

Alec Soth's Archived Blog

June 22, 2007

Friday Poem

Filed under: [poetry](#) — alecsothblog @ 2:34 am

Pigeons at Dawn

by Charles Simic

Extraordinary efforts are being made
To hide things from us, my friend.
Some stay up into the wee hours
To search their souls.
Others undress each other in darkened rooms.

The creaky old elevator
Took us down to the icy cellar first
To show us a mop and a bucket
Before it deigned to ascend again
With a sigh of exasperation.

Under the vast, early-dawn sky
The city lay silent before us.
Everything on hold:
Rooftops and water towers,
Clouds and wisps of white smoke.

We must be patient, we told ourselves,
See if the pigeons will coo now
For the one who comes to her window
To feed them angel cake,
All but invisible, but for her slender arm.

4 Comments

1. perfect, alec.

Comment by laara — June 22, 2007 @ [8:24 am](#)

2. Lovely selection.

Comment by Chris Stevens — June 22, 2007 @ [4:03 pm](#)

3. Alec,

This amazing poem has been written in a notebook of mine since it was published in the New Yorker several years ago. Thanks for reminding me.

Comment by Robin Dreyer — June 22, 2007 @ [7:38 pm](#)

4. Alec,

I've always had a soft spot for pigeons – don't know why. Despite this crazy "world" we New Yorker's live in, I still manage to find some truth and vitality for the soul. I hope you found some of that too. Glad to finally meet you – thanks for sharing your time and thoughts with us here.

Joel

Comment by [Joel Fischer](#) — June 23, 2007 @ [2:47 am](#)