

JENNIFER S. EPSTEIN

Bouilloux-Bougival

The music drifts by
A polka, a waltz?
That does not matter to these dancers.
Neither do the earthy smells
Of flowers, leaves and the clean sweat of washed people.

Little Nana, the envy of the town
Dances
Delighted to be out
In this first revel of spring.
The Parisian, indigo-clad
His gaze obscured by a straw hat—
Holds her close.

Nana herself is not in white
But palest mauve trimmed with red
All the better to complement
Her ruddy hair and peach toned skin.

A flower has fallen from her bonnet
About to be trampled by four careless feet.
Or, perhaps not, since her eye is upon it
Though a blossom is nothing compared to her dreams.

The other revelers sit at tables
Drinking their wines, beers and ciders
Oblivious to the rape of a fancy
That will happen when the music stops.