

## 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]:** ölm̄n your creationö 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)