

## I am in Paris

in a hotel of mirrors  
I wake in the night to show my passion  
I toss my babies in the *poubelle* down the alleyway  
I shop for furs at *Le Printemps*  
I trade your groceries for *parfum*  
to give away to my new *amie*  
I phone my husband for money  
while you are on your knees  
tell him I am dying of love  
I'll be home soon

I write all this down  
in a café where I look for a new lover  
and quickly turn the page when he comes over  
to hand me my drink

Later I tell my therapist  
I say it is the fault of mirrors and of Paris  
I think he agrees  
when he tries to kiss me

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