(i)The Moon and The Yew Tree by Sylvia Plath (15+ POV.) The trees of the mind are black. The light is blue. lack of use mth/cool

The grasses unload their griefs on my feet as if it. (7-line stanzas= Septet) per sentic Prickling my ankles and murmuring of their humility Fumy, spiritous mists inhabit this place. Separated from my house by a row of headstones.] century / death * moon = associated us Rmale Dsimply cannot see where there is to get to. > pt. of it al? traits The moon is no door. It is a face in its own right. White as a knuckle and terribly upset. personific. /may takes out on see her rage.

It drags the sea after it like a dark crime; it is quiet smile.

With the O-gape of complete docasis. - physical space or mental? With the O-gape of complete despair. I live here. Twice on Sunday, the bells startle the sky-personific. / church bells Eight great tongues affirming the Resurrection At the end, they soberly bong out their names. The yew tree points up, it has a Gothic shape. wayy Biblical/allusions The eyes lift after it and find the moon. contrast The moon is my mother. She is not sweet like Mary. Simile inscharge erectures of night/unenz w/ mother Her blue garments unloose small bats and owls. How I would like to believe in tenderness— The face of the effigy, gentled by candles, I becased/memoral
Bending, on me in particular, its mild eyes.

Survice

The face of the effigy, gentled by candles, I becased/memoral

Survice I heir hands and faces stiff with holiness.

The moon sees nothing of this. She is bald and wild.

And the message of the year tree is blackness—blackness and all parties of the deposit of the deposit