

## “The Winter Trees” by Sylvia Plath<sup>1</sup>

The wet dawn inks are doing their blue dissolve.  
On their blotter of fog the trees  
Seem a botanical drawing --  
Memories growing, ring on ring,  
A series of weddings.

Knowing neither abortions nor bitchery,  
Truer than women,  
They seed so effortlessly!  
Tasting the winds, that are footless,  
Waist-deep in history --

Full of wings, otherworldliness.  
In this, they are Ledas.  
O mother of leaves and sweetness  
Who are these pietàs?  
The shadows of ringdoves chanting, but chasing nothing.

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<sup>1</sup> Plath, Sylvia. “The Winter Trees.” *The Collected Poems*. Ed. Ted Hughes. New York: Harper & Row, 1981. 257. Reprinted by permission of HarperCollins Publishers.