

Viva James Dean · *Kathy Callaway*

Phillipe flew out of Paris, cursing,
in his black leather jacket
his one-eyed aviator glasses—
chasing a Dutch odalisque, his *amazone*
all the way to Sudan. He cried
over the Nubian desert,
sold her for kief and calvas
in the j'ma of Khartoum (arguing Céline
with the Blue Nile dealer).

He threatened Françoise
with suicide in the Trocadero,
his scarf
billowing out the seventh-floor window—
things had gone badly, *crapule!*
He was coaxed back in with hashish;
sold all her books, Algerian rugs,
her jewelry. Not to say
Phillipe was no good, for one day

out of the blue,
under the fists of an enraged lover
he wrapped me in his jacket,
flew me out of Paris
with a bottle of scotch for good measure.
Which only goes to show, hoopla!
that something must live
wherever the heart flourishes.