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