

# Fever/Fever 103°

Amy Newman

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Hughes: You had a fever. You had a real ailment.

Plath: Pure? What does it mean?

Amy: *This is what I mean. The White Goddess gets a fever.*

You lay helpless and a little bit crazy  
With the fever. You cried for America  
And its medicine cupboard.

The ghastly orchid

Hanging its hanging garden in the air,

*The girl hanging there in a fairy story. The sheet's a fulcrum, hot chapter.*

*It's human romance. Why burn?*

I bustled about

I was nursemaid. I fancied myself at that.

Darling, all night

I have been flickering, off, on, off, on.

*["And I screamed in myself, thinking: oh, to give myself crashing, fighting, to you."] He's tall, he carries poems, he doesn't give a fuck for anything*

I promised you

Your body

Hurts me as the world hurts God. I am a lantern

*Babies and writing and sex. The goddess pares  
down to human skin. Tall and hard the hungry boy.*

What I was really saying was "stop crying wolf."

Does not my heat astound you. And my light.

*And he didn't want the babies, he would later say, so*

You were overloaded. I said nothing.

(My selves dissolving, old whore petticoats)

*Dissolving. What's not to see? What's not to understand?*

# The Hanging Man/The Tender Place

*Amy Newman*

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Plath: By the roots of my hair some god got hold of me.

Hughes: Your temples, where the hair crowded in,

*Amy: Platinum or bright silver, gold! Mercury girl! Bathing beauty, etc.*

The nights snapped out of sight like a lizard's eyelid:

Somebody wired you up.

Somebody pushed the lever.

*The myth of a green England. Against: America. That swim suit.*

I sizzled in his blue volts like a desert prophet.

What went up

Vaporized?

*Coy sex underneath. The fifties. Legs forever. Irresponsible flowers.*

*Housewives! Kitchen utensils! Blenders!*

A world of bald white days in a shadeless socket.

Over-exposed, like an X-ray—

Brain-map still dark-patched

*Husbands! Star of your own radio show! Labcoats and electric*

A vulturous boredom pinned me in this tree.

Did you suffer this god? Again feeling nothing.

*Children! Televisions! Superheroes!*