

WINTER NIGHT IN RENNES

The melody of winter is the music
I prefer.
All Rennes waits
for a train to Paris.
The world is spotted blue and black.
Wine spills down the face
of Verlaine
as I see him through the rain
on a newspaper stand.
In France there is no beginning
and no end.
Rennes is in the middle.

WINTER POST CARD

All the little villages of Brittany
are singing in Bretagne.
Snow covers them
from Brest to Rennes.
Off shore there are tankers
filled with poets
who were friends of Esenin.
They have small union books
and little red flags
and silver women
who ring like bells
when they climax.

And all the little villages of Brittany
are singing in Bretagne.