Morning—Rue du Colisée

On Rue du Colisée—the new old guys adjust downwardly grizzling Fedoras, raked solemnly for some orthodox Easter, lips determined and, truly sons of Adam, retract behind wrinkled pull-down blinds and, boxed about in smokey yellow oak and breathing a stilled sacramental air, behind baroque-complex pre-war desks and expansively spread over withered pads, among papiers and within bordereaux weighted with grey bulbous telephones, linked to a long-established clientèle long since become fast and ancient friends, buck, stark, and translucently, naked—where I modestly sip my petite café noir, sans sucre, in a tiny brown cup, no saucer.

TRACY DANISON