

One Wing of the Museum

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Charles Simic

Was empty. Even the guards were gone.
We strolled from room to room
Searching the blank walls in vain
Till we came to a row of windows
Overlooking an empty courtyard.
Rain had fallen; there was a puddle
Reflecting the wall and our window,

The two of us just barely visible,
Ghost-like looking from high up
At the wet cobblestones,
The one pigeon who appeared hurt,
Who wanted to be somewhere else,
And did his best to get there,
Limping badly and stopping to rest.