

1985

# Caravan

Charles Simic

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## Recommended Citation

Simic, Charles. "Caravan." *The Iowa Review* 15.1 (1985): 83-83. Web.  
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.3182>

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## Two Poems · *Charles Simic*

### CARAVAN

Pilgrim in sleeplessness,  
In the wee hours  
Following the centuries-old trade routes—  
And my dream

Like the moon above,  
Its faces of drowned Mariannes, Cynthias . . .  
I've lots of faith in the way  
The shoes hurt my feet,  
And then say nothing.

Surely,

We are about to arrive  
At the sandbound capital of X,  
Its grayest porticoes,  
Windowless, leaning towers,  
Sharpshooters of cosmic solitude upon them  
Receiving us one by one in their sights.

I with my gossamer camels,  
My wind-up mice and whippoorwills,  
My flock of black sheep  
Made of some sort of cloud-substance—  
And the naked slave

(Who is my heart)  
Bearing the burden of my eyes  
Tightly shut on this pillow  
With its hand-stitched astrological signs,  
And its whorehouse tassels.