

He'd hoped to find her the way she was at first. He'd hoped to find enough of that to build on. That was up to her though. Now it was all finished. She'd written it off today.

There was the flat roofline of the Musée de la Marine. He could see the top of the Eiffel Tower beyond it, between the trees. He thought, her bad luck in the end, anyway.

Judy Cluss

THIS TREE

Is not dead.
Artist hands
Stretch upwards.
Etch impressions
On the clean
Papered sky.