

B.A. WINGATE

*Tomorrow pretends not to understand how
today happened*

In the Jardin des Tuileries, boys
lean over the rim of the toy boat
pool. They elbow,
they vantage, they wish
for ownership of glass bottomed ships.
Their sisters promenade
beneath alabaster
lady statues and carry yellow
canaries in cages fashioned of popsicle sticks
and arable glue. In a moment
all will begin to think
of cannabis and springtime's
forking orchids. But for now their parents
fold newspaper boats and pretend
it will be hours before the paper
absorbs the water.