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Theseus and Ariadne Charles Simic

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THESEUS AND ARIADNE

I shall go about with my eyes closed. The streets will no longer be safe. False Messiah, I'm going to step on your tin cup and tambourine. I'll brush against missing children, a few murderers and their sweethearts. Someone with onions on his breath will put a gold watch against my ear. It'll be like silent laughter. I'll be spun around by the crowd like a carousel.

I hope she'll still follow me. I'll cross bridges. I'll reach Jersey meadows if I have to. "He's a lost seeing-eye dog," she'll say. "In the blind universe he wants to be blind like love." O she won't even be there! Up and down Broadway where I play my game.

- Charles Simic