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Make Yourself Invisible Charles Simic

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Charles Simic

MAKE YOURSELF INVISIBLE

Drew islands with palm trees. My sister did. The beaches were empty. We wanted to stretch ourselves on the hot sand and drink coconut milk. "Read and be quiet," someone shouted from the kitchen.

That spring we could smell the lilacs during the blackout. Boom! Boom! The bombs fell while some dog barked bravely in the distance.

"Make yourself invisible," the witch in the fairy tale whispered. She was old. The world was old and there was nothing new in it. We were breadcrumbs in the dark forest where the little red birds had just fallen silent.