# John Reads "Lady Lazarus" by Sylvia Plath

Crash Course: Literature
https://youtube.com/watch?v=auP1bHAglU0
https://nerdfighteria.info/v/auP1bHAglU0

I have done it again. One year in every ten I manage it —  A sort of walking miracle, my skin Bright as a Nazi lampshade, My right foot A paperweight, My face a featureless, fine Jew linen.  Peel off the napkin O my enemy. Do I terrify? —  The nose, the eye pits, the full set of teeth? The sour breath Will vanish in a day.  Soon, soon the flesh The grave cave ate will be At home on me  And I a smiling woman. I am only thirty. And like the cat I have nine times to die. This is Number Three. What a trash To annihilate each decade. What a million filaments. The peanut-crunching crowd Shoves in to see  Them unwrap me hand and foot The big strip tease. Gentlemen, ladies  These are my hands My knees. I may be skin and bone,  Nevertheless, I am the same, identical woman. The first time it happened I was ten. It was an accident.  The second time I meant To last it out and not come back at all. I rocked shut  As a seashell. They had to call and call And pick the worms off me like sticky pearls.  Dying Is an art, like everything else, I do it exceptionally well.  I do it so it feels like hell. I do it so it feels real. I guess you could say I've a call.  It's easy enough to do it in a cell. It's easy enough to do it and stay put. It's the theatrical  Comeback in broad day To the same place, the same face, the same brute Amused shout:  'A miracle!' That knocks me out. There is a charge For the eyeing of my scars, there is a charge For the hearing of my heart — It really goes.  And there is a charge, a very large charge For a word or a touch Or a bit of blood  Or a piece of my hair or my clothes. So, so, Herr Doktor. So, Herr Enemy.  I am your opus, I am your valuable, The pure gold baby  That melts to a shriek. I turn and burn. Do not think I underestimate your great concern.  Ash, ash — You poke and stir. Flesh, bone, there is nothing there —  A cake of soap, A wedding ring, A gold filling.  Herr God, Herr Lucifer Beware Beware.  Out of the ash I rise with my red hair And I eat men like air.