

POEM



Charles Simic

ENCHANTING VIEW

A working slaughterhouse prettied up
By the evening sunlight
Is what I think of your meadows and hills,
Mrs. Simic.

What about the woods in the back
Where your cats vanish
And one hears short, blood-curdling
Shrieks at night—or worse!
One hears nothing
But the wind gusting in the dry leaves—
Like a baby rattle
Shaken by an undertaker?

Every butcher needs an assistant,
The sun skewered in a tree, told me.
By now, I could smell your chimney smoke,
And before long, there you were,
Stirring the heavy pot on the stove,
Turning around only to wink at me.