

## The Young Housewife

Williams, William Carlos, 1883-1963

At ten A.M. the young housewife moves about in negligee behind the wooden walls of her husband's house. I pass solitary in my car.

Then again she comes to the curb to call the ice-man, fish-man, and stands shy, uncorseted, tucking in stray ends of hair, and I compare her to a fallen leaf.

The noiseless wheels of my car rush with a crackling sound over dried leaves as I bow and pass smiling.