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Lilies for Mom

Marge Dady
College of DuPage

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Hemingway on the Left Bank

Paris was enormous,
full of artists
in creative cross-fertilization.
We lived among poor workers
next to a saw-mill.
The apartment was drafty and old.
I loved it.

Each day I wrote, first
in a cramped office,
later in cafes. Coffee helped me,
wine helped even more.

I tried to find the one
true sentence

in that one right place
Paris.

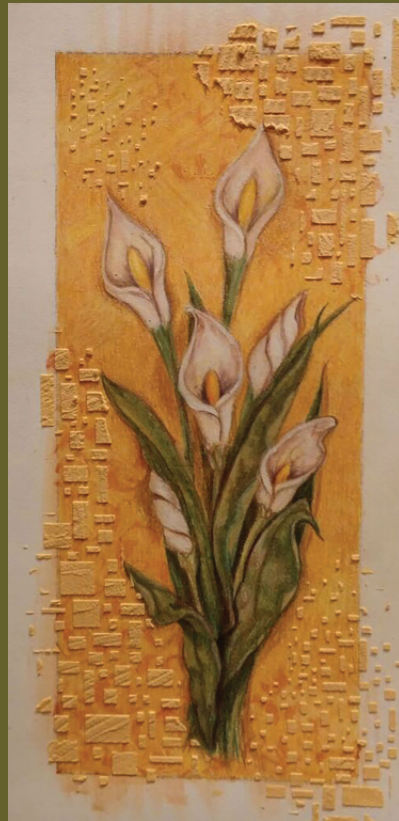
In Paris

The evenings of September are
warm
and seductive. On sidewalk
cafes, talk must be clever
and lively: fashion, cinema,
artists, amour. Champagne
must be sparkling
even though that kiss
will only be a promise.

In October, fallen leaves will be
plastered to cobblestones
haunted by longing and memories.
Walking through rain
lamplit rooms glimpsed from the
street.

The ghost of something in the air.
Tonight, stars--white flames,
touchable by readers and lovers.
Lights twinkle by the ever-flowing
Seine.
Bridges seem to lead somewhere
connecting one's half of the city
to some unique magic
that can never be destroyed.

Mardelle Fortier



“Lilies for Mom”
Colored pencil, acrylic paint, stencil,
and molding paste on drawing paper
by Marge Dady