

# The Arrival of the Bee Box

smooth imagery

imagery of dimensions + weight

possessive  
1st person  
assonance

I ordered this, this clean wood box  
Square as a chair and almost too heavy to lift.  
I would say it was the coffin of a midget — metaphor, alluding to mutation/deformity  
Or a square baby — repetition of square; confined/order  
Were there not such a din in it. — noise of the bees  
The box is locked, it is dangerous. — inaccessible danger of what's inside  
I have to live with it overnight — fascination; desire to see within  
And I can't keep away from it. — cell-like darkness  
There are no windows, so I can't see what is in there. — with no escape  
There is only a little grid, no exit. — metaphor for Plath's mind

I put my eye to the grid.  
It is dark, dark. — repetition to emphasise the inescapable darkness  
With the swarthy feeling of African hands — metaphor alluding to slavery  
Minute and shrunken for export, — smallness/helpless  
Black on black, angrily clambering. — emotive chaos/assonance  
} desire to release the enslaved.

How can I let them out? — rhetorical question shows control of the persona  
It is the noise that appalls me most of all, — emotive, expression of disgust/repugnance  
The unintelligible syllables. — emphasising lack of understanding/chaos  
It is like a Roman mob, — simile  
Small, taken one by one, but my god, together! — exclamatory of the power of the whole  
as opposed to the alone.

I lay my ear to furious Latin. — metaphor used to extend 'Roman mob' simile.  
I am not a Caesar. — cannot rule over or control the bees as the Roman emperor.  
I have simply ordered a box of maniacs. — metaphor alluding to derogatory ways to address mental illness.  
They can be sent back. — consumer-like, a product to be returned  
They can die, I need feed them nothing, I am the owner. — establishing ownership of the product of her whim.

I wonder how hungry they are. — curiosity of her actual power over them.  
I wonder if they would forget me — dismissive  
If I just undid the locks and stood back and turned into a tree. — extended metaphor turning the persona into parts of a tree.  
There is the laburnum, its blond colonnades,  
And the petticoats of the cherry.

They might ignore me immediately — bee-keeper suit, metaphor, shrouded like one in mourning.  
In my moon suit and funeral veil. — links to the space age (science).  
I am no source of honey — metaphor, no sweetness or life to be found in her.  
So why should they turn on me? — rhetorical question  
Tomorrow I will be sweet God, I will set them free. — assertion of power, the divine nature of the self to offer freedom

The box is only temporary. — can only contain the chaos temporarily.

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## Main concerns

- \* The inner workings of the mind/seeking control amongst the chaos.
- \* The fascination and curiosity with the chaotic inner self, as both frightening and cathartic.
- \* There is apprehension and despair behind the persona's power and control
- \* The bee box is a symbol of the persona's (Plath?) trapped mental state.
- \* Plath wonders if her thoughts will turn on her once free.