**Metaphors** by Sylvia Plath

I'm a riddle in nine syllables,   
An elephant, a ponderous house,   
A melon strolling on two tendrils.   
O red fruit, ivory, fine timbers!   
This loaf's big with its yeasty rising.   
Money's new-minted in this fat purse.   
I'm a means, a stage, a cow in calf.   
I've eaten a bag of green apples,   
Boarded the train there's no getting off.