

## Two Poems

### David Trinidad

### Three Bedrooms

#### *3 Chalcot Square*

"The bedroom is like a bright arbor of roses,"  
 you wrote to your mother in America, enclosing  
 a sample of the wallpaper, which you'd picked  
 out yourself, and especially liked:  
 clusters of rose blooms, deep and pale pink  
 on white. Because of Ted's size,  
 you ordered an extra-large bed—5 by 6½ feet—  
 "most of my sheets don't tuck  
 in at the side as the mattress is thick."  
 Ted painted the floorboards (you were six  
 months pregnant, so he did the heavy work)  
 "a whited grey." After you gave birth,  
 the wallpaper roses made their way  
 into "Morning Song," your poem about  
 your infant daughter. Six months later,  
 on the verge of moving to Devon, you tore  
 up the check of the "busybody man" who wanted  
 the flat, leasing instead to the couple Ted liked—  
 "a nice young Canadian poet and his  
 very attractive, intelligent wife."  
 By such "fate playing" (as Ted would one day write),  
 Assia came to sleep among  
*the flat pink roses.*

#### *Court Green*

"Rugs is the main thing now," you wrote  
 within a month of arriving in North Tawton.  
 "We ordered a lovely all-wool Indian carpet  
 for our bedroom (10'7" x 9'3") with off-white, rose  
 & green border & center medallion, at just under \$150."  
 Ted painted the "acres of as yet bare  
 boards" (you were pregnant again):  
 "pale grey lino paint, as in our London flat."  
 When the floral Indian rug was delivered,  
 the bedroom felt like "a place of luxury."



Until Ted bought a 2' x 4' Chinese goatskin,  
 with "long black and grey silky hairs":  
 "guess whose side of the bed it will be on!"  
 Once you were dead, Assia purged the drawers  
 of your combs and ribbons and brushes,  
 your miscellaneous half-discarded things.  
 "The God's bedroom," she facetiously called it.

### *23 Fitzroy Road*

On your own, you painted all the floors—  
 "2 coats!" Feeling empowered, you adorned  
 your bedroom with "bee colors":  
 "yellow & white wallpaper, straw mat,  
 black floor borders & gold lampshade."  
 It faced the rising sun, which you likened  
 to a blooming geranium. London was  
 "very Dickensian," an 18th century engraving.  
 From your "little balcony" you viewed the full moon  
 "in sheer joy." You would have liked to have lived  
 in the flat forever. You planned to "furnish it, poem  
 by poem, in beautiful taste from second hand shops."  
 In the meantime, you slept in a single bed, on loan  
 from the Portuguese friend that supplied you  
 with gossip about Assia, your "evil shadow"  
 who, after your suicide, would sleep *there*, too.

## Ted Hughes Sees a Ghost

The narcissi that populate  
 The orchard every spring

Are innocuous fairy lights

Outnumbered  
 Overnight

By daffodils  
 A mob of frilled yellow mouthpieces

Multiplying like the libbers  
 Who hold up placards



That say "Murderer"  
Or chant "You do not do, you do not do"

Whenever he tries  
To make his voice heard

The moon does what she  
Has always done

Shines her alien beams  
Between apple trees

Spotlights the painted hive

Tonight the man in black breaks  
His code of silence

And cries

