

# 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)