

France, 1894  
*After Claude Debussy's "Prélude l'après-midi d'un faune"*

There's a set of mountains that take root in  
southern Corsica called the  
Aiguilles de Bavella: some seven peaks  
of black dotted gray that—  
like a faucon,  
pierces.

There's a creme a la creme color, white and smooth  
that blankets the sky— clouds of Olympus,  
o'erlapping,  
that the rock  
pierces—  
and there, faded  
mountain nymphs...

Chartreuse green,  
a forest that reminds me of La Seine and,  
Paris...  
Le Grand Boulevards: cold streets, sunken  
cobblestone, shards from a broken gas  
streetlight,  
a tomcat, un rôdeur de nuit  
who reaches upwards—  
snuffs the flicker.

La City of Lights:  
the Tower and Champ de Mars,  
neat and in every way poison,  
the Tower made of iron but felt like steel,  
like a new day was coming,  
artificial, orderly,  
Organized and  
without life—

Claude Debussy and a faune  
on an afternoon in Paris.  
La faune: the flautist,

blows into void,  
Into curated tree boxes and  
fashionable plants,  
cement around La Seine—  
Les river nymphs choked dry and  
la faune: the flautist,  
plays for la chartreuse, for a leaf that  
reminds him of the split of an  
acorn into young oak,  
The mist,  
The trees—  
their laugh,  
the sound of a lost flute in the forest,  
that ushers in the Gods and—  
pierces.