

Morning Song

impersonal

simile suggesting detachment / separation. mechanicalness

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

sense of anonymity
nature; relationship to natural world is contrasting to other imagery

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

short, distinct phrasing. Emotional

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

mother in nature only; no bond

simile of emotional detachment.

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

personification of nature

suggests a clouded alienation + loss of individuality

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

contorted natural imagery; wallpaper?

animal imagery; feeling of motherhood

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

desensitised

simile / imagery. Neediness of a baby.

detail time -> present tense

oxymoron

simile; easiness / lightness.

19 February 1961

Intellectual reaction

Imagery; the hospital at museum

Instinctual + physical reaction

Imagery of own childhood by the sea; detachment instinct

imagery of a new day

synaesthesia

Conflict between natural imagery and man-made
contrast between theme + setting.