

# Paris

*by* Bobbi Lurie

was your weary  
rationale for leaving  
it was gold leafed but flaked away  
leaving my limp heart  
my busy hands gluing us together  
all my  
frostbit reasons  
my obvious restraint  
you see: to be corseted away  
caught in your ideas of enclosure  
i was nothing but a hermit behind chintz curtains  
while you remained charted in leisure  
your daily dallying in the metro  
rubbernecked enough to be with others  
living in one of the new arrondissements  
we both knew there were better feathers

