

Click-click, tick-tick by Sylvia Plath

Click-click: tick-tick
Clock snips time in two
Lap of rain
In the drain pipe
Two o'clock
And never you.

Never you, down the evening,
I cannot
Cry, or even smile
Acidly or bitter-sweetly
For never you and incompletely.
Things surround me;
I could touch
Soap or toothbrush
Desk or chair.
Never mind the three dimensions
All is flat, and you not there.
Letters, paper, stamps
And white. And black.
typewritten-you,
and there It is.

The trickle, liquid trickle
Of rain in drain-pipe
Is voice enough
For me tonight.
Hard quick click-clik
Of the clock
Is pain enough,
enough heart-beat
For me tonight.
The narrow cot,

The iron bed
Is space enough
And warmth enough...
Enough, enough.
To bed and sleep
And tearless creep
The formless seconds
Minutes hours
And never you

The raindrops weep
And never you
And tick-tick,
tick-tick
pass the hours.