

## The Plath Not Taken

Gabriela Ramirez-Chavez

Is it true, Dear Sylvia? Is it you  
in that childhood photograph,

your dark blond hair  
scattered like leaves  
across your shoulders,

your sticky smile floating  
between a white cap  
and uniform?

The black inscription below says  
*Sylvia's latest ambition.*

Imagine you, a nurse,  
instead of a poet.

How long did you dream it?

When you picked up a pencil to revise  
did you pretend it was a syringe?

Did you surmise it was a scalpel  
to dissect, dissect, dissect  
poor Daddy with?

The three times you came back  
after worming your way  
into the dirt, nearly dead,

did you wake up to see  
Herr Doktor, your friend?