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It Is Always Raining in Paris

Kevin Sheetz

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It is always raining in Paris
and men are so easily lost
in the wet and melancholy streets
women lifting their skirts
the Seine drifts along every corridor
slow and dirty
tall buildings unknown
leaves like reptiles
blinking slowly
to the girl lifting her white hand
to stifle a cough
to the men alone
turning the corner
and gone out of sight
Paris offers a love letter
stained by a muddy footprint
I remember Paris in this way
and it will never change
memories are all the same
especially if you look upon today
as having already past
it is always raining in Paris
and these lost men
have no destination
no conclusion can be drawn
from a man’s life
depthless emotion and
loftiest thought
spent energy
he is a vanished eternity
and the tears he weeps
are naught but rain.