

Alec Soth's Archived Blog

September 28, 2006

Friday Poem

Filed under: [artists & family](#), [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 11:45 pm

Along with being one of my all-time favorite poems, this perfectly addresses the recent topic of art and family:

Danse Russe

by William Carlos Williams

If when my wife is sleeping
and the baby and Kathleen
are sleeping
and the sun is a flame-white disc
in silken mists
above shining trees,—
if I in my north room
dance naked, grotesquely
before my mirror
waving my shirt round my head
and singing softly to myself:
“I am lonely, lonely.
I was born to be lonely,
I am best so!”
If I admire my arms, my face,
my shoulders, flanks, buttocks
against the yellow drawn shades,—

Who shall say I am not
the happy genius of my household?

2 Comments

1. Lovely poem, as a husband and father of three wee little girls, it made me smile. Thanks for sharing.

Comment by Eric Godfrey — September 29, 2006 @ [10:03 am](#)

2. Oh Yes, This I know all to well! Grin Grin

Comment by [michael\(big bro\)](#) — September 29, 2006 @ [10:14 am](#)