

## A French Postcard

- Shakespeare & Co, 1994

Through and under drizzling streets we rode  
the famous nuke-powered electric trains  
(more or less on time) past acid-weathered  
civic monuments to the famous dead,  
outstretched hands of the homeless, cavernous eyes  
of everyone killing themselves with *les gauloises*,  
car exhaust and little hope beneath  
the ubiquitous archangel with his lethal weapon  
poised above the demon underfoot.

*I could come suggested the whispering goddess  
right over this phone knowing you are breathing  
into the mouthpiece at the other end of this cord  
around my neck. your voice around my neck.*

While Left Bank streets got washed we spoke again  
of poetry and syntax, the world's downtrodden,  
the who's who of history and love,  
the directory of headless has-beens,  
the grand guignol of hapless wannabes,  
the universal unrelenting oppression  
despite perpetual prayers from votive candles  
inside the Sacred post-Commune Heart of Jesus  
looking over the city of lights below.

*I came said the chic blonde reading her novel  
and you, you didn't even care.*

*for Moe Seager*