

John Latta

PARISIAN MINIATURES

Ambulatory doubt, you
Step into radiance only because whose.

★

An occasion for thinking about the little executions of dusk, following
The summer's bigger.

★

You, trumpet of ennui in honey-
Yellow Hopper light aslant as an open door.

★

The kind of rumpled look all the post office clerks acknowledge,
With quick additions.

★

Preliminary to delineating,
Something major like a foot in a jackboot.

★

Writing under the imprimatur of the private culpability of.

★

Undeliverable, like that swastika
Appended to a postcard to Graham, unthinkingly.

★

Of the maestro, no word, so you look at a program about bird dogs
In Normandy, and such gear.

★

The Austrian boy translating a play by Sacher-Masoch keeps ordering stingers.

★

Transistor radio underneath a pillow and here comes the BBC—*bong, bong, bong*.

★

Every cahoots you get yourself into turns out to warrant
Some kind of impossibly wordy certificate.

★

Around the fountain's periphery carp roll like oranges,
Like warnings, like signs.

★

A girl in Codec is selling slices of blood oranges, lithe
Uninhabitable prize like a lighthouse.

★

Understudy to an actor who threw a voice like a grappling hook
Up six stories of nineteenth century wall.

★

Alarming the way a clock bequeaths the day with slippage, brash
As a gangster, on the lam.

★

Two episodes having to do with a sleeping bag
Lined with illustrations of duck hunters in red plaid caps.

★

So what if you walk all the streets “in a doozy of a wine-blunt alphabetic fog”?

★

You, cabinet of curiosities—Street of the Woman Without a Head,
Street of the Man Who Waves and Waves.

★

City of grit caught in the eyelid’s watery, too distant horizon.