

0
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
00
000
000

00000000

000000
00 000
00000 0000

00000000
0 00
00000

00 0000——
00000
0000000

0000000
0000000000
0000000

0000
0000000
0000 0000 0000

—————

Sheep In Fog

Sylvia Plath

The hills step off into whiteness.
People or stars
Regard me sadly, I disappoint them.

The train leaves a line of breath.
O slow
Horse the colour of rust,

Hooves, dolorous bells ----
All morning the
Morning has been blackening,

A flower left out.
My bones hold a stillness, the far
Fields melt my heart.

They threaten
To let me through to a heaven
Starless and fatherless, a dark water.

002023

[RSS feed](#) [Search](#) [Email](#) [QR Code](#) 000

Made with [Montaigne](#) and [bigmission](#) 