

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.

