



Rex Mathew
E8

DOWN THE PARISIAN STREET

Walking down Parisian streets
and its nights of neonlit glory,
no one would have dreamed
of grimmer red.
Such reckless art, brutal and edged,
and with many sloppy points to make,
had never before thrust the souls
of any who sought solace
in the city's museums.
Nor will have the lovers come across
such open and damaged hearts
in the city's passionate parks.
A city bathed in carmine
and heeding to the lament
of an air dense
with haematite smoke .
What can arise from red
but fury,
who hasn't suffered the burns
of human folly ?

The white clothes of hospitals,
of the walls, and the churches,
and the dreaded purity
of the insane and the dead
lean to accept no more
than a lullaby
for loss,
the white of which
yearns quietly,
like another dove,
for the white of peace.

But the only thing lost
or, perhaps, gained
is blue, kindred blue.
The blue of an endless sky,
of waters that join us all.
The blue of wings, of hope.

But this blue bird here
waits with bated breath
on its bloodied body
hoping to find salvation
even in this overwhelming
white haze.