"Mirror"

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
What ever you see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful--The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.

Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.

Sylvia Plath (1961)

"Mirror" personification * Sylvia ub project no bias./no judgm. Plath (1961) lex bases * Ches I am silver and exact Thave no preconceptions. What ever you see I swallow immediately - cojument Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike. people don't must or like I am not cruel, only truthful--the truth The eye of a little god, four-cornered. Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.(دليب) It is pink, with speckless have looked at it so long | wyw It is pink, with speckles of have looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so long | Value of the looked at it so looked at it so looked at it so looked at it so look Faces and darkness separate us over and over. Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,

Searching my reaches for what -1 FDmy vs. night / truth vs. lies & symbolic) Searching my reaches for what she really is. Then she turns to those liars the candles or the moon.) hide truth? I see her back, and reflect it faithfully. widim light thankless She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands. both swithing for of (I am important to her. She comes and goes. >validation sant? In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman gurther lave "Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish sorces m= Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish. tourface for * (morror * ages/time= there rapped by I simile = aged uman mouns over bost beauti * Fre verse (w/] poem is about rhythme, not set, but meant to project emotions aesthetics + vanity that the morror (to evoke the reads) an not understand X 5 tonzas (2) = 9-lines each fixed rhyme scheme (9-lives)(ABABBCBCC) not Spensonian stanza, = bec. no Narcissistic quality of the Sur image: a) grow invarity @ beauty-orb) disappointment to imperfection or expectation of Plath helped advance the subgence of "Confessional foetry" of the 1950s-1960s