**BUDAPEST**
by Billy Collins

My pen moves along the pagelike the snout of a strange animalshaped like a human armand dressed in the sleeve of a loose green sweater

I watch it sniffing the paper ceaselesslyintent as any forager that has nothing on its mindbut the grubs and insectsthat will allow it to live another day

It wants only to be here tomorrowdressed, perhaps, in the sleeve of a plaid shirtnose pressed against the pagewriting a few more dutyful lines

while I gaze out the windowand imagine Budapestor some other citywhere I have never been