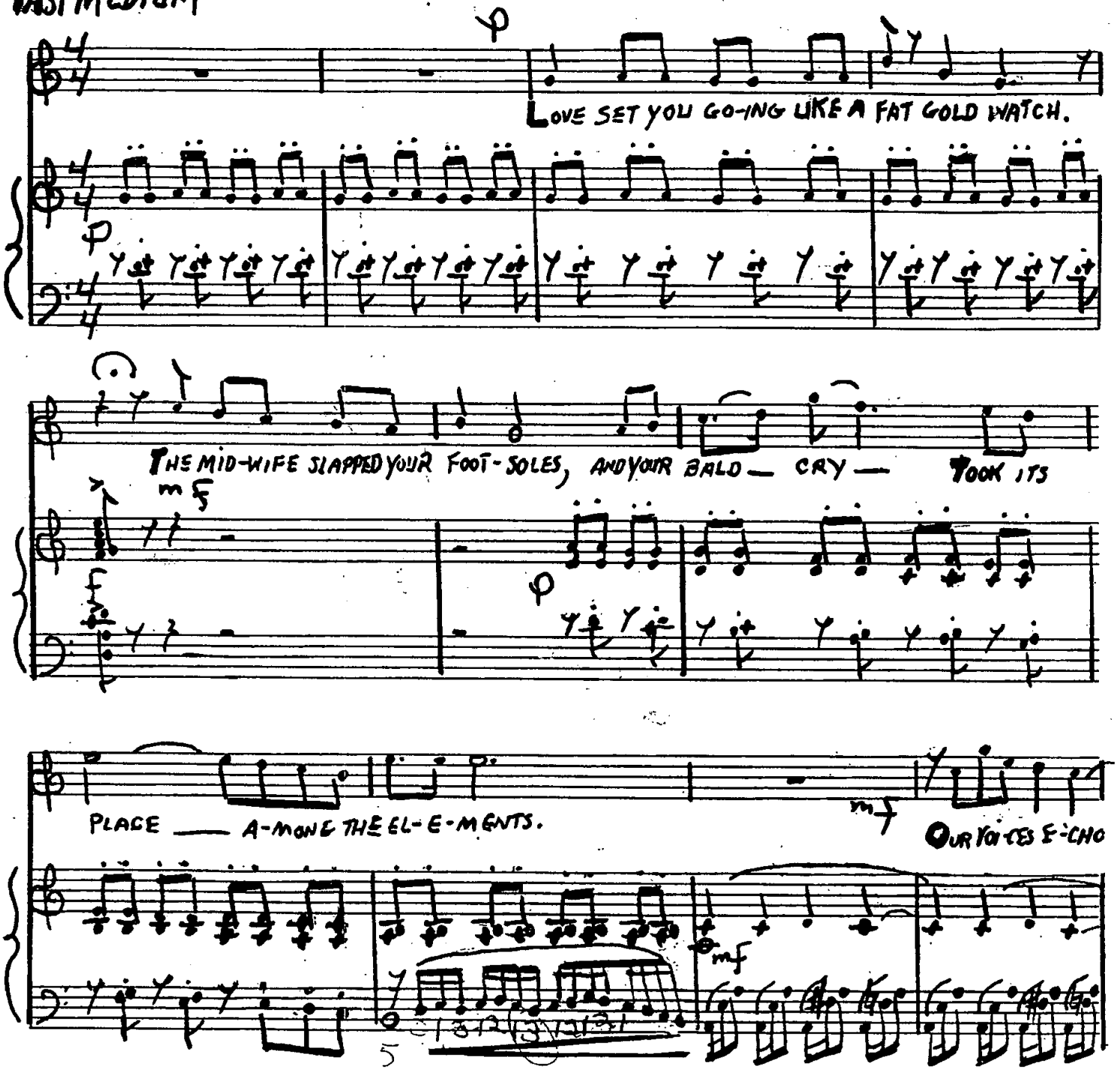
FOUR POEMS BY SYLVIA PLATH
(FROM "ARIEL")

JOHN Mitchell

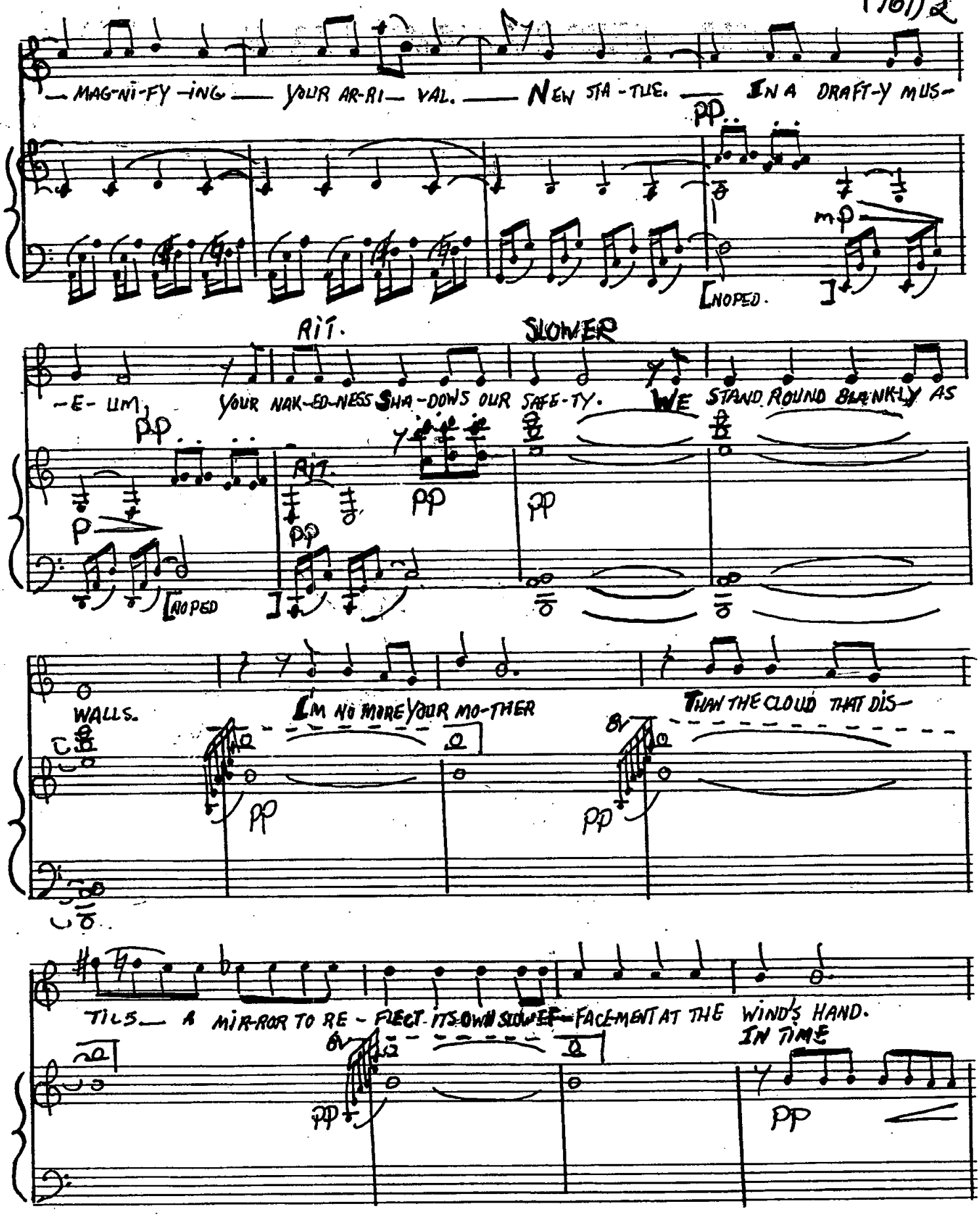
1. MORNING SONG

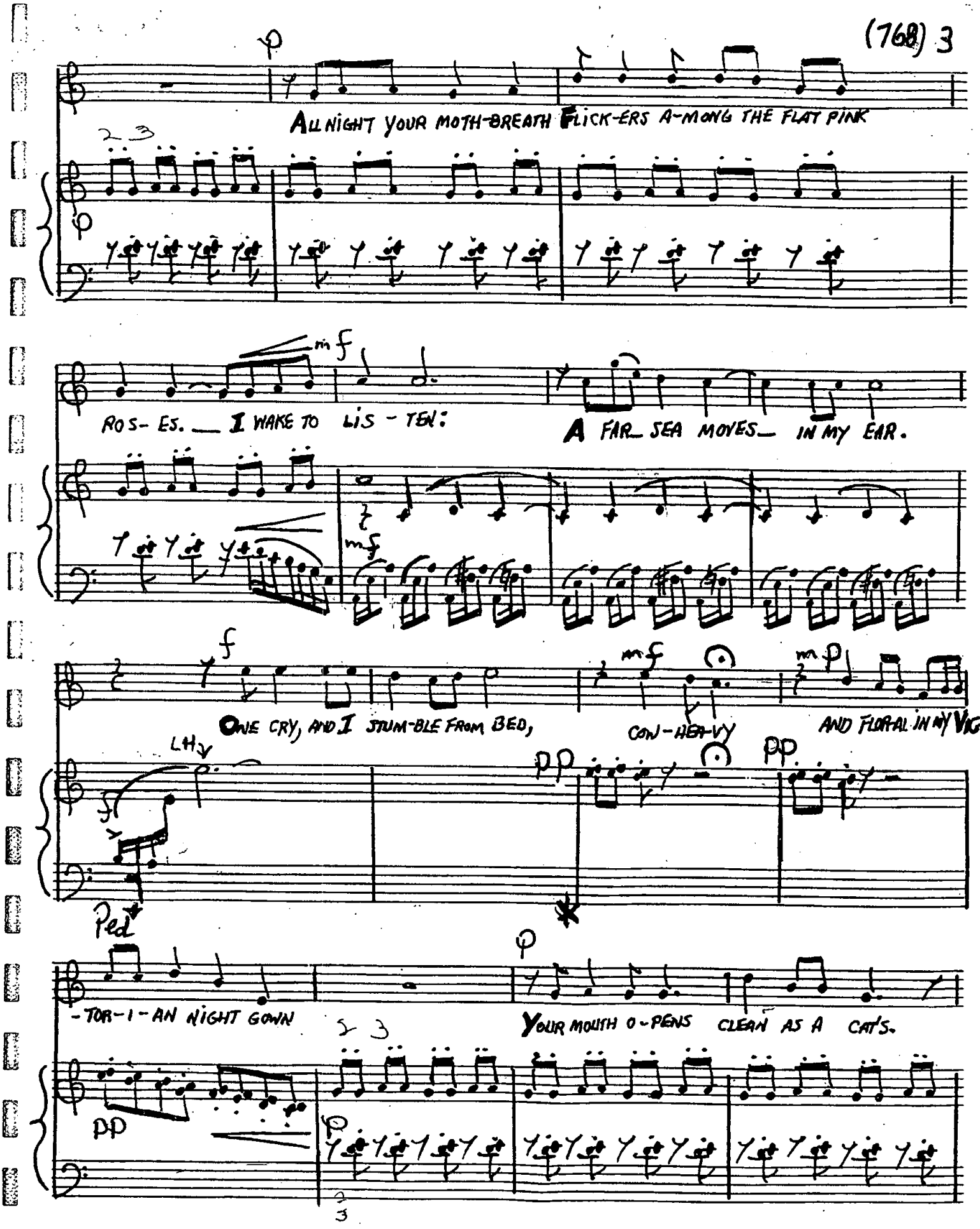
OP. 104 (2000)

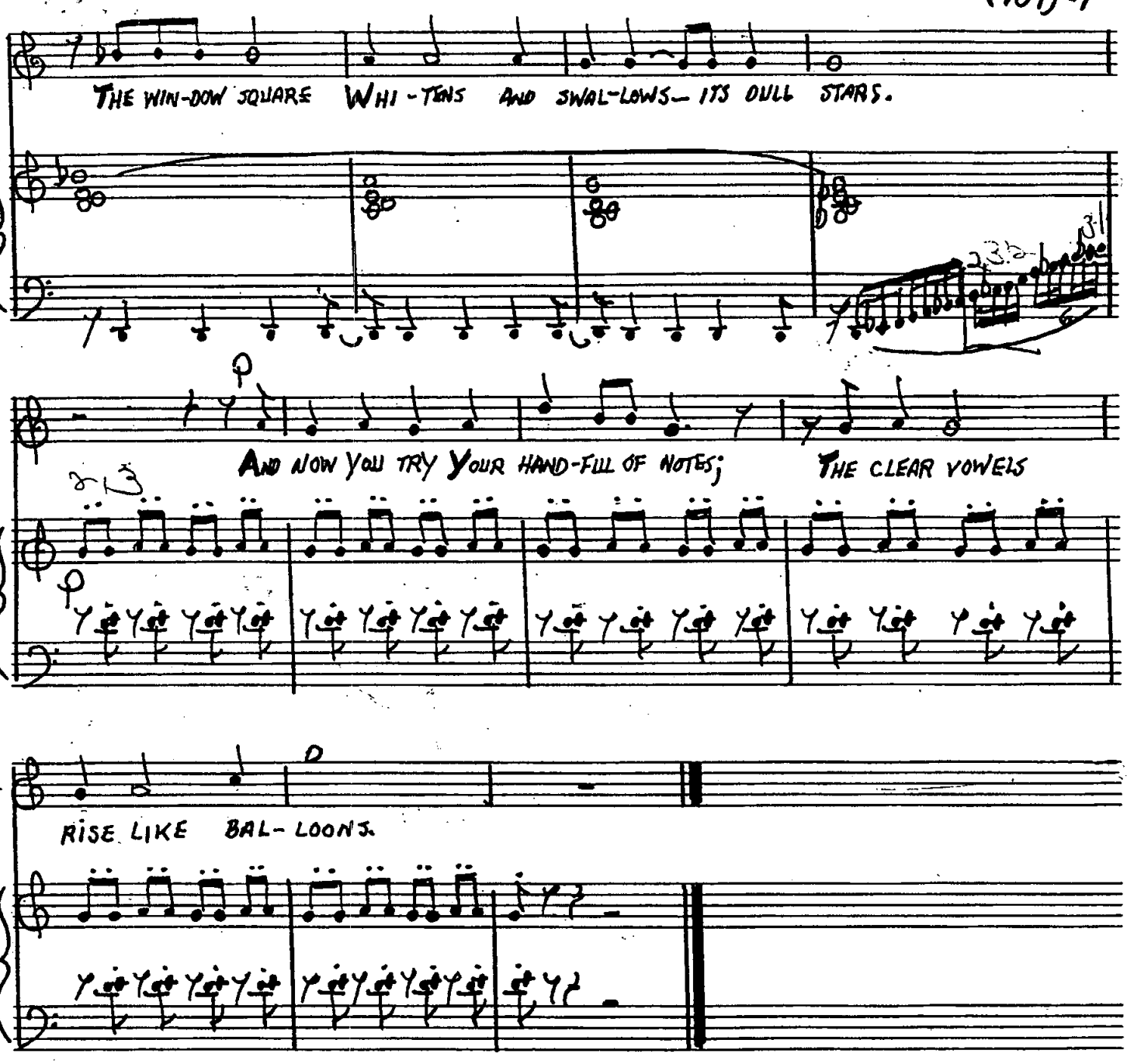
FAST MEDIUM



© 2001 JOHN F. Mitchell

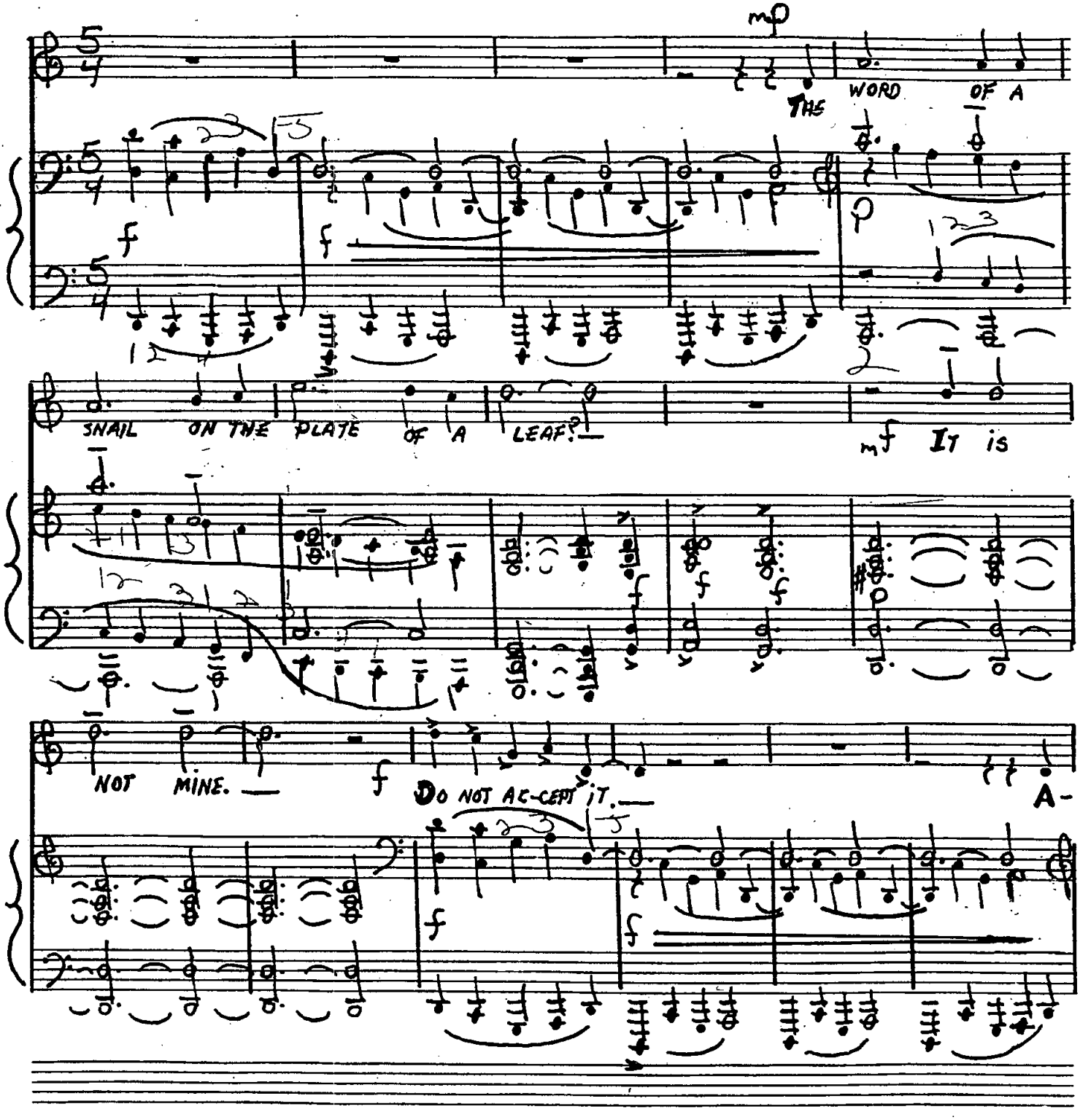

—MAG-NI-FY-ING— YOUR AR-RI— VAL. — NEW STA-TUE. — IN A DRAFT-Y MUS-
pp
mp
[NO PED.
RIT.
SLOWER
-E- UM, YOUR NAK-ED-NESS SHA-DOWS OUR SAFE-TY. WE STAND ROUND BLANK-LY AS
p
pp
[NO PED
WALLS.
I'M NO MORE YOUR MO-THER
THAN THE CLOUD THAT DIS-
8va
TILS— A MIR-ROR TO RE-FLECT ITS-OWN SLOW— FACE-MENT AT THE WIND'S HAND.
IN TIME

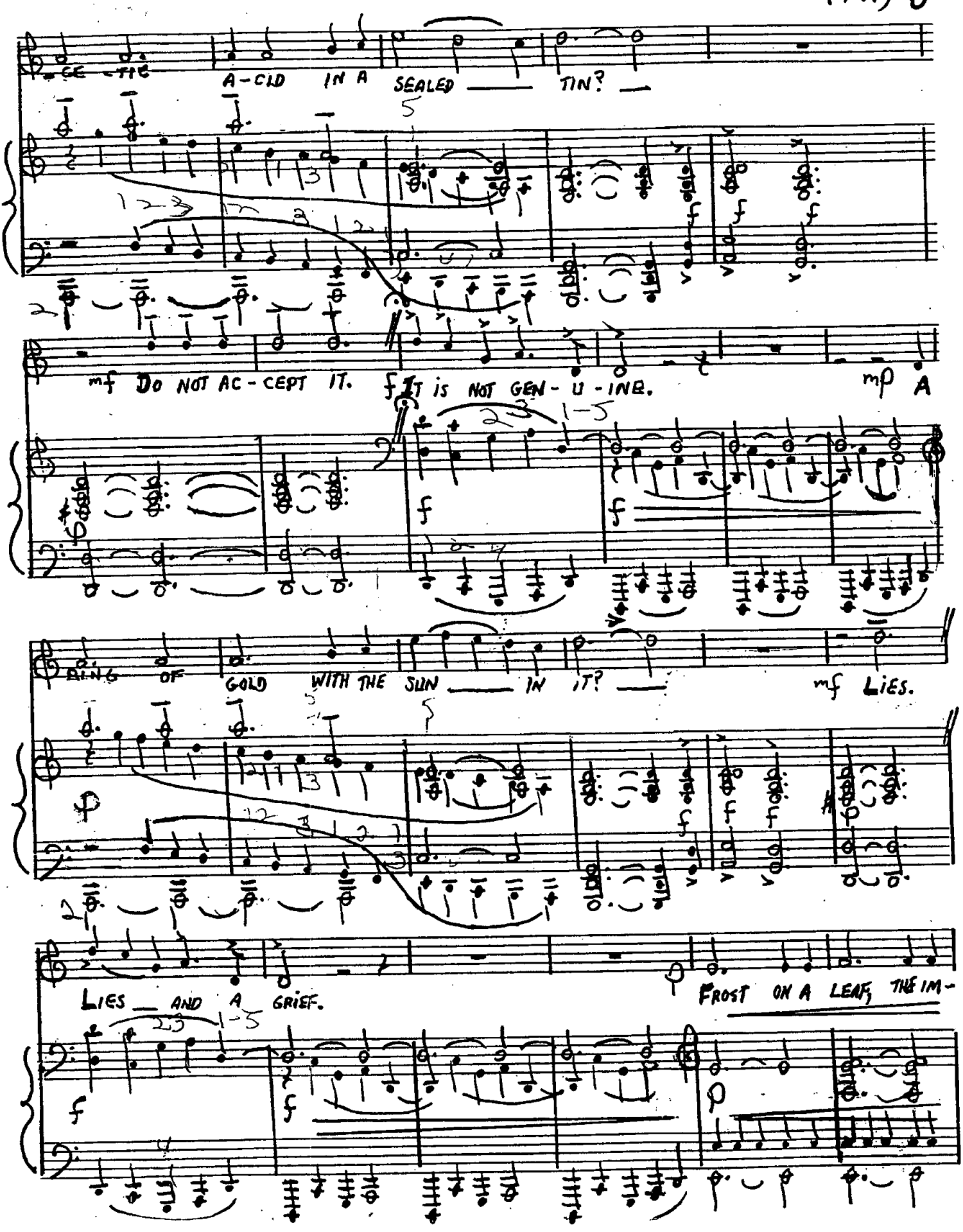

ALL NIGHT YOUR MOTH-BREATH FLICK-ERS A-MONG THE FLAT PINK
ROS-ES. I WAKE TO LIS-TEN:
A FAR SEA MOVES IN MY EAR.
ONE CRY, AND I STUM-BLE FROM BED,
COW-HER-VY
AND FLORAL IN MY VIC-
LH
Ped
-TOR-I-AN NIGHT GOWN
YOUR MOUTH O-PENS CLEAN AS A CAT'S.

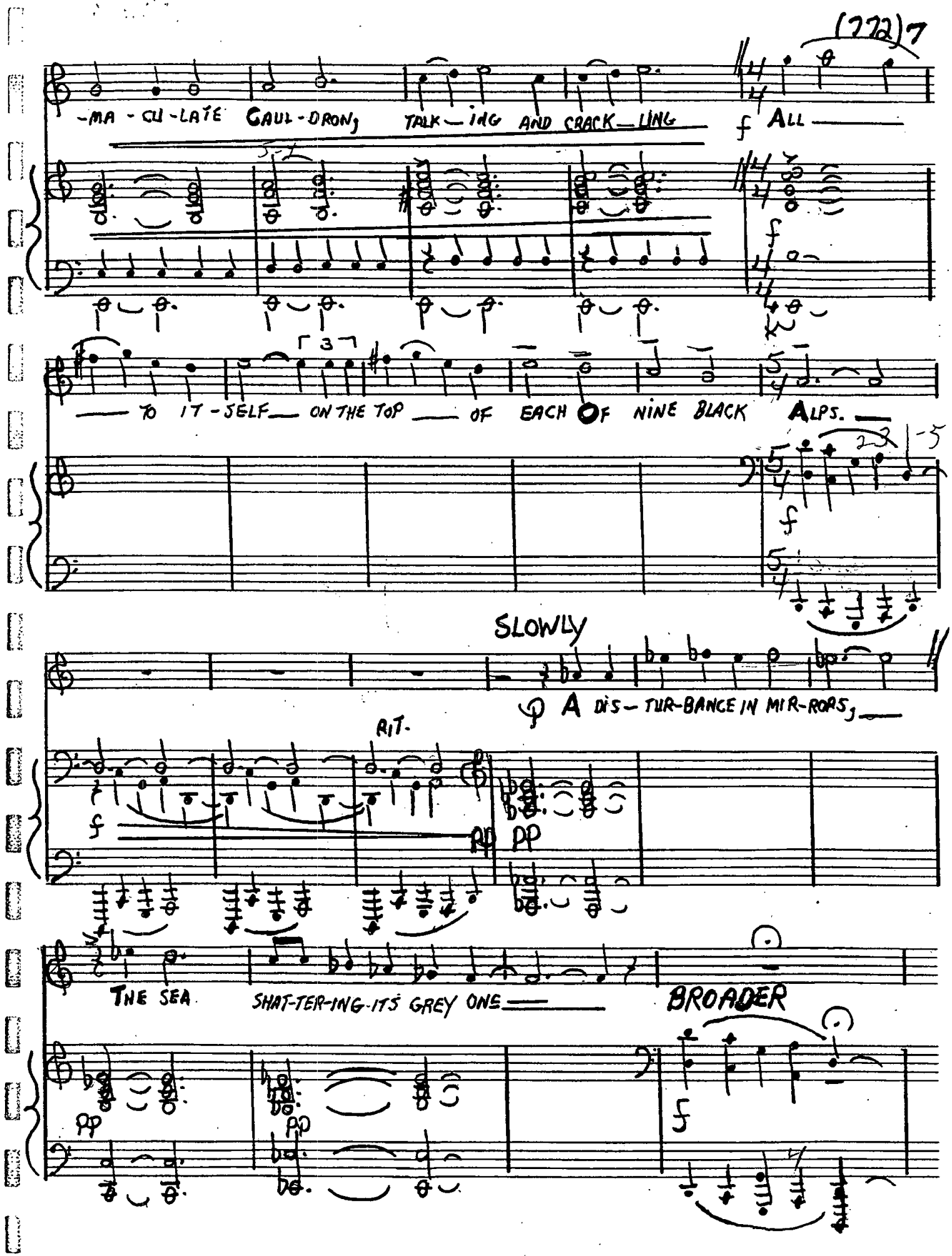

THE WIN-DOW SQUARE WHI-TENS AND SWAL-LOWS— ITS DULL STARS.
AND NOW YOU TRY YOUR HAND-FUL OF NOTES; THE CLEAR VOWELS
RISE LIKE BAL-LOONS.

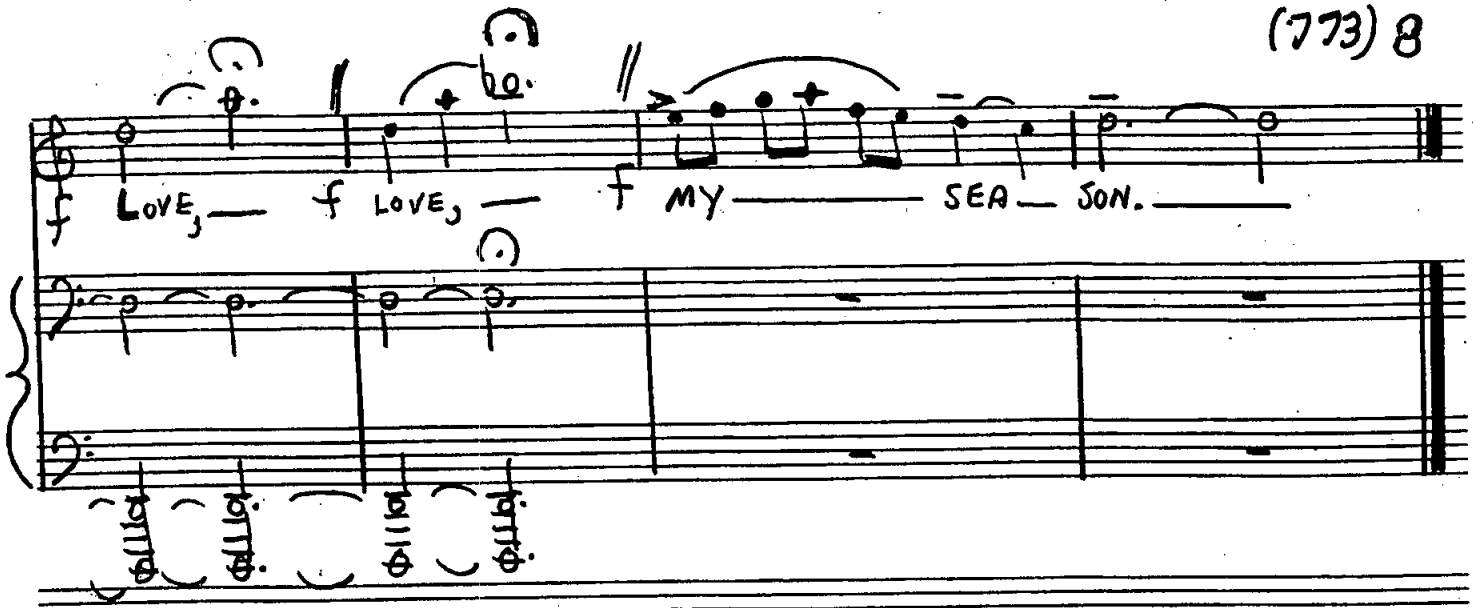
2. THE COURIERS

MEDIUM



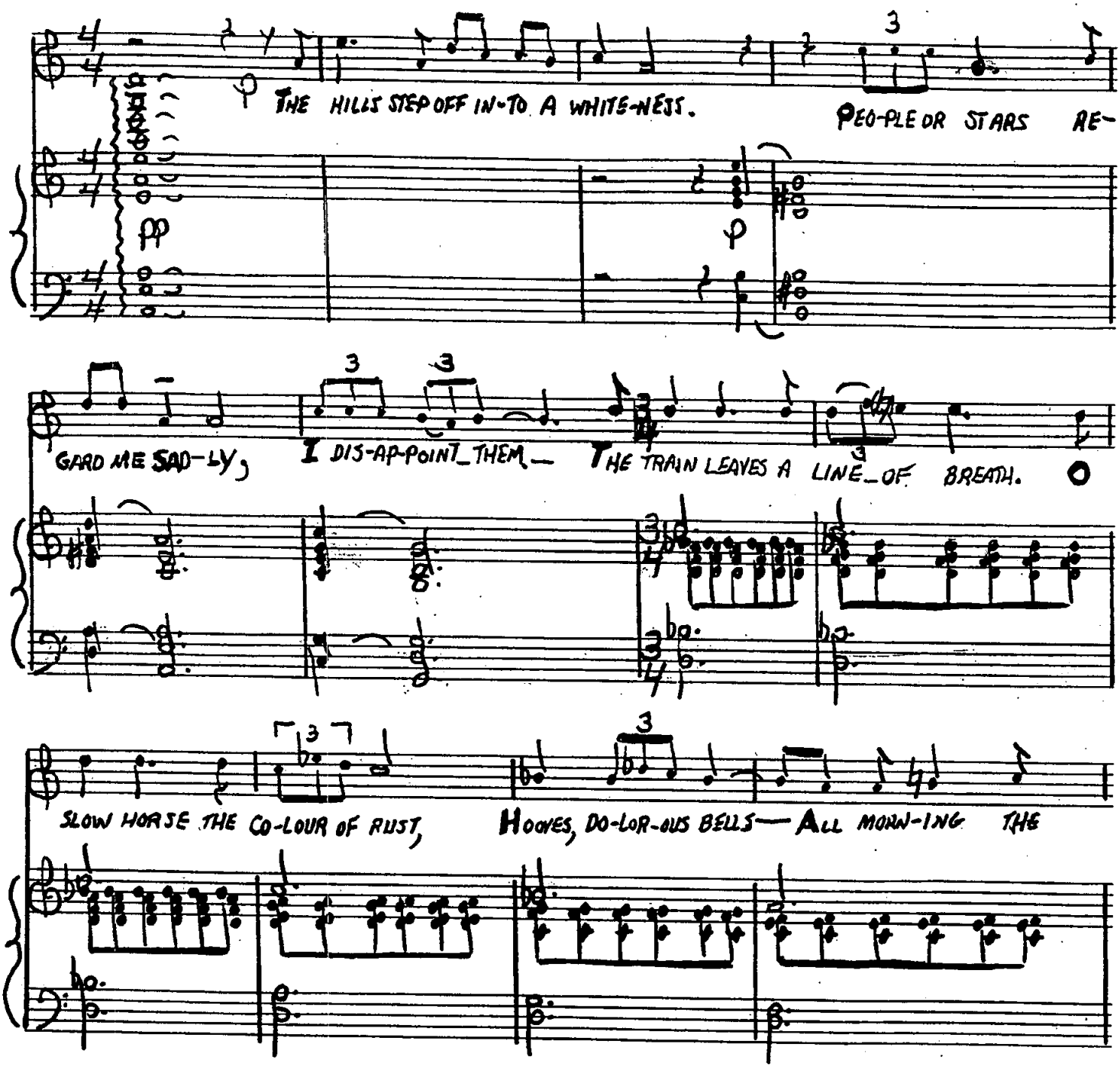

A-CID IN A SEALED TIN?
mf DO NOT AC-CEPT IT.
f IT IS NOT GEN-U-INE.
mp A
RING OF GOLD WITH THE SUN IN IT?
mf LIES.
LIES AND A GRIEF.
FROST ON A LEAF; THE IM-

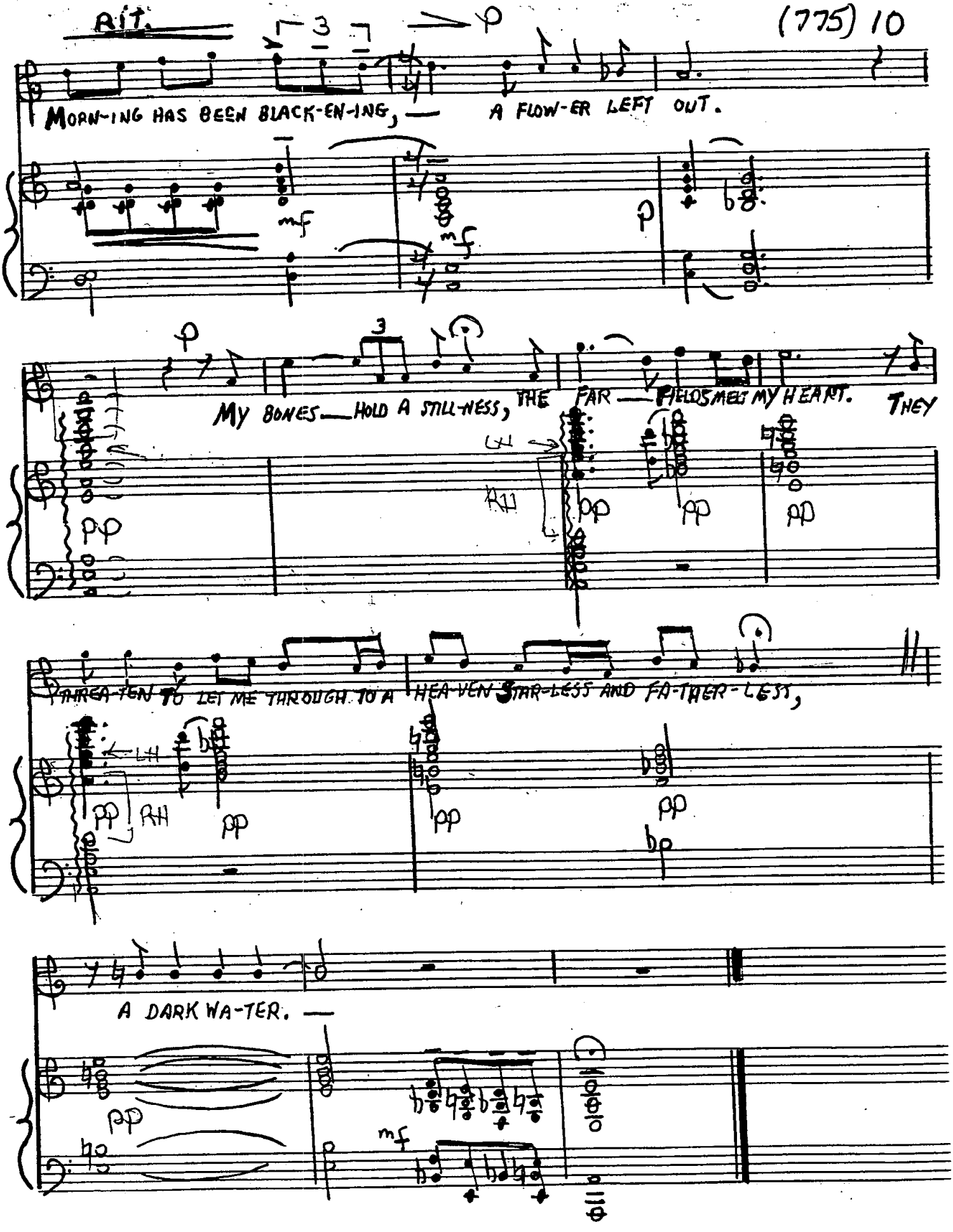

-MA - CU - LATE CAUL - DRON, TALK — ING AND CRACK — ING f ALL
— TO IT - SELF — ON THE TOP — OF EACH OF NINE BLACK ALPS. —
SLOWLY
A DIS — TUR-BANCE IN MIR-RORS, —
RIT.
THE SEA SHAT-TER-ING ITS GREY ONE —
BROADER


f LOVE, — f LOVE, — f MY — SEA — SON. —

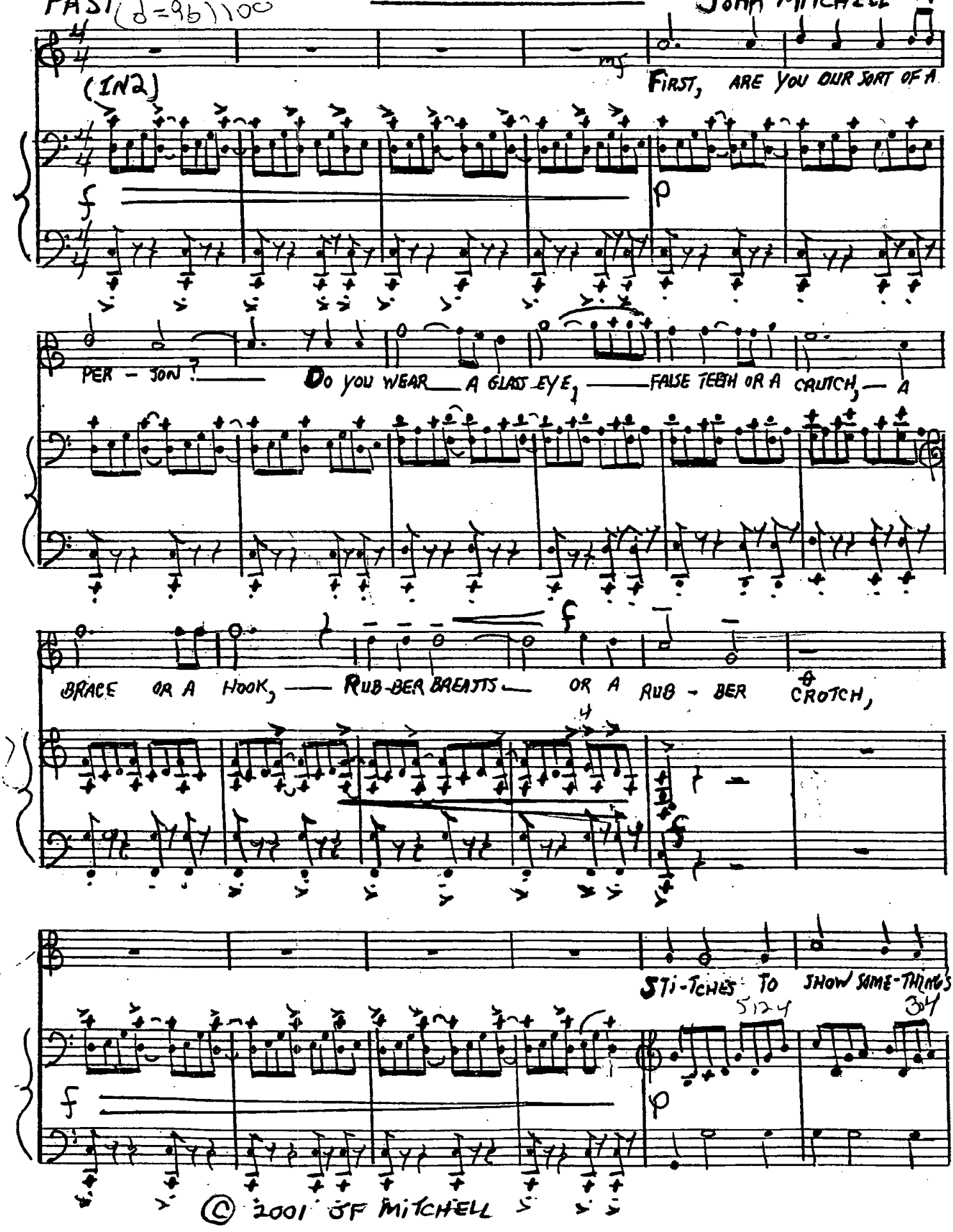
3. SHEEP IN FOG

SLOW

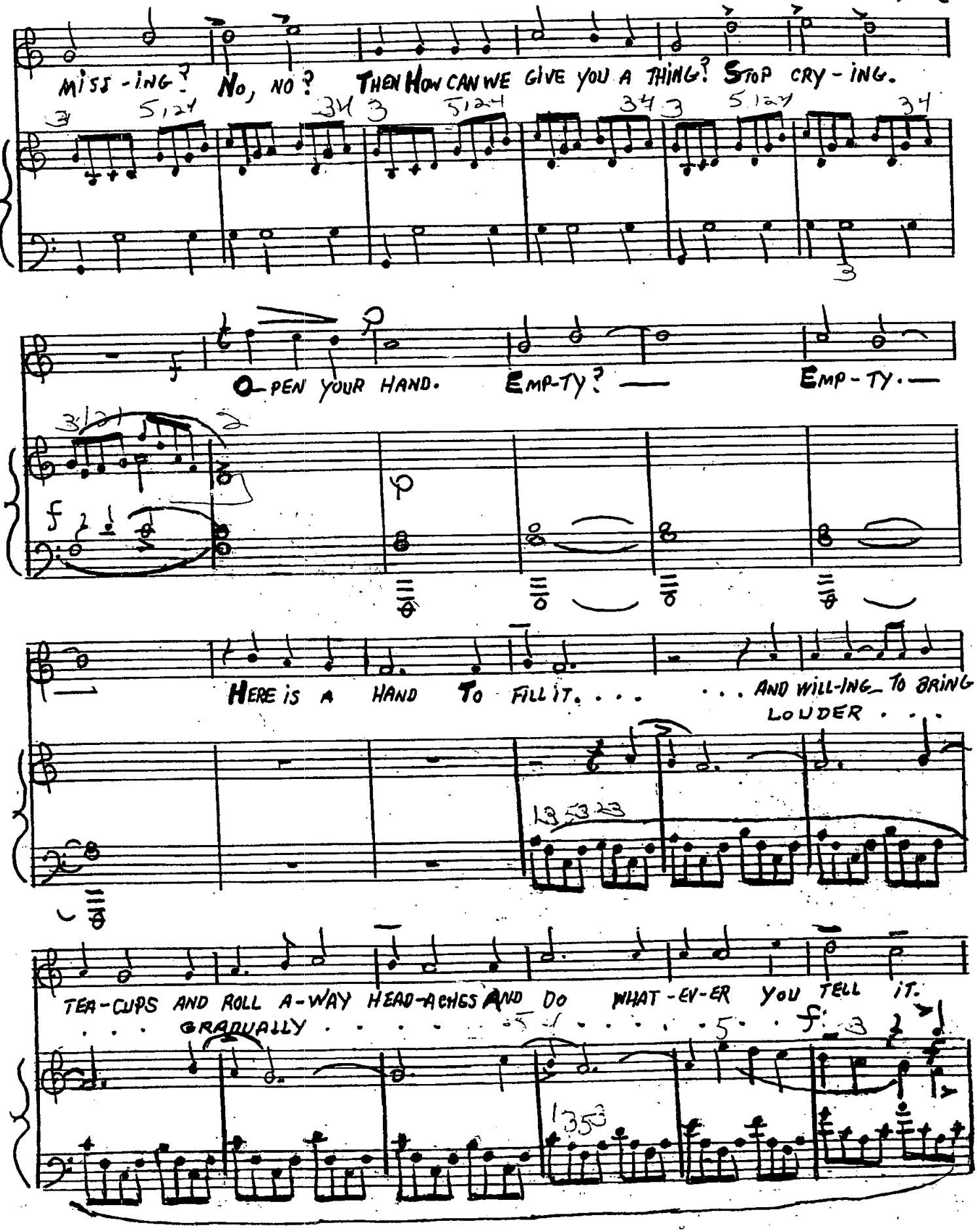


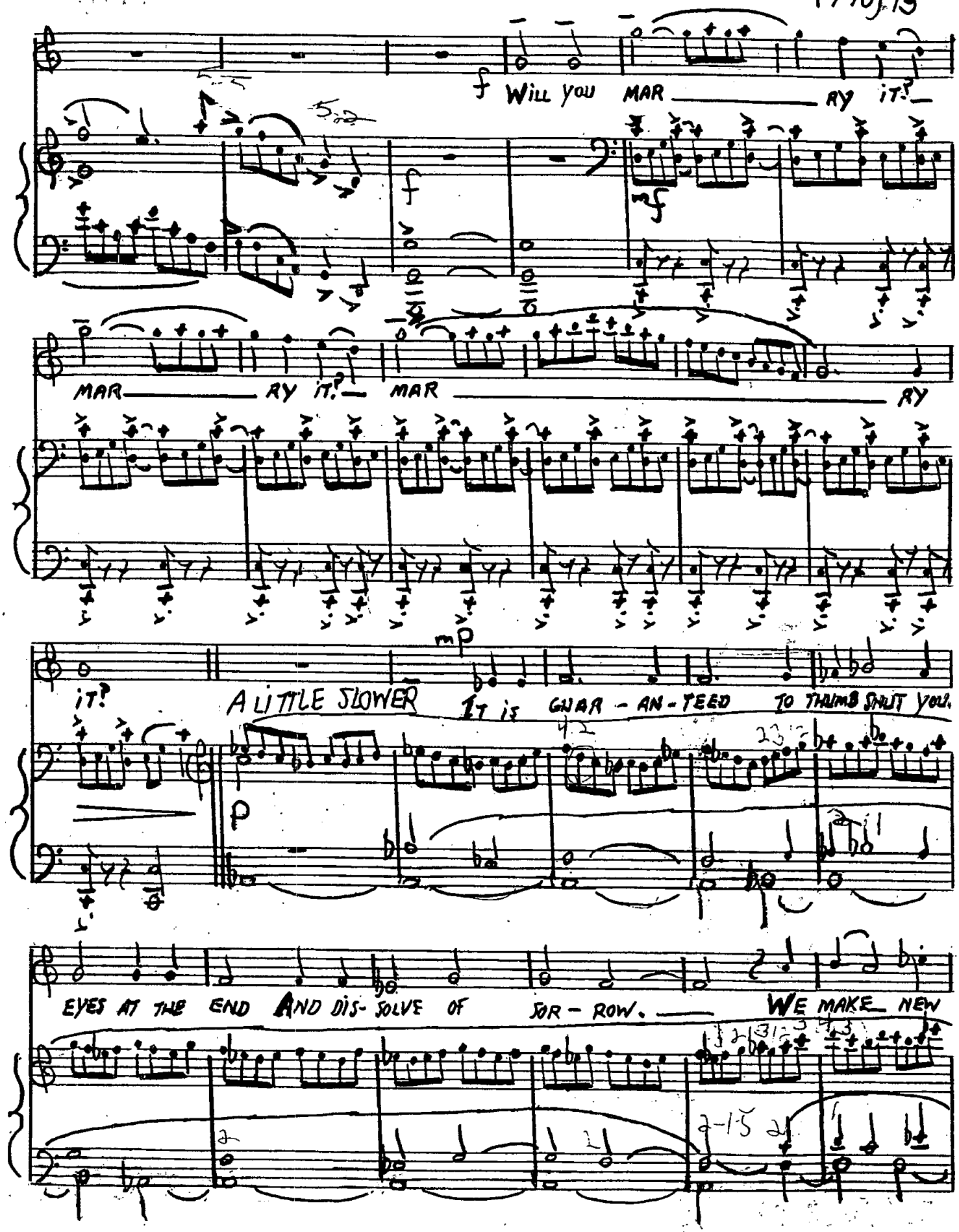

Rit.
MORN-ING HAS BEEN BLACK-EN-ING, — A FLOW-ER LEFT OUT.
MY BONES — HOLD A STILL-NESS, THE FAR — FIELDS MELT MY HEART. THEY
THREA-TEN TO LET ME THROUGH TO A HEA-VEN STAR-LESS AND FA-THER-LESS,
A DARK WA-TER. —

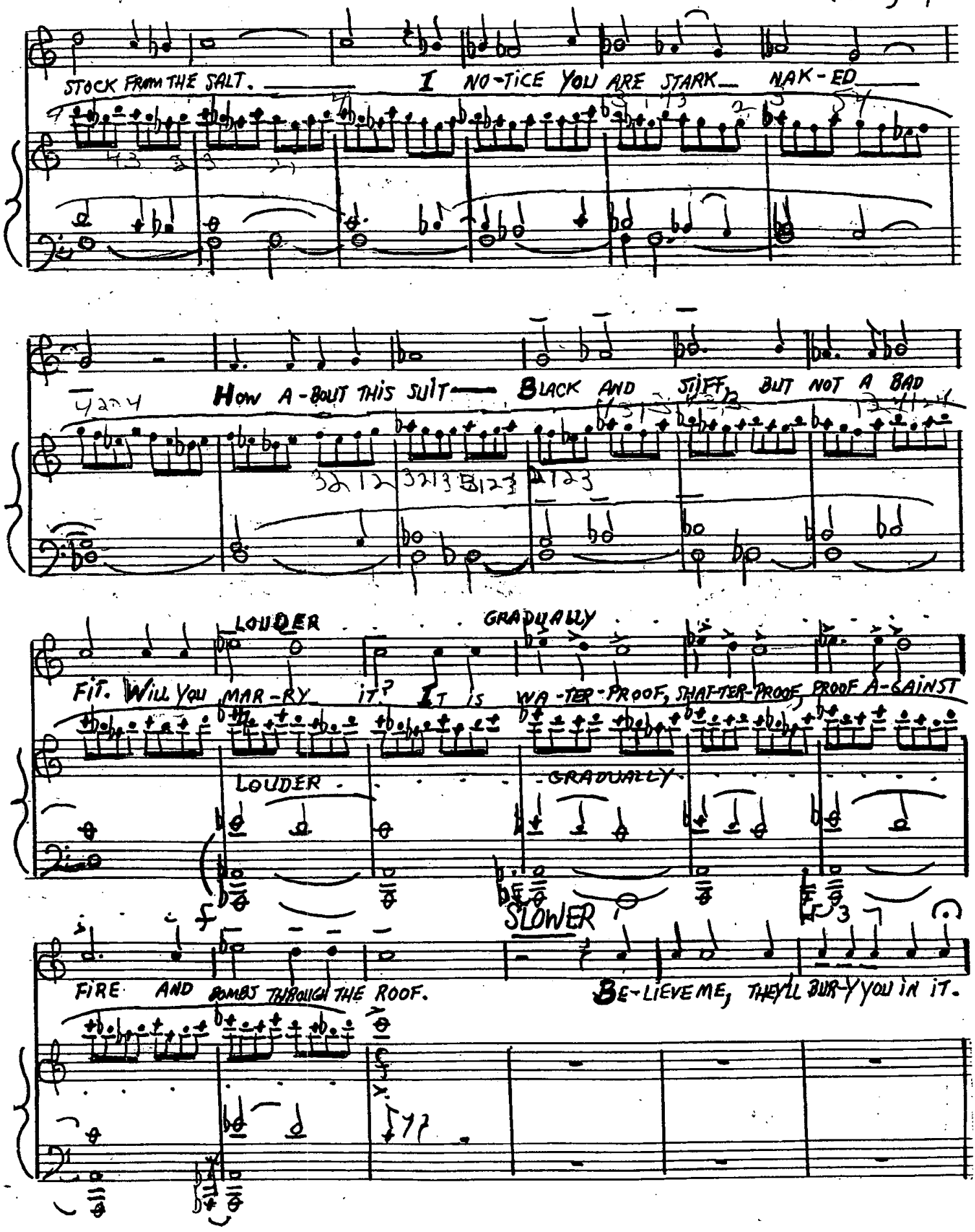
FAST (♩=96)100 SYLVIA PLATH **4. THE APPLICANT** John MITCHELL (7/6) 11



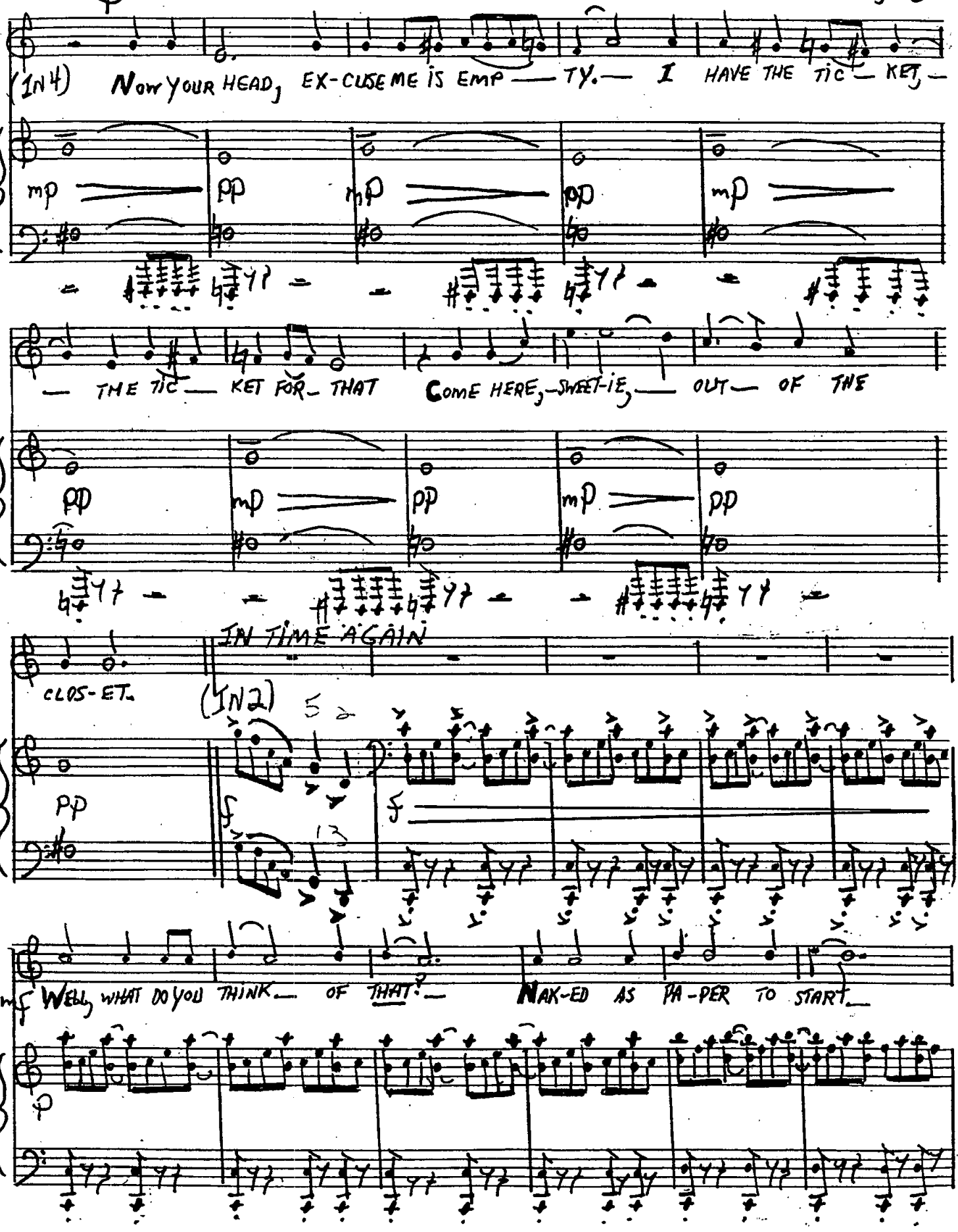
© 2001 JF MITCHELL

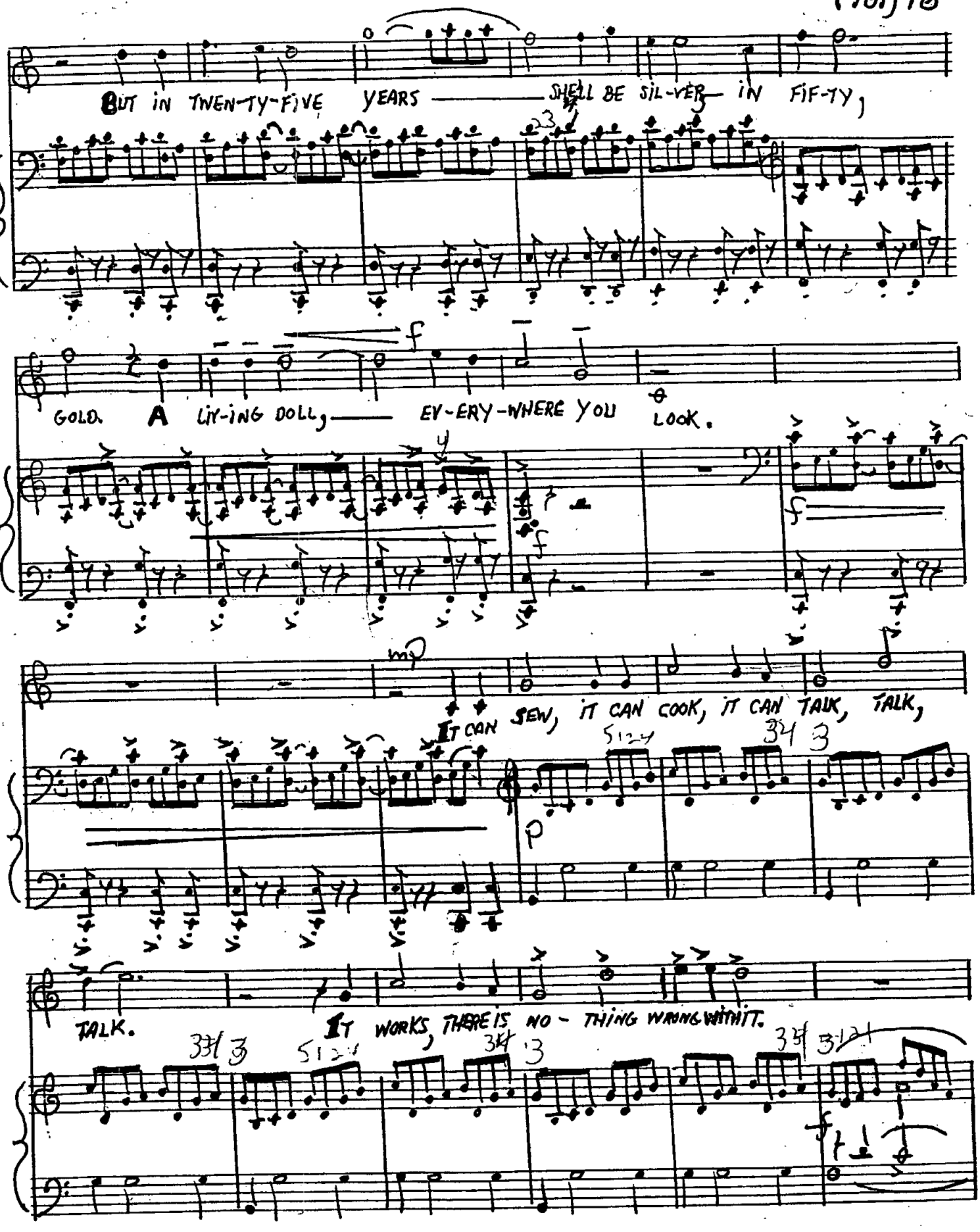

MISS-ING? NO, NO? THEN HOW CAN WE GIVE YOU A THING? STOP CRY-ING.
OPEN YOUR HAND. EMP-TY? — EMP-TY. —
HERE IS A HAND TO FILL IT. . . . . AND WILL-ING TO BRING
LOUDER . . .
TEA-CUPS AND ROLL A-WAY HEAD-ACHES AND DO WHAT-EV-ER YOU TELL IT.
. . . GRADUALLY . . . . . f

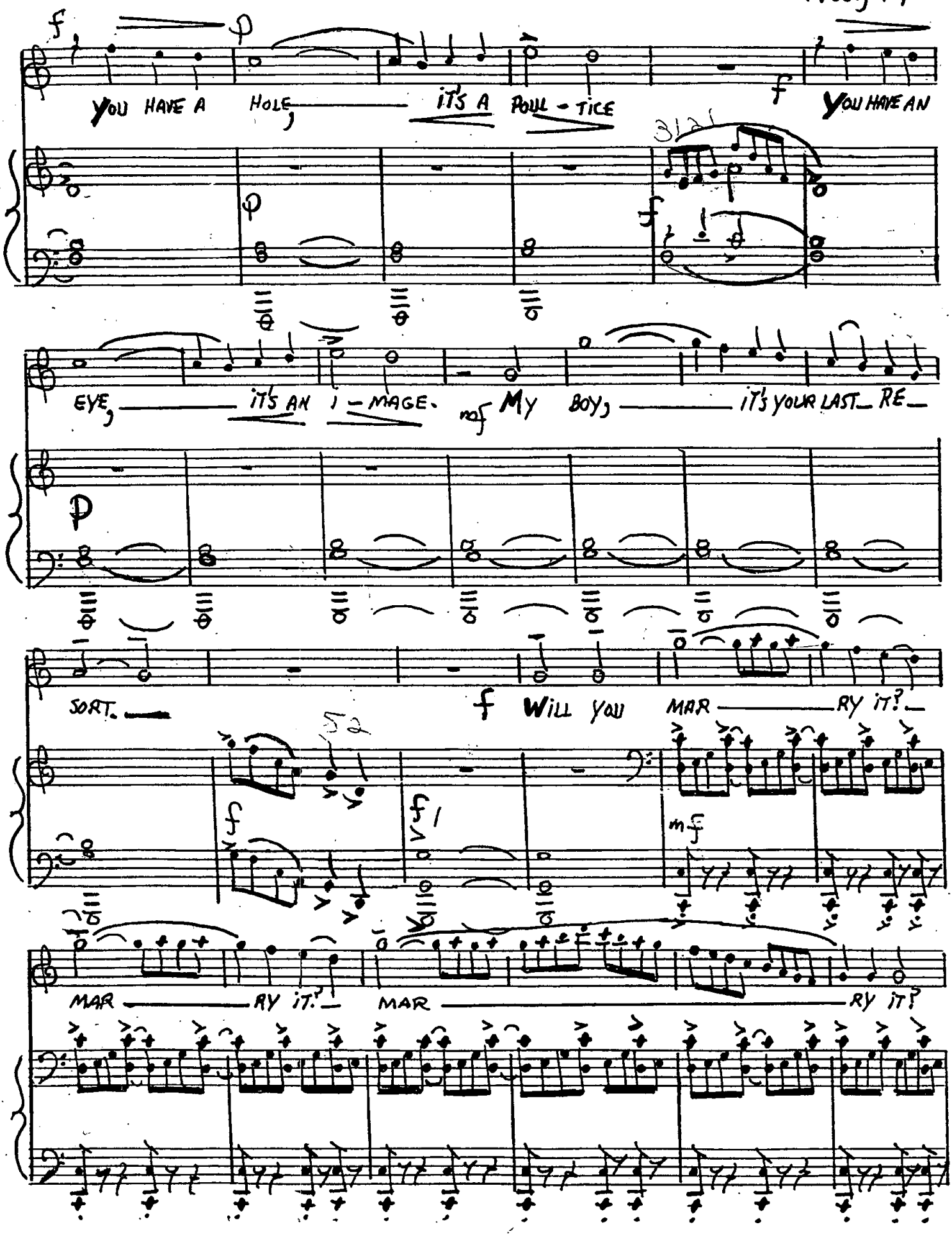

f WILL YOU MAR ___ RY IT? ___
MAR ___ RY IT? ___ MAR ___ RY
IT?
mp
A LITTLE SLOWER IT IS GUAR - AN - TEED TO THAWS SHUT YOU
p
EYES AT THE END AND DIS- SOLVE OF SOR - ROW. ___ WE MAKE NEW

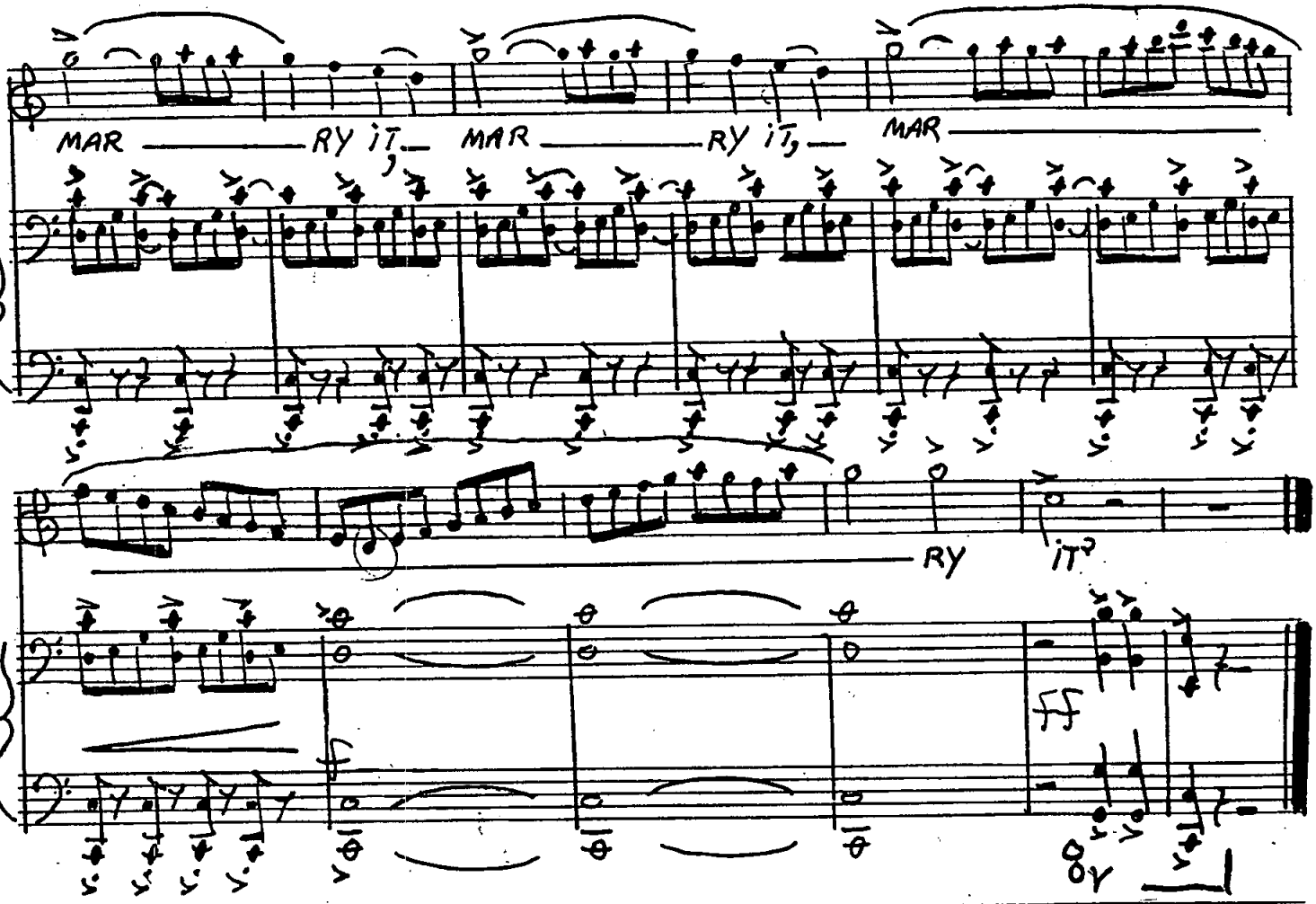

STOCK FROM THE SALT.
I NO-TICE YOU ARE STARK NAK-ED
HOW A-BOUT THIS SUIT— BLACK AND STIFF, BUT NOT A BAD
LOUDER
GRADUALLY
FIT. WILL YOU MAR-RY IT? IT IS WA-TER-PROOF, SHAT-TER-PROOF, PROOF A-GAINST
LOUDER
GRADUALLY
SLOWER
FIRE AND BOMBS THROUGH THE ROOF.
BE-LIEVE ME, THEY'LL BUR-Y YOU IN IT.

SLOWLY


(IN4) NOW YOUR HEAD, EX-CUSE ME IS EMP — TY. — I HAVE THE TIC — KET, —
— THE TIC — KET FOR — THAT COME HERE, — SWEET-IE, — OUT — OF THE
CLOS-ET.
IN TIME AGAIN
(IN2)
WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK — OF THAT? — NAK-ED AS PA-PER TO START —


BUT IN TWEN-TY-FIVE YEARS — SHELL BE SIL-VER— IN FIF-TY,
GOLD. A LIV-ING DOLL, — EV-ERY-WHERE YOU LOOK.
IT CAN SEW, IT CAN COOK, IT CAN TALK, TALK,
TALK. IT WORKS, THERE IS NO-THING WRONG WITH IT.


f
p
YOU HAVE A HOLE, IT'S A POUL-TICE
f
YOU HAVE AN
EYE, IT'S AN I-MAGE. mf MY BOY, IT'S YOUR LAST RE-
p
SORT.
f WILL YOU MAR RY IT?
mf
MAR RY IT? MAR RY IT?


MAR RY IT,
MAR RY IT,
MAR
RY
IT?
ff
8va
2-18-01