

*At the zoo, parc Tête d'Or, Lyon*

“Louis, ma vie, mon grand,” the giraffe-gardienne coos urging the great liquid animal to move across the yard a frond of dry pampas grass in hand like a pretty suitor to a grave, proud man on stilts. Those few who witness look on in silence as this stalwart stirs the dust and turns mais pourtant il décide de ne pas s’approcher le seductrice. No matter, patient with this noble figure she keeps her distance, shadow to his shadow she strides along the rocky sideline and whispers to him in a language we can’t understand although by now we know the words.