

Tu me rends fou

by Adam Sifre

*Feeding you a taste of croissant,
in the shadow of the tower the morning after.
I'd taste the crumbs on your lips,
buttery sweet.*

*Tongues dancing above roaming hands.
Our city of lights,
but we'd find all the dark spots,
and I'd show you France until you pushed me away,
unable to endure.*

Repast.

*Champaign, French toast;
Sticky and sweet. The bubbles tickle.
Then, time for another drink, another syrupy sip.
Pulling me in, not pushing away.
Paris sings and we are lost together,
a chorus of sighs, quick breaths, soft words.*

We sing to each other in French, until we're hoarse from the effort.

But Parisian nights are long, and we have time to heal each other before our next rendezvous, under the shadow of the tower.

