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

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