

Response to a Friend's Letter From France

Dan Goodrich

Get the Hell outta there
 Dave
 those Normandy
 Burgundy Romance speakin' bastards'll
 such you
 dry
 Paris is just one
 big cafe with no decent
 toilets and those whirlwinds
 of dirty pigeons in the
 cobblestone alleys are
 only waiting for you to
 spill your bottle of
 red and drop your
 jambon sandwich
 Those
 loose espresso drinkin'
 harlots don't want anything
 but your money and
 a loaf of bread
 "L'CHIGGINS NE AIME PAS" What
 are you doing in France
 Dave? Henry
 Miller's shoes are too big
 and lots of others
 have already written on
 Morrison's grave and I'm
 sure that
 Rimbaud and Artaud
 are too dead to give a damn

You're makin' a mistake
 Paris isn't the city of
 Love
 it's the city of
 Louvre