

Métro

Dedicated to lines two and four.

After Pigalle, a woman loses her purse,
her possessions, her name and face.
I pick it up because I know honesty
doesn't exist in Anvers.
Down here, I play the
brooding artist, no uncommon breed--
everybody looks just as bored.
Even the gods are reduced to graffiti;
Hermes. Hermes. Hermes.
The name is all over the walls, but
where is this god of speed
when there's thirteen stops after
Barbès-Rouchechouart?
I dream of hot showers, smiles,
sixty-centieme baguettes, and saucisson;
my life in 100 euros or less.
Accordions play towards the east side and
a salsa band on the last line home.
Maracas shake for the rails, for
the turns we take towards Ternes.
What are we but the gizzards of a
metal bird flying through
the Paris underground?