

Morning Song Full Poem

Writer: Sylvia Plath | Generated: Jan 26, 2026

Morning Song

By [Sylvia Plath](#) (1932 - 1963)

Love set you going like a fat gold watch. The midwife slapped your footsoles, and your bald cry
Took its place among the elements.

Our voices echo, magnifying your arrival. New statue. In a drafty museum, your nakedness
Shadows our safety. We stand round blankly as walls.

I'm no more your mother Than the cloud that distills a mirror to reflect its own slow Effacement
at the wind's hand.

All night your moth-breath Flickers among the flat pink roses. I wake to listen: A far sea moves
in my ear.

One cry, and I stumble from bed, cow-heavy and floral In my Victorian nightgown. Your mouth
opens clean as a cat's. The window square

Whitens and swallows its dull stars. And now you try Your handful of notes; The clear vowels
rise like balloons.

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