

# A Paris

*by* Jerry Ratch

We are terrible tourists.

A tether is tied to my toe as I float above the crowds  
flowing up and down the Paris streets,  
and before this dome and that cathedral they  
tug at my toe to bring me down  
but I am struggling to break free.

We are the worst tourists imaginable  
and buy almost nothing and tip less well  
and all the smoke around us is  
choking off the nostrils of the future,  
but I don't see beyond the faintest cloud anyhow.

I make a terrible tourist.  
I am more of a cow  
among the ever-changing crowd  
that is always the same.

