SOUVENIR

Tour Eiffel

its bolts and beams
were meant to be
momentary
like its affair
with the winds
*
the tower encloses
emptiness
except for its dialogue
with the sky
it speaks only
of breadth
*

beneath it
swarms of men
& women
who see a city
through girders
in the distance
a cathedral
where saints reside
and the bronze feet
of jesus
are slowly rubbed
away
*

you stand under its symmetry
of gratings and rails

where emptiness
owns no one

& then again
everyone
NEAR JARDIN DU LUXEMBOURG

I can’t find
the street
the window boxes mad
with blue lobelia
the cafés
swollen with men
and smoke
here as there
a tired bird
I can’t name
*
in the snare
of imagination
I go on
about myself
and if I’m good
a row of trees marches
toward another
continent
where you are
not knowing
the wet cough
of the waitress
who serves me coffee
every morning
*
this uncomely quiet—
no need to close my eyes
it loots from my body
every close vowel