

Stephen Robertson

Beds and trees and windows

A corner of a tree-bordered square
trees around the edges of a field
the trees in the front garden
a triangle of back gardens, full of trees
along a tree-lined road into the distance.

The first bedroom I had to myself
had windows on two sides.
One looked across to a busy road
but from my bed I looked out on
a corner of a tree-bordered square.

The second had one window, rather high—
from the bed all I could see was sky.
But rising gave me sight
of an acacia, a fence and many
trees around the edges of a field.

Our first double bedsitter
was on the first floor front
with a large window. From our bed
we could see the tops of
the trees in the front garden.

The second was at the back
of a London terrace in a triangle of streets.
From the bed the window was hidden
but from the table we could see
a triangle of back gardens, full of trees.

In our first house together
the bedroom was again first floor front.
Across the tiny front garden and the street
a tee-junction, and a line of sight
along a tree-lined road into the distance.