

Charles Simic

Secret History

Of the light in my room:
Its mood swings,
Dark-mornings glooms,
Summer ecstasies.

Spider on the wall,
Lamp burning late,
Shoes left by the bed,
I'm your humble scribe.

Dust balls, simple souls,
Conferring in the corner.
The pearl earring she lost,
Still to be found.

Silence of falling snow,
Night vanishing without trace,
Only to return.
I'm your humble scribe.

That Little Something
Orlando, Harcourt 2008:53