

**Daddy**

Suggestion of time: out of the comfort zone.  
 Scolding in tone. he is no longer her.  
 Directive  
 natural term of endearment: - childlike voice.  
 repetition of assonance/internal rhyme → wised rhyme.

**You do not do, you do not do**

Any more, black shoe  
 In which I have lived like a foot  
 For thirty years, poor and white,  
 Barely daring to breathe or Ach too

Daddy, I have had to kill you.  
 You died before I had time—  
 Marble-heavy, a bag full of God,  
 Ghastly statue with one gray toe  
 Big as Frisco seal

And a head in the freakish Atlantic  
 Where it pours bean green over blue  
 In the waters off beautiful Nauset.  
 I used to pray to recover you.  
 Ach, du. — German 'oh, you!'

In the German tongue, in the Polish town  
 Scraped flat by the roller  
 Of wars, wars, wars. — repetition; constant destruction  
 But the name of the town is common.  
 My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.  
 So I never could tell where you  
 Put your foot, your root, — metaphor  
 The tongue stuck in my jaw. — metaphor; inability to connect.

It stuck in a barb wire snare. — metaphor  
 Ich, ich, ich, ich. — 'I, I, I, I' → personal stutter  
 I could hardly speak.

And the language obscene — Daddy  
 An engine, an engine  
 Chuffing me off like a Jew. — simile; she is also the unwanted/abandoned

A Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Belsen. — concentration camps.  
 I began to talk like a Jew. — Father as the cruel oppressive Jew.  
 I think I may well be a Jew. — Jew as the weak and passive, Jew

level of suffering comparable to Jews in concentration camp. powerful imagery.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Vienna  
 Are not very pure or true.  
 With my gipsy ancestress and my weird luck  
 And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack  
 I may be a bit of a Jew. — metaphor of her Jewish father.

I have always been scared of you.  
 With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.  
 And your neat moustache  
 And your Aryan eye, bright blue.  
 Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You

Not God but a swastika  
 So black no sky could squeak through.  
 Every woman adores a Fascist,  
 The boot in the face, the brute  
 Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the blackboard, daddy,  
 In the picture I have of you,  
 A cleft in your chin instead of your foot  
 But no less a devil for that, no not  
 Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red heart in two.  
 I was ten when they buried you.  
 At twenty I tried to die  
 And get back, back, back to you.  
 I thought even the bones would do.

But they pulled me out of the sack,  
 And they stuck me together with glue.  
 And then I knew what to do.  
 I made a model of you,  
 A man in black with a Mein Kampf book

And a love of the rack and the screw.  
 And I said I do, I do.  
 So daddy, I'm finally through.  
 The black telephone's off at the root,  
 The voices just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've killed two —  
 The vampire who said he was you — metaphor for Hughes  
 And drank my blood for a year, — Hughes drained the life from her  
 Seven years, if you want to know.  
 Daddy, you can lie back now.

There's a stake in your fat black heart  
 And the villagers never liked you.  
 They are dancing and stamping on you.  
 They always knew it was you.  
 Daddy, daddy, you bastard, I'm through.

colour imagery  
 metaphor: killing of the vampire  
 celebration of the death of the oppressor

desire for freedom from male oppressors in her life. She is "through" with "daddy"  
 12 October 1962

italian reveal the obvious realization  
 critics? audience based on previous works?  
 final repetition

childlike emotive adult