

## Sylvia Plath: The Complete Pink

David Trinidad

Pink-pulped whoppers,  
To halt for a swig at the pink teats.

In pink and lavender  
In his pink plume and armor.

Toward three pinky-purple  
Of cerise and pink from the rhododendron,

Purples the fig in the leaf's shadow, turns the dust pink.  
A workman walks by carrying a pink torso.

One child drops a barrette of pink plastic;  
Should I stir, I think this pink and purple plastic

Pink and smooth as a baby.  
Flickers among the flat pink roses.

Pink-buttocked infants attend them.  
Her marble skirts blown back in two pink wings.

Tomorrow the patient will have a clean, pink plastic limb.  
It is pink, with speckles.

I remember you playing 'Ja Da' in a pink piqué dress  
Their skin tints are pink or sallow, brown or red;

But he is pink and perfect.  
With pinkness, as if a tenderness awoke,

The line pink and quiet, a worm, basking.  
White with pink flowers on it,

The gilt and pink domes of Russia melt and float off  
Pretending I am a negress with pink paws.

By whatever these pink things mean.  
Of pink fizz.

She's pink, she's a born midwife—  
Warm and human, then their pink light

A funny pink world he might eat on the other side of it,  
There, that's the pink, pleased squeak

Prim, pink-breasted, feminine, she nurses  
Where on pink-fluted feet the pigeons pass

Multiply pink harlequins and sing  
Of pink and beige, impeccable bamboo