

no one refuses. "It is never done. Never,"  
says a threatening waiter. "Never."  
"Yes, but the girl. Do you know who she..."  
"Shhh!" And we drink two more. For Scott. For Scott.

V

Paris has its rules. Afternoon for lovers,  
evenings for the family. I take my suit off.  
(Her father's.) "Supper and a bateaux?" "You know  
I can't." "Yes." "But it has been perfect."  
"Yes." I say good-bye to Sung, to the white  
dress. "You will come tomorrow?" "Yes." "Guimet?"  
Yes. "Taxi." Yes. "Taxi." Simple  
And it will be a white week.

Color by Vlaminck

In Lille  
and in the north of France  
colors are eclectic  
women intellectual.

Vlaminck was just a cyclist  
Belge disguised as painter  
paint disguised as thunder  
in a vase of roses.

In Lille  
and in the north of France  
colors by Vlaminck  
France is dark sea flowers, high tide  
of lowlands, dark people  
in light skins.

Vichy after Rain: Summer, 1969

There are days you wake with ghosts  
gathering in halls of crumbled villas  
among the bars and bistros  
of the morning. They know they are dead.

In Vichy on liberation day  
there are a few shops open.  
People talk to me.  
I am not the accusing  
American.

In Vichy are the poplar and plane  
trees, the chestnut and sycamore  
leaves dripping shame; but I am not  
ashamed of the people of Vichy and I  
am not ashamed of France  
for its six week war.  
Six weeks is a long time  
with Germans measuring your casket Great  
Britain sizing you up for new  
battlefields and cemeteries.

And the girls say  
"here you can drink the water."

#### A Rhetoric of Evil

Americans run down walls  
of Nice and Cannes  
Cannes and Nice at  
12:00 a.m. Marshall's men, Fulbright's  
boys.

Americans in St. Tropez  
come w/ Mirbeau's winding sheet  
stolen from a grave in Neuilly  
and the tibia of two Roman tribunes  
killed at Aix.

Americans all run down the walls of Nice  
and Cannes, of St. Tropez,  
through the France of  
Paul Cezanne, a highly logical France.

I am one of them.  
I am.

In Cannes and Nice there are  
no more French except the owners of  
hotels and they are  
in Sweden.

In Nice they are building hotdog stands.  
In Cannes they sell plastic replicas  
of Carcassonne.

In Nice and Cannes there are peanut butter  
dreams of Kansas City stapled to World War II  
stockings for the girls, candy for the children.

One lasting European victory.