

## Aux Tuileries

Puddles gleamed  
in the sun today like  
overmilked tea brewing  
in gravel bowls

which is really quite sad  
for there is so much more  
there  
that is distinctly un-tea:

sand that could have lined  
the banks of a great romantic river

rain water from  
god-knows-where, maybe Bermuda,  
each droplet an angel  
freshly fallen to  
stew in warming muck,  
a raging hangover  
after transatlantic ecstasy

all mixed in footprints  
with dust lifted off the Louvre  
and some sandwich crumbs probably  
and definitely some skin  
shedded by passers-by,  
messy microscopic soup

Is this not  
how we all came about?

A womb impregnated  
by the watery ejaculate  
of a nuage flâneur  
by now showering Montmartre  
before strolling out  
to the banlieues,  
going far and drying out.

I have left home  
and come back  
with soggy socks,  
all to be washed down  
with a sad tea.

Children step into puddles  
for the splash.