Here he comes again shooting down the stairs at Monmartre taking off over the Seine like Piccard his cantos healthy his white fists clenched like Faust going high over the moon the young rushing behind trying to get a glimpse they trail like leaves behind his soaring loca—motive. Then go to bed saying "I have seen the man of the age."

## from PARIS NOTEBOOKS

1.

The rain does not fall today it hesitates thinking perhaps the streets are wet enough after a week of rain.

Boats go left and right under Pont Neuf past Notre-Dame on display bobbing like bright Derain

pictures. If only the sky would lean harder put pressure on the day bring out golden violets from Jeu de Paume and a bright blue tie wrapped around the Orangerie

if only the Seine would flow with Monet the roof tops take up the song of Cezanne

but now the rain falls the little shots spattering all of Paris as though by Pointillists.

2.

Falling through winter wheat downfield

corn
hammers against the struts
pulling out
over scrub oak
and low maple
above your house
where the French flag waves to WWI
fighter aces drunk on sky
and the French countryside
and the Marne interchanging
loop after loop.

Reflections in a Frozen Pond

Watching skaters upside down broken in pieces moving over blue lights on cathedral glass dancing through darkness

watching fire on the ice hissing itself to death a few logs popping knots a few sparks lost in the Alpes de Provence

watching the shadows of women thirty years old some married, some not whirling past me struggling to keep their beauty upside down

watching the slimness of girls bending skates into the unmarked glass testing their innocence

watching myself drinking cognac upside down the moon in a slush pool

I look up to see myself
hair gone white
a face of frost
death on a bobsled beside me
as, skiis dipped
I wave myself away taking the steepest slope
down into the darkness.

-- Ben Pleasants

Beverly Hills, CA