
Crossing The Water Full Poem

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Crossing The Water

By [Sylvia Plath](#) (1932 - 1963)

Black lake, black boat, two black, cut-paper people. Where do the black trees go that drink here? Their shadows must cover Canada.

A little light is filtering from the water flowers. Their leaves do not wish us to hurry: They are round and flat and full of dark advice.

Cold worlds shake from the oar. The spirit of blackness is in us, it is in the fishes. A snag is lifting a valedictory, pale hand;

Stars open among the lilies. Are you not blinded by such expressionless sirens? This is the silence of astounded souls.

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