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# The Elusive Something

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CHARLES SIMIC

*The Elusive Something*

Is it in some crack in the pavement  
I passed following a tall-legged girl?  
Is it in the smell of freshly baked bread  
That came to meet me in the street

Among the few passing strangers  
Of which I happen to be one  
Hurrying off on some errand  
Or doing our best to give the appearance,

Like that woman pushing a baby carriage,  
Already turning the far corner.  
I ran after her as if that child was me  
And found myself alone with the sunset

And two old Chinese men playing checkers,  
Like someone out after a long illness,  
Who sees the world with his heart,  
But whose heart is not in what he sees.