

Leaving Paris

Cobblestone streets wooing us
Admiring Monet's finest,
To quaint cafes
Sipping cafe` au lait.

Intimate laughter
And spontaneous love,
In unity our hearts
Danced streets of historical arts.

Before our eyes dusk shines
Of elegant passion.
The Arc de Triomphe, Paris' place,
Reveals her other face.

Capturing a breath of her beauty
We share with invitation.
Her loveliness or our love that sings?
No tender hesitation.

The rite of spring,
Only fed the flame of our love.
For without you my darling,
Paris would not be herself.

Mary Beth Anderson

