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# Viva James Dean

Kathy Callaway

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Viva James Dean · *Kathy Callaway*

Phillipe flew out of Paris, cursing,  
in his black leather jacket  
his one-eyed aviator glasses—  
chasing a Dutch odalisque, his *amazone*  
all the way to Sudan. He cried  
over the Nubian desert,  
sold her for kief and calvas  
in the j'ma of Khartoum (arguing Céline  
with the Blue Nile dealer).

He threatened Françoise  
with suicide in the Trocadero,  
his scarf  
billowing out the seventh-floor window—  
things had gone badly, *crapule!*  
He was coaxed back in with hashish;  
sold all her books, Algerian rugs,  
her jewelry. Not to say  
Phillipe was no good, for one day

out of the blue,  
under the fists of an enraged lover  
he wrapped me in his jacket,  
flew me out of Paris  
with a bottle of scotch for good measure.  
Which only goes to show, hoopla!  
that something must live  
wherever the heart flourishes.