

## 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