

I Remember in Arial

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Gauss PDF Submission 2014

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I Remember



you opening the door of your studio in the rue Madame, just a crack, loath to allow a single calory of precious warmth to escape, to let in a gust of the chill draught spiraling upstairs, keeping well hidden behind till you'd identified your visitor then unhooking the chain and flinging the door wide open to appear all pink and dripping from the

him emerging piecemeal from behind the coats and in the back room at Wadja's one chill winter night, his cover stripped away bit by bit as the last diners came to pluck a cape or raglan from that sheltering tower of overcoats and so reveal him at last, hunched at his table over a bottle of

you standing stock still in  
the middle of the paveme  
nt opposite Le Dome, one  
high heel wedged betwee  
n the bars of the metro gra  
te, heedless of the gusts of  
hot air twitching at your s  
kirt, waiting, stranded, not  
waiting for anyone in part  
icular, just waiting patient  
ly to be released, prized lo  
ose by the first chivalrous  
or even gallant passer-by

him propped against the horseshoe  
bar in Le Dome late one night, chue  
kling silently to himself over some  
private joke, a long stifled belly lau  
gh perceptible only by the slight pe  
ndular motion as he bounced conv  
ulsively against its zinc rim, rockin  
g back on his heels with each spasm

her sauntering over to lock the door of the hotel bedroom in Nice, two sly peremptory turns of the key, then flouncing over to the window and tossing it out, lobbing it into the courtyard, waiting till a merry chink announced that it had hit the paving-stones before

you breezing into La Rotonde early one spring morning, pausing at the bar just long enough to order a bock before you sped on downstairs to the loo, re-emerging only to buy a jeton for the telephone and skip downstairs again, stopping on your way out the two seconds it took you to knock back your beer before slapping down a coin and

him crawling over the floor late one June night in the studio in Cannes, crouched on hands and knees as he gathered up the last few pearls still gleaming here and there in the rug, picking them out from between the floorboards with the tweezers and dropping them one by one into his

us bumping into each other mid way across the Vavin crossroads and instantly locking together in a long tight embrace, deaf to the honking as the lights changed and the traffic began to whirl past us, a pedestrian island all to ourselves, until the lights changed again and we were at liberty to continue on our separate ways

her stomping out of the hotel in Bourges in the dawn, stalking off down the path, jabbing her stiletto heels deep into the gravel, scaring it, leaving a trail of tiny potholes dug in her wake so that an early blackbird hopped hopefully behind, on the lookout for worms

you creaking open your shutters in the Hotel des Bains one steamy July night to toss down your latchkey, standing at the third-floor window as good as naked in that gauzy peignoir while you swathed the key in reams of loo paper to muffle any chink as it hit the cobbles, launching it on its lazy arc with a bounteous flick o the fingers, to land

him stumping off into the revolving doors at La Rotonde, stumbling round and round inside, trapped in his private quarter of that whirligig and unable or plain unwilling to fling free, rotating faster and faster until at last he ejected back into the bar and came crashing against the zinc

us soaking together one March afternoon in a municipal bath in the rue Delambre, the day before the wedding, stepped up to our necks in a tub so capacious and deep that we could stretch out head to foot, rehearsing our vows to one another while our bodies warmed to the occasion below, screened by the vast bubbleberg

them battling to unfold t  
heir map one August mo  
rnong on the Vavin cross  
roads, huddled against t  
he drizzle as they held th  
e wildly flapping sheet o  
pen between them unde  
r the lee of Balzac's tilt  
ed ventripotence, anglin  
g it this way and that till t  
hey'd got their bearings

her perched on her precipitous heels on the  
steepest kerb in Martmartre, furiously crum  
pling up the pneu she'd just found in her  
mailbox, tossing the tight little ball into the  
gutter to be whirled off downhill by a sudden  
gush of municipal waters, watching it bob on

you reeling out of the WC  
halfway up the corkscrew  
staircase in that gruesome  
hotel in rue Git-le-Coeur,  
flushed out it seemed by th  
e furious, sputtering casca  
de that had already drenc  
hed your mules, teetering  
out backwards in your has  
te to escape that swirling,  
all-engulfing sluicewater  
and collapsing headlong  
down the hairpin bend to

you taking my hand late one  
night after a hard day's serib  
bling and squeezing it betw  
een your legs, uncurling the  
stiffened fingers one by one  
from the pen and shoving my  
chill mitt up under your skir  
t, gently kneading it between  
your soft warm silky things,  
massaging it on and on until  
the cramp eased and feeling  
slowly, deliciously dribbled  
back into my aching digits

him stripping of his jacket one nig  
ht at Le Tournon to winkle out some  
item of lost property from the linin  
g, inching the mysterious object all  
the way up from hem to armpit whe  
re he could coax it through a gap in  
the seam, triumphantly conjuring  
forthat last a rusty old iron doorkey

us stamping our feet one bitter  
February night outside Wadja's  
as we waited for its doors to op  
en, pausing in the front room to  
grab out rented napkins from t  
he napkin rack before scurrying  
on to claim our table in the back,  
next to the warm kitchen wall,  
hugging it till our fingers thaw  
ed enough to undo the package

them hurling after one another out of Le Dome late one night, chasing round and round in the revolving door, engulfed by that draughty tornado until they tumbled out at last onto the street in a tight clinch, as though bonded together by their frenzied spin in that drum

her hoisting up her skirt on the Gare de Lyon platform to get at the hanky tucked into her garter belt, allowing a brief glimpse of two garish bruises high up on her inside thigh, a lurid rainbow of saffron and olive and purple that jarred horribly with her pansy blue and

you leaning over the balcony of your penthouse in the Marais, grandly shaking out a large white hanky in whose ample folds you had, or might be assumed to have, just trapped a spider or centipede or such, ejecting the putative creepy-crawly with a few brisk flicks also intended to signal to the watcher in the street that you could not yet

you running the vacuum  
cleaner over him in the ha  
llway one All Saints' Day,  
coasting briskly front and  
back over his old black su  
it as he stood rigid, eyes s  
hut and fists clenched tig  
ht, then winding a strip of  
sticky tape round your kn  
uckles and giving him a l  
ast going over with that, ti  
ll you'd brushed every last  
cat's hair and fuzz off him

him going down on his knees at a *the  
dansante* at La Coupole, having first  
spread a discreetly polka-dotted si  
lk hanky over the floorboards, his  
trouser legs hitched up so as not to  
spoil the crease, joints popping fort  
issimo as he sank down before the  
table to rehearse again his proposal

us carting back the empty wine  
bottles one bleak December day  
to collect the deposit, having pil  
led the pram brimful with the last  
of the cache of dead men stashed  
beneath the sink, trundling it ov  
er thento our local wineshop to  
cash in the meager nest egg and  
blue the refund on a last celebra  
tory bottle of *Beaujolais nouveau*

them rolling over the bedroom floor in Normandy, locked together, ricochetting off the wainscoting as they rattled to and fro, spewing loose coins, until they were sprinkled from head to toe with cat's hairs, their black suits turned pepper-and-salt by Snowball's pure white

her flapping a big white rag out of her garret window up by the Sacre-Coeur, not waving goodbye much less proposing a truce, just briskly shaking out her duster, having started spring-cleaning as soon as the door was shut in her impatience to remove all trace of alien

him tilting across the table at me one night in the back of Le Dome, looming top-heavily over the bottles as he reached out to grab me by the lapels, his huge tousled head ramming against mine with a sharp, hollow click, bone thudding dully upon bone, reeling back on his heels only to lunge forward and butt me

you hunkering on your favourite bench in the Luxembourg Gardens nodding lustily, more to yourself it seemed than by way of a response, head jerking up and down as if to confirm some grim foreboding but no doubt just to keep up an interim dumbshow of consent until you could trust yourself to utter, to bring out the one word, the single

you unbuttoning her coat one chill morning in the studio in Cannes, starting at the misbuttoned collar and working down her front, your hands leapfrogging from button to button all the way down to her ankles until the coat fell open, giving her a brief hug before you began to button her up again, slotting the bottom button into its rightful, appointed orifice

her leading me off to the bedroom one night in Normandy, snapping my book shut on my fingers, clamping the hefty tome fast on the digits I'd inserted here and there to mark pages I meant to return to so that my hand was manacled between its covers and she could tug me

him ripping up the snapshot at the Brasserie Lipp, huddled at his table tearing the colour photo to ever tinier bits till he could tear them to no tinier, then idly fitting the bits into a pattern, a shape, vaguely human, distinctly female, before sweeping them up and stuffing the lot into his

us yanking open the dormer window of the garret flat in the rue Daguerre to gape at the crypto-Cubist roofscape, craning down into the cobbled courtyard far below where a hurdy-gurdy just happened to be grinding out a wan ditty, then nodding in unison to one another and blurting out, as though on cue: We'll take it!

them rushing into one another's arms in the hotel foyer in Nice one dry, thunderous day in October, racing across the deep-pile fitted carpet only to recoil with stifled shrieks the instant they touched, both so charged with static electricity they gave each other quite a shock

her backing into the bedroom of the cottage in Normandy early one May morning, butting open the heavy oak door with a bravura thrust of her pyjama'd bottom to ease in the loaded breakfast tray behind her, cooing out Wakee! darlings! as she swiveled round to

him stopping over you as you lay on the stretcher in the cobbled courtyard, cautiously lifting off your glasses and holding them aside as he kissed you, first on both eyes then on your lips, before he fitted them back onto your nose, having first given the lenses a brisk polish with his tie

you brooding over what was to have been a quick farewell drink in some bar in Pigalle, a tall pile of saucers on the table to indicate the level of alcoholic intake, gazing glumly into your brandy until a faint rumble far below set its surface rippling, signaling the last metro, and you lifted your head up off the palisade of your knuckled and winked

you sketching us one evening at our table in La Coupo le, roughing us out on the paper table cloth in a flurry of boldly offhand strokes, your left eye jammed shut in a sort of frozen wink to expunge our third dimension as you brandished the pencil at us at arm's length, sizing us up against it with your thumb, then shaded in the rest of us with brisk violent slashes

her rubbing you down with Vicks one bitter night, filling the bedroom with the aroma of camphor and eucalyptus as she palmed it into your skin, massaging first between your breasts then over, stroking and kneading them till you groaned aloud

him pissing on the nettles in the garden in Normandy, looming in the doorway in his pyjamas one misty July dawn cheerily dousing a clump of rusty vicious elbow-high specimens besieging the well, meting out a first punitive dose, in discharge of a vow to annihilate the lot by autumn

us striding arm in arm down the Boul' Mich' early one morning on our way to the first hearing, forming so tight, so compact a unit as we marched along that we managed to force all other couples in our path to veer abruptly aside or better still part company to let us pass between, brushing through the barrage of handbills

us telling ourselves stories in bed one night in Nice to stop me coming, swapping yarns while we made love so as to keep me from coming quite so soon, keeping up some inane tale, spinning out any old triped so long as it took my mind off what my mind was on, managing between us to make me hold back a wee while longer

them turning to one another for the kiss of peace during midnight mass in Notre-Dame, locking in a hug so full and fierce that their leather coat squeaked and creaked noisily, and so tenacious they were still clinched tight long after everyone else was back on their knees

her standing in the vestibule of the Palais de Justice one bleak March morning, very chic and poised in her trouser suit and cloche as she suffered herself to be frisked by the butch policewoman, gazing straight ahead of her, oblivious of the hands skimming briskly over

you emerging from the old doctor's surgery in Passy, shuffling over the parquet in your espadrilles, each step slower, shorter than the last, clinging to the back of one of the dingy Regency chairs to steady yourself, shoving it ahead of you as you hobbled forward until all the scatter rugs had piled up against its front feet and you went crashing to

him reaching across the bar in La Closerie to take her hand, her first rather, prizing it open, levering each finger loose until the sodden crumpled hanky slipped to the floor, then sliding the ring onto one finger, easing it gingerly over the knuckle, before folding the fingers back to restore her clenched fist

you throwing a doll at them as they hovered in the bedroom doorway, grabbing the first halfway solid object that came to hand, teddy bear or golliwog, and hurling it with all your might at them, or rather for their purposes to them, since they caught the doll in their arms, clutching it tight

them picking the stones out of my pockets one moonlit night in Normandy, stooping over the side of the pool clutching me by an arm each while they emptied all my pockets, tossing the pebbles on after another back into the water, until I was light enough for them to drag bodily up over the edge and drump full length on th

her stooping over him on the train down to Nice, seizing her chance while he'd dozed off to trim his bushy eyebrows with her nail scissors, lifting off his glasses to snip away all the stray hairs that straggled up so exuberantly above his horn rims

him striding in through the French windows, one arm stretched straight out ahead of him, rigid, hand open ready for the clasp but meanwhile busy clearing a way through the clutter of furniture, fastening on any chair or stool in his path and lifting it to one side as he stalked forward

us squeezing together into the poky liftcage in the block of flats in Neuilly on our first visit to the lawyer's, our briefcases a buffer between us, holding our breath all the while we were being hoisted creakily up the five flights so that we let out a single long simultaneous sigh when at last we spilled out onto the landing

us easing you up off the tiles,  
each holding you by an arm  
and cradling your head in the  
other as we scooped you back  
onto your feet and toted you  
upstairs, your heels thudding  
hollowly against each tread, halting  
halfway up to get a better  
purchase on you before plunging  
on up the corkscrew

them trying out double beds at the Galeries Lafayette, stretching out side by side on all the more luxurious models, jiggling up and down to test the mattress for bounce or quietness, gleeful to find themselves eye to eye and lip to lip, their disparity in height shifted to their

her bursting in from the veranda one June night in Antibes, crashing through the heavy beaded curtains, so violently as to snap half the strands and send a preliminary salvo of wooden beads splattering across the room, spattering the bed even before she'd drawn

him jamming the automatic gate open for us at the Montparnasse metro station late one night, thrusting an outsize boot into the gap as the massive metal barrier creaked all but shut, wedging it open a fraction, just wide enough to allow us to squeeze through onto the platform and make a dash for the last

you squatting on your cot in the grim little cell in the Hotel Dieu, chin propped on knuckles and elbows on knees as though to give your spine a needed rest, your poor bandaged head gyrating slowly atop this substitute column of bone as your blurred out, over and over, No, you didn't recall, no, you'd no memory of any ring of mistletoe or

her rolling over us early one spring morning in Normandy, trundling out of the alcove bed to answer a call and lingering an instant on top of us, wedged in the tiny trough between us, lolling just long enough to let us feel her, all her cool soft fragrant naked plumpness

him making a dash at Balzac's statue, plunging out of La Rotonde one night to charge across and fling himself at the granite pedestal, his arms flailing wildly as he pummelled the green toes peeping out from under the bronze robe, battering away with both fists until his knuckles bled

them helping you up onto a No 91 bus one August evening outside Le Dome, releasing the leather strap to hoist you up just as it was pulling away from the kerb, grabbing you by an arm each as you made a bold leap for the platform and swinging you bodily aboard, steadying you still as the bus trundled off down

us burning all our old letters at the bottom of the garden in Normandy, dumping bundle after beribboned bundle onto the bonfire, our faces glowing redder as each one blazed open and curled up among the flames, then gleefully raking the chattered sheets deep into the embers, till the last scrap was reduced to ashes

us hauling him down the five flights from his loft in the Marais, lowering him from one cracked stair to the next, each tread joining its croaks to his as it felt the extra load of our combined weight, halting on the landings to prop him up and readjust our hold on him before lugger him on down

them squeezing together into the tiny Photomatic booth in the Gare du Nord, perched precariously on the stool as they huddled up close, hugging cheek to cheek, if only to fit both their heads into the frame while they stared straight ahead, winking and blinking at the

her hunching over her cognac in the Falstaff one New Year's Eve, all at once letting out such a sigh, so vast and fierce after the long swelling intake of breath as to send a cloud of ash swirling up from the ashtray, before she twisted the ring off her finger and flung it

him wedging himself between them on a corner banquette in Le Select, having first tugged a slim volume out of each jacket pocket as if loath to allow anything to come between him and them, forcing them apart as he lowered himself into the gap

you crouching in the far corner of the dingy ward in La Salpetriere, very gaunt and frail in the frowsy hospital peignoir, grinding your teeth as you tore up bits of paper, tugging out odd crumpled scraps from a pocket and frowning at the words then clawing them to shreds, until you turned abruptly to the nurse and muttered: Who's this one?

her emptying the champagne bucket on them as they lay tangled together on the kitchen floor, tilting it slowly over them to let a steady stream of icy water plu the odd ice cube cascade onto their heads

him collecting his mail from the letter-rack in La Coupole, crumpling up some missive and hurling the tight little paper ball to the floor, then on second thoughts picking it up and smoothing out the wrinkled sheet of scented lavender notepaper on a table, the better to tip it to tiny bits

them flopping down beside him one Sunday orning at La Coupole, slumping down on either side of him onto the banquette, sinking so heavily into the plush, oversprung upholstery that their combined weight lowered him a good few inches, abruptly bringing him down to a level eye to eye with his glass

us stopping as if on cue halfway down the rue Delambre, just level with the horse butcher's, the point beyond which we could be sighted from the balcony of that garret on the boulevard, pausing before the array of carcasses to snatch a last gloating kiss before we adjusted our smiles and hair and dress and stepped into view

us walking her into the courtroom one dismal May morning, each with one arm crooked in hers to clamp her tight and hold her more or less upright as we marched her down the aisle and lowered her onto the bench, some heavy metal object in her jacket pocket clunking on the wooden seat as we eased her down

them sliding up to the bedroom window, flattened against the wall as they stole up from either side to reach round and grab a shutter and tug it to, loath to be observed by neighbours in the act of shutting out God's daylight, going to bed in the middle of a sunny afternoon

her stooping over the blocked sink in her kimono one dark January morning, waiting to be sick, or perhaps just listening to the fierce sputterings issuing from the waste pipe, unable to wrest herself away from that fizzing, fulminating black hole as the crystals ate into

you perched on a bar stool one Christmas Eve at the Closerie des Lilas easing the ring to and fro over your knuckle, tugging it back and forth as if to make sure you could still get it off if you chose—you who lived in dread of waking up one day to find yourself stuck with it for life!—gaping wide-eyed at it until you blurted out: Who gave me this?

them feeding her oysters on  
e Christmas as she lay supine  
among her pillows, stooping  
over her with the platter held  
aloft between them taking tu  
rns to gorge her, tilting the s  
hells between her lips and tip  
ping in the squishy molluscs, s  
ending them slithering one by  
one down her throat, till she  
gulped and opened her eyes

him laying a wrinkled metro ticket  
on the tombstone in Montparnasse  
cemetery, having stopped to scrawl  
a few hasty words on the back then  
weighting it down against the wind,  
stonily pinning his message to the  
polished marble slab with the gran  
it pebble he carried around on him

us stumping off downstairs one  
dark winter's morning to pawn  
the last of our family baubles at  
the *mont-de-piete* on the corner of  
the boulevard Rapspail, lugging  
between us the old Gladstone b  
ag crammed with assorted silver  
thimbles, napkin rings, baptism  
al mugs, all swaddled in dusters  
so as to muffle any telltale chink

us squeezing past them  
on the exposed top gallery of the Icock tower in Rouen one blustery April day, hugging them tight as they stood flattened against the wall, our backs to the parapet, clinging to them as the gale gusted on, inching back with them

them cutting the wedding cake on the lawn in Normandy, their two hands clasped together on the carving knife, poised to make the first incision, shivering the brittle icing as they forced the blade on down through the marzipan, slicing deep into its dark mincemeat heart

her weaving among the tables on the terrace of La Coupole one sultry Bastille Day night, very picturesque in her beret and paint-splattered smock, her tatty portfolio tucked under one arm, thrusting handfuls of croquis at any likely tourist while she stole a swig from his

you pausing in front of the circumnavigator Dumont d'Urville's tomb one hazy October day on your latest short cut home through Montparnasse cemetery, glaring and blinking at the phenomenal phallic pillar, your frown so fierce it all but dislodged your dark glasses, until you turned at last away, grumbling: That one wasn't there before...!

them sheltering us beneath their brolly one wet March evening outside the Pagoda cinema, pulling us in out of the rain to offer us the hospitality of that vast red and blue striped golfing umbrella of theirs, huddling together to make room for us, squeezing up closer, hugging us tighter to them as the drops drummed ever louder

him emptying his trouser pockets in the bedroom in Normandy, heaping all his loose change onto the mantelpiece, grouping the coins in two piles, careful to separate the baser metal from the less base, as though in some final disposal of his earthly goods before he committed himself

us taking the collie for a walk in Fontainebleau forest, setting off together but soon managing to drift apart, so that as we lost sight of one another and went our separate ways Mistral kept racing to and fro between us, as if to weave us together despite ourselves, panting so hard that we at last contrived a rapprochement

them plucking off one another's glasses on the station platform in Nice in readiness for a farewell kiss, each holding the other's specs aside out of harm's way for the duration of that long blind clinch, then fitting them back on and scanning one another, to spy its effect

her trotting out of the public lavatory next to the cathedral in Bourges, rubbing her hands zestfully, gleefully together, not still drying them so much as buffing the palms in sheer self-satisfaction at a job well done, before she waved and held up a triumphant thumb

you limping slowly down No3 platform at the Gare du Nord early one Sunday morning, so forlorn in the rusty mac and curlers but bravely waving your silk headscarf, having already had to make copious use of it to wipe your eyes and glasses and then blow your nose and now turning it to full final resonant account, flapping it up and down

him rolling up his sleeves as he strode into the studio in Cannes, calmly undoing the links and folding over each cuff four neat pleats per cuff, to just above the elbow, then unstrapping his wrist-watch, as though in readiness to do the dishes, before he stepped forward, both fists raised

us waltzing round and round the Place Vavin one Bastille Day evening, ricocheting from kerb to kerb as we eddied dizzily beneath the Chinese lanterns, more counter than clockwise, till we were at last hemmed in, squeezed to a merciful standstill and so stood ebbing gently to and fro, out fingers still tapping out the rhythm

them strolling hand in hand into the hotel bar in Antibes, pausing in the doorway to adjust one another's dress, to tuck back a tag pricking up jauntily behind the neck of a jumper or turn down a jacket collar, and slot the unruly end of a trouser belt back into its leather loop

her squeezing through the automatic barrier at the Etoile metro station as it swung shut, so slim and slinky as she slid wriggling sideways between the steel gates, first her top half then her bottom, just in time to dash into the waiting train, the last that night, and vanish

you chucking your diary into the Seine one murky April day, stopping abruptly halfway across the Pont des Arts to toss the black leather-bound journal into the murkier waters, not lobbing it but for perhaps the first time in your life throwing overhand, reaching right back to hurl it as far from you as possible, then standing stock still staring

him counting out the banknotes at his desk (having first double-locked the door), flicking through wad upon tight, mint-fresh wad, eyes shut to savour to the full the crisp crinkly crackle of the notes as he snapped them curtly between finger and thumb before stuffing them in a pocket

us teetering arm in arm across the Pont Neuf one blustery Christmas Eve (on our way to midnight mass in Notre-Dame?), yoked tightly together the better to stop one another jumping off, to hold us back from temptation, or perhaps just to anchor us down against the gale, taking comfort if only in our combined weight

her hitching up her skirt in the sleazy hotel bedroom in the rue Blondel to stash away the money, having first folded the hatefully lip damp banknotes into a tight little wedge to tuck them more securely into her garter, before proceeding to unzip the zipper and step

you tossing a coin down to the accordionist in the street, leaning out over the balcony of your garret in the rue de Buci to lob down our largesse, one of the new silver five franc pieces you put aside specially for such occasions, having first wrapped it up snugly in reams of paper, crumpled drafts of your new poem or your latest Letter from...

him stumping over to the window in the Hotel-Dieu, twisting away from the bed to lunge over and plant himself squarely before the single grimy pane, so that his bulky frame blocked out what little daylight filtered through plunging the room into ever deeper gloom, until he flung up

her groping on hands and knees across the fitted carpet in the holiday flat in Cannes, her chintz scarf tied in a blindfold over her eyes, toes harrowing two trails through the deep pile, one hand outstretched eagerly towards the tiny jumbled heap of car keys, fumbling

you rolling a coin down from the far end of Le Dome bar late one night, fishing out the old copper penny and launching it down the great horseshoe counter, your eyebrows arching quizzically as it trundled on round the lazy loop, dribbling past cups and glasses, in eager anticipation of the pennytworth of thoughts you might hope to buy for it

A black and white photograph capturing a man in a Highland outfit, consisting of a kilt and a sporran, dancing a traditional Scottish jig. He is positioned in front of a public toilet, specifically a 'pissoir', which is visible in the background. The scene is set outdoors, likely in a park or garden area. The man's movements are energetic, with his feet moving rapidly as he dances. The overall atmosphere is one of a candid, everyday moment captured in time.

him dancing a jig one chill November day in front of the *pissoir* outside the Luxembourg Gardens, taken short by winter's first icy clutch and bouncing up and down on his heels while he waited his turn, hands sunk deep in trouser pockets, hopping from foot to foot in a Highland fling

you making a dash for you  
r bus one wintry night after  
onion soup in Les Halles,  
suddenly hitching up your  
skirt with both hands and  
cantering off, your new hi  
gh heels striking sparks fr  
om the cobbles as you ran,  
until you made a leap for it,  
launched yourself in a wil  
d *jeté* at the back platform,  
to be hauled aboard by the  
conductor and carried off



you rising to your feet one April evening at Le Balzar, a brimming glass of your favourite Pommard held a loft before you, peering at it a moment as if seeking inspiration, or just to make sure no drop impended on its foot ready to splash on to your new blouse as soon as you carried it to your lips, before you blurted out: Here's to the memory of

originally printed in France, 1992