

Daddy - Sylvia Plath

1. Verb
2. Noun
3. Adjective
4. Verb (Ed)
5. Noun
6. Noun
7. Adjective
8. Adjective
9. Adjective
10. Adjective
11. Noun
12. Adjective
13. Verb (Ing)
14. Location
15. Location
16. Adjective
17. Noun
18. Noun
19. Adjective
20. Noun
21. Noun
22. Noun
23. Noun

- 24. Number
- 25. Verb (Ed)
- 26. Past Tense Verb
- 27. Plural Noun
- 28. Verb (Ed)
- 29. Noun
- 30. Noun
- 31. Plural Noun
- 32. Past Tense Verb
- 33. Number
- 34. Noun
- 35. Body Part
- 36. Verb (Ing)
- 37. Noun

Daddy - Sylvia Plath

You do not do, you do not Verb

Any more, black shoe

In which I have lived like a Noun

For thirty years, poor and Adjective

Barely daring to breathe or Achoo.

Daddy, I have had to kill you.

You Verb (ed) before I had time--

Marble-heavy, a bag full of Noun

Ghastly

_____ Noun with one gray toe

Big as a Frisco seal

And a head in the _____ Adjective Atlantic

Where it pours bean green over blue

In the waters off _____ Adjective Nauset.

I used to pray to recover you.

Ach, du.

In the German tongue, in the _____ Adjective town

Scraped flat by the roller

Of wars, wars, wars.

But the name of the town is Adjective.

My Polack friend

Says there are a dozen or two.

So I never could tell where you

Put your foot, your Noun

I never could talk to you.

The tongue stuck in my jaw.

It stuck in a barb wire snare.

Ich, ich, ich, ich,

I could hardly speak.

I thought every German was you.

And the language Adjective

An engine, an engine

Verb (. ing) me off like a Jew.

A

Jew to Dachau, Auschwitz, Location.

I began to talk like a Jew.

I think I may well be a Jew.

The snows of the Tyrol, the clear beer of Location

Are not very pure or true.

With my Adjective ancestress and my weird luck

And my Taroc pack and my Taroc pack

I may be a bit of a Jew.

I have always been scared of you,

With your Luftwaffe, your gobbledygoo.

And your neat mustache

And your Aryan Noun bright blue.

Panzer-man, panzer-man, O You--

Not God but a Noun

So Adjective no sky could squeak through.

Every woman adores a Fascist,

The Noun in the face, the brute

Brute heart of a brute like you.

You stand at the Noun daddy,

In the picture I have of you,

A cleft in your Noun instead of your foot

But no less a devil for that, no not

Any less the black man who

Bit my pretty red Noun in two.

I was Number when they Verb (ed) you.

At twenty I _____Past tense verb_____to die

And get back, back, back to you.

I thought even the _____Plural noun_____would do.

But they _____Verb (. ed)_____me out of the sack,

And they stuck me together with _____Noun_____.

And then I knew what to do.

I made a model of you,

A man in black with a Meinkampf look

And a love of the rack and the Noun.

And I said I do, I do.

So daddy, I'm finally through.

The black telephone's off at the root,

The Plural noun just can't worm through.

If I've killed one man, I've Past tense verb two--

The vampire who said he was you

And drank my blood for a year,

Number years, if you want to know.

Daddy,

you can lie back now.

There's a Noun in your fat black Body part

And the villagers never liked you.

They are Verb (ing) and stamping on you.

They always knew it was you.

Daddy, daddy, you Noun I'm through.