

A Proper Paris Poem
Kenneth Lundquist, Jr.

I'm in-Seine for Paris,
New York can't hold a fork to her.
Like a fine French perfume that never fades,
There's nothing like the experience of Paris in shades.
Whether in mink or in fur,
It's spring in Paris that I cherish.
From Arch to Tower,
Only Paris has the power to woo.
And I'd bet my flying buttresses,
That the Parisian women are the cutest.
If not Notre Dame than who,
Could possibly stand with such pride.
It's Paris that attracts me,
Only one thing separates us,
I need only a change in tide.
Soon we will be joined,
My heart, no longer purloined,
Can sing once again in glee.