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Simon Perchik

Although you wait for midnight
a last minute breeze is scattering this dust
with enchantment –the rag

already the dress Cinderella will wear
and this neglected window pane
the slipper left behind as the charm

from some invisible sea where the rush
fills with sunlight –wave over wave
becomes the Ferris-wheels

coiling the way all night the carriage
is kept warm by stars allowed in
till once upon a time comes back

as shattered glass and ice
where the window opens
only for its darkness and the cold.

Simon Perchik's poems have appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Nation*,
Poetry, *The New Yorker* and elsewhere. His books include *Almost Rain*.