

SENEGAL 1965

The dollar is deflated
and we must “make it” quickly
queued up outside your door
listening to you yell,
“Doucement, doucement.”
We will miss you,
your friends from Montmartre,
your Edith Piaf rendition,
the stories:
that there isn’t a desert
in Africa with as many
soft rilles as yours,
the camel driver you laid
on the way back from Oran—
and the night you bet 100 francs
you could flex dice
out of your breasts to the bar
coming up seven or eleven.
We lost 1000 francs that night.
As for myself,
they broke the monotony
of your skillful cunt.