

PV Log: (circle one) **Poem** / Movie / Picture / LyricDate 12/21/13Title "Mirror"Author / Director / Sylvia Plath

Context (Where Found / Viewed / Read?)

Given to me by Mr. Shakely; class assignment

Content / CD / Summary / Precis (Say? "Plot? Setting/Situation? Key lines/phrases scenes, etc?)

This poem is told from the viewpoint of a mirror on a wall. The mirror watches as the world around it gets older and less attractive, specifically the woman who uses the mirror. The mirror watches the little girl grow into an old woman, and it does not seem to like it. It also talks about how the mirror sees the same view every day, a speckled pink wall. It has been the only thing the mirror has ever seen.

Content / CM / Meaning? / Theme(s)?

This poem is a view of humanity from a third person perspective. Rather than a human judging human nature or a human's life, it is a mirror, a third person object, who tells the tale of humanity. This poem was written in a time where women were gaining more rights, so it possibly tells the tale of womankind gaining respect and wisdom. It can also apply to men when taken in a different light. The mirror only watches a woman grow up, possibly too fast. This poem reminds us to slow down and live life to the fullest.

Form (Diction? Construction Terms? Symbolism?)

"Mirror" is one long stanza. There is no organization, rather it is just the story of a mirror on a wall. It is told in the first person, but this first person is a mirror. While the poem is written in the first person, it presents a third person view to the dynamics of human life.

Commentary (What do you want to say? Why like? Questions? Synthesis / Allusions-Connections / Relevance to personal experience, to literature, 20Q's? etc.)? "Poetic" Traits?

This poem invites us to take a look in the mirror and look at ourselves. "A woman bends over me, searching my reaches for what she really is." Looking at our lives can help us analyze to see if we are living how we should. Oftentimes children want to grow up too fast, and the elderly want to go back to their youth. We can't let our growth pass us by too soon, because pretty soon, we will be old and frail, unable to live fully.

over (do not mix logs; e.g., no poem log in front, and movie log on back)

Mirror

I am silver and exact. I have no preconceptions.
What ever you see I swallow immediately
Just as it is, unmisted by love or dislike.
I am not cruel, only truthful---
The eye of a little god, four-cornered.
Most of the time I meditate on the opposite wall.
It is pink, with speckles. I have looked at it so long
I think it is a part of my heart. But it flickers.
Faces and darkness separate us over and over.
Now I am a lake. A woman bends over me,
Searching my reaches for what she really is.
Then she turns to those liars, the candles or the moon.
I see her back, and reflect it faithfully.
She rewards me with tears and an agitation of hands.
I am important to her. She comes and goes.
Each morning it is her face that replaces the darkness.
In me she has drowned a young girl, and in me an old woman
Rises toward her day after day, like a terrible fish.