Lilies for Mom

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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