

## Paris Windmills

Wand, wand, wand-----  
I know this big pinwheel,  
what whole sky it slices  
while the whole sky continues...

Whir, whir, whir-----  
a cathedral in this turn & then,  
in the next, a block of cool lozenges  
circling up from boulevards,  
their sherbet-hued roofs...

I can taste each as I pass  
here on a Holland Hill, struck,  
kaleidoscopic, as the most amazing  
clock.

Time shines in its passage  
as arcs & blades.  
Time whizzes helicopter style  
through a slowness funneling grace  
back to French braids & French kisses,  
the knot of just being where Chagall was once.

Listen, his donkeys bray from a wedding of fiddles  
past the ghettos, past the Holocaust, & I,  
not bride, any more than canvas is a veil,  
or paintbrush, religion, I yet let the wind mill me  
as if married to these hands, these images,  
this paradise spinning

reels