Plath's Cremation

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I read that Hughes had burnt the last of his wife’s journals; allowed her poems, her prose, her memory to be forgotten in the hearth by which she wrote.

And I wondered how it felt to have the very voice of his love curl up into swirling, swelling clouds of blackened ash, bound to linger and haunt the poet and his house for years and years to come – an immovable, implacable reminder that never would she write again.

Had he read her final words? And was it their eternal echoes that rang throughout his mind?

Or was it the pain of knowing that, while Plath’s body had been buried, it was her soul that had been burned.