

Solitude

CHARLES SIMIC

♩ = 92c. *dry*

p *mp*

There now, where the first crumb falls from the

p *mf* *mp*

pp *p*

ta-ble you think no one hears it as it hits the floor,

mf

but

some-where al-ready the ants are put-ting on their Qua-ker's

pp

hats, and setting out to visit you.

pp

Sua -----

loco

mp

p

pp

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