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William Carlos Williams "Danse Russe"

If I when my wife is sleeping and the baby and Kathleen are sleeping and the sun is a flame-white disc in silken mists above shining trees, if I in my north room dance naked, grotesquely before my mirror waving my shirt round my head and singing softly to myself: "I am lonely, lonely. I was born to be lonely, I am best so!" If I admire my arms, my face, my shoulders, flanks, buttocks against the yellow drawn shades,-

Who shall say I am not the happy genius of my household?

Williams, William Carlos. "Danse Russe." The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams, Vol. I 1909-1939. A. Walton Litz and Christopher MacGowan, ed. New York: New Directions Book, 1986. Print.