In Paris

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Cover Page Footnote
Appeared in the issue: 1986.

This poem is available in The Angle: http://fisherpub.sjfc.edu/angle/vol1986/iss1/21
a warm in the sun
slap in the face
winter afternoon
blue-washed by altitude
I gape my fill of Sacre-Coeur
I am sixteen
and seek myself
everywhere
I wander away
to a brown garden path
a hushed a private path

an old man approaches
a cat in his arms
a cat at his feet
this must be his path
he is all brown except
for one milky cloud
a galaxy spins in his eye
he begs a franc or two
I tell him
Je n'ai pas de argent

he must have known I lied
we stood side by side
watched the cats play
he was grampa
he was Charon,
a derelict
anything I
could not
touch

I come away filled with
brown words for a journal
and a tightly rolled
Montmartre portrait
of me
tapping against my thigh

K. H.

Ants and Worms, part I

heart of tree
beat
in seed
soft
by soil
tilled
by ants
who walked the soil
round the seed
so that the heart
could beat up into body

Rob Cullivan