*Mad Girl’s Love Song*

Sylvia Plath (1932-1963)

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead,

I lift my lids and all is born again.

(I think I made you up inside my head)

The stars go waltzing out in blue and red,

And arbitrary darkness gallops in.

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I dreamed that you bewitched me into bed

And sung me moon-struck, kissed me quite insane.

(I think I made you up inside my head).

God topples from the sky, hell’s fires fade:

Exit seraphim and enter Satan’s men:

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

I fancied you’d return the way you said.

But I grow old and I forget your name.

(I think I made you up inside my head).

I should have loved a thunderbird instead;

At least when spring comes they roar back again.

I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

(I think I made you up inside my head).