From a Line by Charles Simic

Albert Frank Moritz
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Something goes through the world continually raising and letting fall the voice, the hammer, the glass of wine.

From far away, it is a man dreaming underneath a tree. Approaching, you enter a city where all the walls are doors open. Music is synonymous with night.

As shade waters the light, talk waters quietness. Night and day succeed.

The maple tree sees the gleam of a sleeper preparing for bed in a house's eye. The wood and stone tell each other "good night." And both are simply seeds of a dream that prepares itself within the sleeper.

The corridor of morning air opens on a work site where the worker reaps diamonds from his brow. They purchase the opening of flowers in a season of fruit.