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Heroic Moment Charles Simic

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Charles Simic

HEROIC MOMENT

I went bare-assed into the battle. The President himself heard of my insolence. I was given a flea-ridden mutt to ride. I rode in company of crows pleading with them to please remember me. I had a dollhouse knife between my teeth, the red plastic pisspot on my head as a helmet.

When she heard the news, my mother caused the Greek fleet to be deprived of favorable winds on its way to Troy. Witch, they called her, dirty witch—and she, so pretty, chopping the onions, laughing and crying over the stew pot.