

Witness, Sylvia Plath

Catch me on my downfall
Recommend a path to climb
Help me bury hatchets after we finish this ax to grind
Meet me by the orchid
Teach me how to paint a portrait of life
I just might, show you the one I recorded
I forfeited before, booked tour, planned to skip town
Set up by the river that shivers whenever kids drown
This sound is dedicated to devils in dresses
that collect the heads of sexist men to decorate their necklace
Adorn their breasts with broken hearts and medals of bitterness
Trading angel wings so they can share a pair with Icarus
In the midst of this, she sits alone, burning sandalwood
No return on the girl in the mirror labeled damaged goods
Women fight with competition
Men fight with inkblots
Girls stab backs and boys fight with slingshots
When God breathes a little life in my windsock
Imma pray she flies free when she has her wings chopped
First to the last, dress the women in black
Well studied students of the school of Sylvia Plath
They got me down to science
Figured out the chemistry
Thank you for being the birth and the death of me
Rest in peace love, stab me with your forked tongue
Here's my back to pull your sword from when the inner war's done
I know a girl who brings sun from the storm
I know a girl who wants to run from the norm
I know a girl who wants a father figure form
and she'll make him feel loved drawing blood from her thorns
Never burn a bra if you're seeking support
And it isn't your affection that he's beating you for
I see millions of inner children that you've killed in your past
My beloved students of the school of Sylvia Plath
Don't point a finger
I didn't distort the picture
Wake up, look inside, take a look at your sisters and just
Rest

Amongst the cobwebs in the attic sits my sister's rocking horse
And the creaking still echoes in spite of my mothers cringing
When the snow starting falling, she finally locked the door
To mute the whispers of winter and it's painfully subtle singing
(Snow Angels don't die) I can barely remember
I've been busy building walls since the month of November
She was painted in the leaves of autumn before the storm
Borrowed my scarf that morning, promise me it kept her warm
Promise me she saw flowers, promise me she heard birds chirping
Sitting by the window sill, when she opened her curtain
Drape the snow like velvet over cheekbones, leaving her impression
The moment just before she leaves home, i'm tracing the shape of the part of me she pillaged, and
Annie, I'm sorry that I spilled hot chocolate on your dress and made you cry that morning on easter
Make me a shade of green, stripe the heavens as a message to let me know you got the toys by yo
This forest wears your shadow and its roots bear your essence
And it doesn't plan to change, for as far as I can see.
(If you need a nightlight, paint me a rainbow
Look both ways, wipe the snow from your halo
If you need anything, you can always say so
I'm in the place where you left your snow angel)