

gray room by wallace stevens

Although you sit in a room that is gray,
Except for the sliver
of the straw-paper
And pick
At your pale white gown
Or lift one of your green beads
Of your necklace
To let it fall :
Or gaze at your green fan
Printed with the red branches of the red willow:
Or , with one finger,
Move the leaf in the bowl-
The leaf that has fallen from the branches of the forsythia
Beside you...
What is all this?
I know how furiously your heart is beating.

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