

Lady Lazarus

Comment [S1]: Dead but brought back to life by Jesus → he was a man!

I have done it again.
One year in every ten
I manage it----

A sort of walking miracle, my skin
Bright as a Nazi lampshade,
My right foot

Comment [S2]: 1. The Holocaust/nazi imagery → suggest confinement, exploitation, control
a. Justification:
i. Lack of control/equality
ii. death
b. Reflects role of women
c. Plath's status in her marriage
d.

A paperweight,
My face a featureless, fine
Jew linen.

Comment [Kev3]: stripped of identity, became an object, not human anymore

Peel off the napkin
O my enemy.
Do I terrify?----

Comment [S4]: Featureless vs. terrify

The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth?
The sour breath
Will vanish in a day.

Comment [S5]: Use of body parts shows how the author looks/appears to be a human, physically

Soon, soon the flesh
The grave cave ate will be
At home on me

And I a smiling woman.
I am only thirty.
And like the cat I have nine times to die.

Comment [S6]: Rebirth → death isn't really the end → death is the start of a new cycle; regeneration and power → only thing she has control over, but she keeps getting saved

This is Number Three.
What a trash
To annihilate each decade.

What a million filaments.
The peanut-crunching crowd
Shoves in to see

Comment [S7]: A show for the peanut-crunching crowd = seems to be lower class vs. gentlemen, ladies = higher class

Them unwrap me hand and foot
The big strip tease.
Gentlemen, ladies

Comment [S8]: Refer back to grave cave, people are there to see her suffering

Comment [S9]: WOMEN = COMMODITY, they are physically stripped bare, uniform exploitation

These are my hands
My knees.
I may be skin and bone,

Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman.
The first time it happened I was ten.
It was an accident.

The second time I meant
To last it out and not come back at all.
I rocked shut

Comment [S10]: Prefers to be left alone to die instead of being saved

As a seashell.
They had to call and call
And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.

Dying
Is an art, like everything else,
I **do it** exceptionally well.

I **do it** so it feels like hell.
I **do it** so it feels real.
I guess you could say I've a call.

It's easy enough **to do it** in a cell.
It's easy enough **to do it** and stay put.
It's the theatrical

Comeback in broad day
To the same place, the same face, the same brute
Amused shout:

'A miracle!'
That knocks me out.
There is a **charge**

Comment [S11]: Brought back to life, just like Lazarus.. a miracle from God

For the eyeing of my **scars**, there is a **charge**
For the hearing of my heart----
It really goes.

And there is a charge, a very large **charge**
For a word or a touch
Or a bit of blood

Or a piece of my hair or my clothes.
So, so, Herr Doktor.
So, Herr Enemy.

I am your opus,
I am your valuable,
The **pure gold baby**

Comment [S12]: ðlɔn your creation ó LOSS OF IDENTITY

That melts to a shriek.
I turn and burn.
Do not think I underestimate your great concern.

Comment [S13]: Does whatever she is asked to do, even though it may cause physical pain

Ash, ash ---
You poke and stir.
Flesh, bone, there is nothing there----

A cake of soap,
A wedding ring,
A gold filling.

Comment [S14]: Cake of soap, wedding ring, gold filling = things of value, esp ring and gold filling

Herr God, Herr Lucifer
Beware
Beware.

Out of the **ash**
I rise with my red **hair**
And I eat men like air.

Comment [S15]: Easy like breathing (even though she prefers death over life)