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## Parisian Traveler

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# Parisian Traveler

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**Author Bio**

Amy Butcher is a small-town girl who's attending college in an even smaller location. She's a diehard tree-hugger, an uber-liberal and a super-vegetarian. She likes writing, traveling and macaroni and cheese an awful lot. She's currently a freshman, double-majoring in both English and Creative Writing with heady plans to journey to New Zealand sometime in the near future.

## Parisian Traveler

Paris is a bear in slumber at a quarter-to-eight;  
 Even those ivory monuments are dreaming.  
 The only sound is the jingle-jingle of the crêpe vendor's cart  
 as he makes his little way up the curbed alleys and down to the promenade.  
 Morning smells of coconut yogurt here,  
 and tastes like the way an inviting park might appear  
 when it lands on your tongue in the form of a raindrop.  
 Wet. Splish splash splish drip drop. Moist.  
 Gustave Eiffel should see his creation now,  
 a spindle turning on the prettiest scratch of land beside the Seine.  
*"Little girl, parks cannot land on tongues in tiny raindrops."*  
 Heaven forbid I be a bit creative.  
 School children begin to flood the streets around nine,  
 plaid in pleated skirts that bunch around the kneecaps  
 and hide the ruffles of their lacey white socks.  
 Life here is far more beautiful than anything the Boonies ever had to offer  
 because the cow fields left no room for cafés and statues.  
 What's the use in green fields if you can't pose next to them during the flash of a camera?  
 They've got nothing stunning you can show your relatives weeks later with a grin.  
 The purple mountains' majesty is great and all but really, it's just no Louvré.  
 A blade of grass, a little dandelion, they make for terrible souvenirs.  
 Ten in the morning now and the dog-walkers are out,  
 little French poodles that wear sweaters and strut like models.  
 You'd be comfortable here—American music is all the rage;  
 can't even grab a café au lait without,  
*"3,500 miles away but what would you change if you could?"*  
 Everything we live we hear first in lyrics,  
 thus even in Paris I can't escape you.  
 I've still got the vicious bite marks of lust and force  
 strung all about my neck and check.  
 You can't erase something if you can't wipe yourself clean of it.  
 Passion just soaked right into our summer like a sponge.  
 You and me, we were about as PG as sin  
 and we have scrapes and jaded sneers that prove it.  
 Torn photo booth pictures and stories of obsessive loathing.  
 God how great it was to bring the dead back to life  
 and travel the globe every evening.  
 Kiddo took notes and bent pages in all the travel books  
 while you commented on the architecture.  
 She referenced restaurants and hotels in a little Mead notebook  
 just so she could retrace her steps.

Only this time she's doing it in the company of your ghost,  
which will then be held over a railing,  
its frame shaking under the dark Parisian streets,  
its belly thick with chardonnay and lobster.  
That'll be the end of it all, though that's not till tonight.  
It's only morning now and the crêpe vendor pushes on.  
Lately life's all about this crazy lil' notion I've got—  
if I keep on traveling, if I keep on moving, eventually I'll forget my way home.  
*"Tu est jolie avec les cheveux attachés à moi."*  
Without me around, you're good for a fling.  
Without you around, I'll do my own thing.  
France has asked to be my new landlord;  
Paris wishes that I pay rent with only my passion.  
And the parks open their gates and invite me in.

MOLLY MASICH

## Anonymous for obvious reasons

I've always been pro-choice, but I never thought it would be my choice to make. Now it's different, I've made the choice, it's been done. When it was over I saw them throw away my bloody disgrace in a plastic yellow picnic cup. I wanted to say wait, hold on, I want to touch it and measure its weight in my hands, smell it and dip one finger down to the bottom of the cup to feel for something that could be human and familiar. But I couldn't because the pain was so intense I couldn't even stand and I was vomiting uncontrollably anyway, but I wanted that little yellow cup. I wanted it so much, at least to say goodbye before I'd ever even said hello.