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## Bluebeard Pleads with His Bride

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BLUEBEARD PLEADS WITH HIS BRIDE

Cold there. Your lips will turn blue, fingers freeze.  
I don't remember what's inside, but know,  
the rooms must be kept locked, never opened.  
Pretend I am your father who wishes you well,  
who forbids you to go into these rooms.  
I want to make you happy. I am tired  
of weeping. I will be like Scheherazade.  
I'll amuse you, make love every night and  
you'll postpone unlocking the rooms until  
the next day. When you are older you'll know  
there's nothing of use there, just like my still  
unopened gifts in the basement—from aunts  
and uncles—long boring books, after-shave, shirts.  
Tomorrow we'll leave this damp stone mansion.  
We will have an apartment in the city.  
We'll go to concerts, plays, nightclubs.  
You can buy jewelry, designer clothes.  
We'll travel if you wish. You're my first love.  
The key is heavy and the locks rusty.  
I am a gentleman. I can't say no  
to a woman's entreaties. I yield. Always.