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April, Paris

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LYN LIFSHIN

April, Paris

Nothing would be less shall we call it what it is, a cliché than April in Paris. But this poem got started with some thing I don't think I could do but it reminded me of Aprils and then three magazines came with Paris on the cover. Sometimes I'm amazed at all the places I'm not, let's say Paris since actually it's only March but in the magazines they are at outdoor cafes which must be quite chilly now. And I forgot the cigarette smoke, until I see many in the photographs are holding what I'm sure isn't a pen. I wondered how they can always be eating, biting and licking something sweet and still have the most gorgeous bodies. I wonder too how my friend, once an actress, so maybe that's a clue, could dress up in scanty, naughty, as she puts it, clothes for her husband while I am sitting here in baggy jeans and torn sweatshirts. I'm wondering if it's because he's lost his job and she is trying to cheer him up. I began thinking of Paris when she described the umbrella she decorated with drops of rain, how she just wore a garter belt under it. I thought of tear-shaped drops of rain I made for the Junior Prom's April in Paris, long before I felt the wind thru my hair on Pont Neuf. It's there in the photograph which I hope is more original than the idea of the photograph because I plan to use it on my next book. I wish I could feel what she must, dolled up, trying to soothe this man and getting off on it. As for me, only imagining you, the one with fingers on me, holding me on the page of a book could make me as excited