

I Remember in Arial

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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 pavement
opposite Le Dome, one
high heel wedged between
the bars of the metro grate,
heedless of the gusts of
hot air twitching at your skirt,
waiting, stranded, not
waiting for anyone in particular,
just waiting patiently to be released,
prized loose by the first chivalrous
or even gallant passer-by

him propped against the horseshoe bar in Le Dome late one night, chuckling silently to himself over some private joke, a long stifled belly laugh perceptible only by the slight pendular motion as he bounced convulsively against its zinc rim, rocking 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 midway 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, scari-
fying 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 s
hutters in the Hotel des Ba
ins one steamy July night
to toss down your latchke
y, standing at the third-flo
or window as good as na
ked in that gauzy peignoir
while you swathed the key
in reams of loo paper to m
uffle any chink as it hit the
cobble, 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 their map one August morning on the Vavin crossroads, huddled against the drizzle as they held the wildly flapping sheet open between them under the lee of Balzac's tilted ventripotence, angling it this way and that till they'd got their bearings

her perched on her precipitous heels on the steepest kerb in Martmartre, furiously crumpling 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 the furious, sputtering cascade that had already drenched your mules, teetering out backwards in your haste 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 scrib-
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 wrinkle 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
forth that 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 hallway one All Saints' Day, coasting briskly front and back over his old black suit as he stood rigid, eyes shut and fists clenched tight, then winding a strip of sticky tape round your knuckles and giving him a last going over with that, till 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 silk hanky over the floorboards, his trouser legs hitched up so as not to spoil the crease, joints popping fortissimo 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 piled the pram brimful with the last of the cache of dead men stashed beneath the sink, trundling it over then to our local wineshop to cash in the meager nest egg and blue the refund on a last celebratory bottle of *Beaujoilais nouveau*

them rolling over the bedroom floor in Normandy, locked together, ricocheting 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 waltz, 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, thundery 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 Coupole, 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, swopping yarns while we made love so as to keep me from coming quite so soon, keeping up some inane tale, spinning out any old tripe 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

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

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

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 coats squeaked and creaked noisily, and so tenacious they were still clinched tight long after everyone else was back on their knees

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

you throwing a doll at
them as they hovered
in the bedroom doorw
ay, grabbing the first
halfway solid object t
hat came to hand, ted
dy bear or golliwog, an
d hurling it with all yo
ur might at them, or ra
ther for their purpose
s to them, since they c
aught the doll in their a
rms, clutching it tight

them picking the stones out o
f my pockets one moonlit nigh
t in Normandy, stooping over
the side of the pool clutching
me by an arm each while they
emptied all my pockets, toss
ing the pebbles on after an
other back into the water, unt
il I was light enough for them
to drag bodily up over the ed
ge and drump full length on th

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

him striding in through the French
windows, one arm stretched straight
t out ahead of him, rigid, hand open
ready for the clasp but meanwhile
busy clearing a way through the cl
utter 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 hoi
sted 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, h
alting halfway up to get a bet
ter purchase on you before pl
unging on up the corkscrew

them trying out double b
eds at the Galeries Lafa
yette, stretching out sid
e 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 a
nd 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 stati
on 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 o
n knees as though to give
your spine a needed rest,
your poor bandaged head
gyrating slowly atop this
substitute column of bone
as your blurted out, over an
d over, No, you didn't rec
all, 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 be
d to answer a call and lingering an instant on
top of us, wedged in the tinky trough betwee
n us, lolling just long enough to let us feel h
er, all her cool soft fragrant naked plumpness

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

them helping you up onto a
No 91 bus one August even
g outside Le Dome, releasing
the leather strap to hoist yo
u up just as it was pulling aw
ay from the kerb, grabbing
you by an arm each as you m
ade a bold leap for the platf
orm and swinging you bodily
aboard, steadying you still a
s the bus trundled off down

us burning all our old letters at
the bottom of the garden in No
rmandy, dumping bundle after
beribboned bundle onto the bo
nfire, our faces glowing ruddier
as each one blazed open and cu
rled up among the flames, then
gleefully raking the chatted she
ets 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 lugging him on down

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

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 in to the frame while they stared straight ahead, winking and blinking at the

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 plus 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 morning 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

her stooping over the blocked sink in her kitchen 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

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

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 Rapsail, 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 gal-
lery of the clock tower in Ro-
uen one blustery April da-
y, hugging them tight as
they stood flattened agai-
nst the wall, our backs to
the parapet, clinging to t-
hem as the gale gusted o-
n, inching back with them

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

them cutting the weddin-
g cake on the lawn in No-
rmandy, their two hands
clasped together on the
carving knife, poised to
make the first incision, s-
hivering the brittle icing
as they forced the blade
on down through the ma-
rzipan, slicing deep into it-
s dark mincemeat heart

you pausing in front of the
circumnavigator Dumont
d'Urville's tomb one hazy
October day on your late-
st short cut home through
Montparnasse cemetery,
glaring and blinking at the
phenomenal phallic pillar,
your frown so fierce it all
but dislodged your dark g-
lasses, 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

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

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

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 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, our fingers still tapping out the rhythm

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 htat night, and vanish

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

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 sleezy 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 occasion,s 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
penntyworth of thoughts you
might hope to buy for it

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 your bus one wintry night after onion soup in Les Halles, suddenly hitching up your skirt with both hands and cantering off, your new high heels striking sparks from the cobbles as you ran, until you made a leap for it, launched yourself in a wild jete 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 soo
n as you carried it to your
lips, before you blurted ou
t: Here's to the memory of

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