
Abstract

I can taste the tin of the sky —- the real tin thing. Winter dawn is the color of metal, The trees stiffen into place like burnt nerves. All night I have dreamed of destruction, annihilations —- An assembly-line of cut throats, and you and I inching off in the gray Chevrolet, drinking the green Poison of stilled lawns, the little clapboard gravestones, Noiseless, on rubber wheels, on the way to the sea resort. How the balconies echoed! As viewed in Sylvia Plath’s poem, “Tulips,” the loss of self-identity brings nothingness and yearning for death. Structurally, “Tulips,” consists of nine septets. This provides a cohesive structural organization. Tulips are symbolic of life and of spring; of that born, that which overcomes winter. Gliding the consonance into “it is
winter here” gives a finality to the statement; a judgment. The protagonist is not in the same realm as the tulips. The protagonist is in
the season of winter. The imagery of “snowed-in” presents lack of color and the absorption of sound. The protagonist’s world is
where everything is without color, shape or sound. The third line of the first stanza implies some of the disquiet emotion that creates
the need for the lack of color, sound, and excitable world. Themes evident in Sylvia Plath’s poetry Sylvia Plath displays many themes
in her work; however she has the tendency to conceal and dig her themes, metaphors, and symbols deep in her poetic words, which
leaves us readers left to decipher them. Plath is a poet that conveys quite compelling emotions through her work and is both
prodigious and petrifying while still gloomy and relieving.