The Woman at the Washington Zoo

By Randall Jarrell

The saris go by me from the embassies.

Cloth from the moon. Cloth from another planet.
They look back at the leopard like the leopard.

And I....

   this print of mine, that has kept its color
   Alive through so many cleanings; this dull null
   Navy I wear to work, and wear from work, and so
   To my bed, so to my grave, with no
   Complaints, no comment: neither from my chief,
   The Deputy Chief Assistant, nor his chief—
   Only I complain.... this serviceable
   Body that no sunlight dyes, no hand suffuses
   But, dome-shadowed, withering among columns,
   Wavy beneath fountains—small, far-off, shining
   In the eyes of animals, these beings trapped
   As I am trapped but not, themselves, the trap,
   Aging, but without knowledge of their age,
   Kept safe here, knowing not of death, for death—
   Oh, bars of my own body, open, open!

The world goes by my cage and never sees me.
And there come not to me, as come to these,
The wild beasts, sparrows pecking the llamas’ grain,
Pigeons settling on the bears’ bread, buzzards
Tearing the meat the flies have clouded....

   Vulture,

When you come for the white rat that the foxes left,
Take off the red helmet of your head, the black
Wings that have shadowed me, and step to me as man:
The wild brother at whose feet the white wolves fawn,
To whose hand of power the great lioness
Stalks, purring....

   You know what I was,
You see what I am: change me, change me!


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Source: The Complete Poems (Farrar Straus and Giroux, 2001)