

Childs Park, Northampton, Massachusetts

*In Memory of Sylvia Plath on Her Birthday
October 27, 2011*

Thomas Howard

The
endless rain drowned sidewalks, lawns,

The
tall pines you knew

Transformed
into linear sponges soaking up the rain,

Cleansing
the air with their terpenes.

Your
spirit still here,

Among
the dripping rhododendrons,

The
flooded roses,

Amid
the megalithic seeming stones,

Their
generations of cold.

You
have passed from the Earth ?

Your
breathing physical form,

But

you are still here,

Under
the dark pines,

The
stones that drew you into their mystery,

The
mystery you alone could see?

By
the house where you lived,

Near
the park,

A
white pine soars out of an adjoining yard;

In
your time when the rain and gloom of

Descending
autumn

Drowned
your soul,

Did
the pine lift you up?