

# Paris in the the Spring

*by* Bill Yarrow

he thought of her urgently  
as one might recall  
the occasion of a prayer

she thought of him absently  
as one might recall  
the color of a bus

he thought of her excitedly  
as one might recall  
the orange of a bird

she thought of him painfully  
as one might recall  
the stiffness of a joint

he thought of her longingly  
as one might recall  
the kindness of a bed

she thought of him fearfully  
as one might recall  
the onset of a storm

