

*Hands grasping waves from the side of a boat —  
Shouting and muffled squeals —  
Orangeade with two tall straws  
And real ice tinkling against the glass.  
And bouillabaisse. Bouillabaisse! —  
Oh, how beastly on a day like this!  
Cars bearing loads of tortoiseshell glasses,  
Behind each pair a heated Amerr'can,  
Raise suffocating clouds of thick white dust  
That falls in layers  
On the pines and shrubs  
And the burning red flowers  
Of the white Corniche.  
And there the sea —  
Blue with the deepest blue.  
And here the street,  
With babbling gutter of noisome water,  
And dirty urchins  
Sucking fruit  
With penetrating audibility.  
Mon Dieu!*

*A breeze from the sea  
And there are wings to the feet,  
And a spring in the spine,  
That impel the whole being, all joyous and eager,  
To what? . . .  
To what dimly-glimpsed aim? . . .  
Oh . . . . .  
Mon Dieu! . . . . .*

*Of course, things are diff'rent here somehow.  
The nights —  
The Great Bear prowls so low in the sky —  
See —  
Just over the Lion d'Or, perched on the hill,  
Where last night we drank wine,  
And you two ate olives,  
And we toasted all sorts of ridiculous things  
In the unlit, open courtyard.  
The nights —  
The dark blue nights —*