

PARIS IN THE WINTER

Jeremy Joyce

Paris in the winter. Spires rising up through the slate grey skies. Empty streets of cobble and
brimstone where recent travelers from far off lands plowed their daily pilgrimage to the Seine,
where fog now raises like smoke from a burnt out pyre.

Paris in the winter. A barge emerges out of the mist like a phantom then disappears under a
bridge, leaving engines echoing off the ancient arches like a belching beast, and is gone.

Paris in the winter. Lovers at a secluded table in a dimly lit bistro on “ la rue Montpellier” share
delicate intoxicating kisses ,breathlessly holding on to each other in a world of their own while
waiters linger nearby busying themselves while inertia creeps, awaiting their shift to end.

Paris in the winter. where mangy cats the size of dogs chase rats the size of cats who scurry tail
less out of the alley and across the cobbled street scattering into the murky depths of the ink
black river to find refuge upon the embankment . The sound of a distant bell tolls like a lyric
breaking the silence reminding of the promise of another day in the city of light.