

Snow in Paris

tiny packages,
falling
an icy wind
bright white breath
sullen grey skies,
overloaded

Snow, in Paris?
(‘very rare’ I am assured)

but the birds still sing,
subdued
the people still walk in their quick way
traffic is unceasing
the city takes it in stride
too much style to deign
to notice,
to admit; the smile inside,
the child who delights in
Snow, in Paris