Danse Russe

By William Carlos Williams

If I 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?