

Oui

DENNIS TRUDELL

It is raining in Paris,
and a thin woman takes off her clothes
to stand on her small balcony
high above the street. She moves
bare feet in a sort of dance.
Her husband has left her, and their
children are grown and live elsewhere.
The rain shines her. She murmurs
her name, and the rain seems to keep
repeating it. Umbrellas and traffic
below. The woman closes her eyes.
She feels at the center of the world.
She is as naked as time. In bed
tonight, you may try to imagine
how she feels. Your pores may
seem to surround hers as rain
murmurs both of your names
and murmurs them again, again.