

On the Streets of
PARIS
A poetic tour of the city



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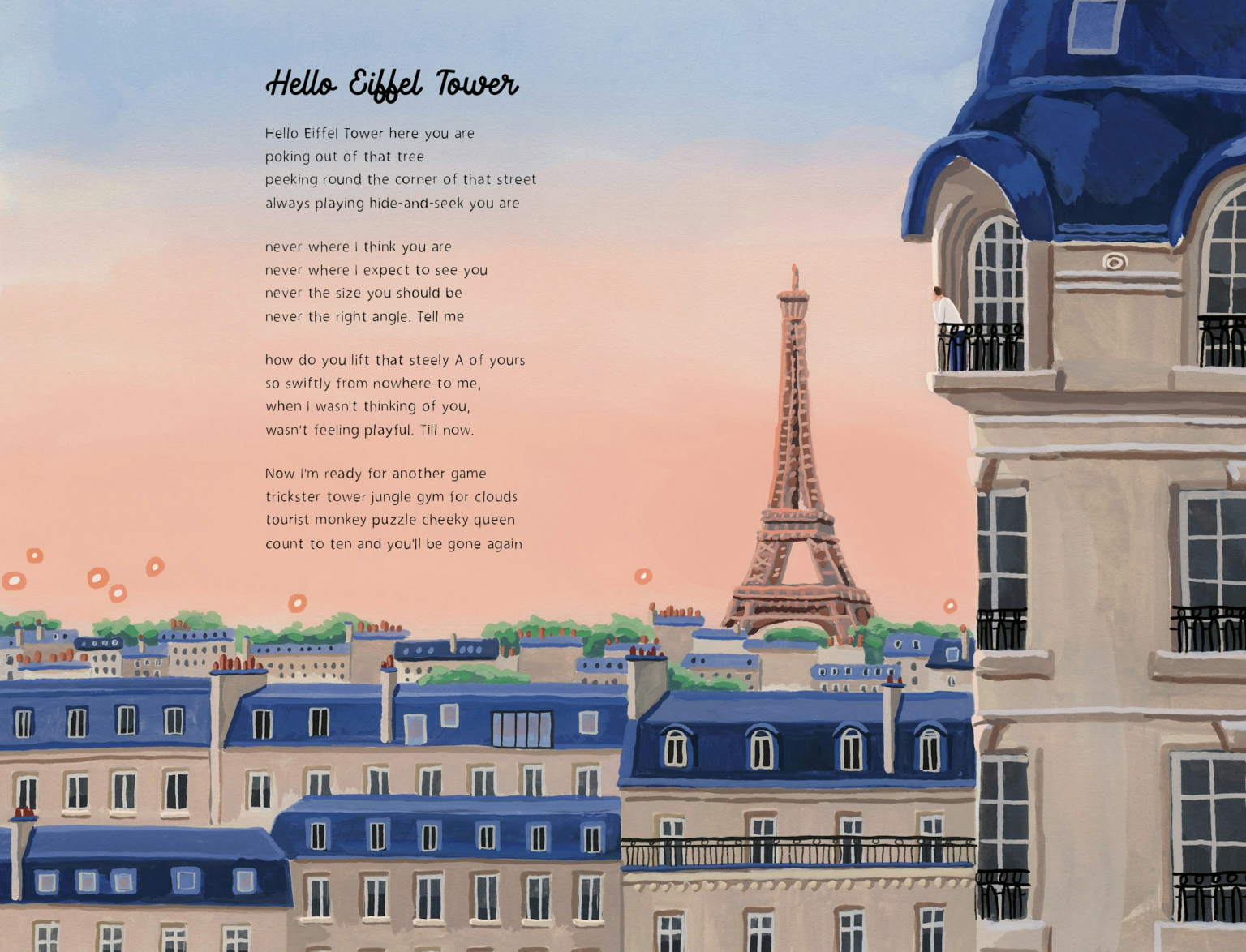
Hello Eiffel Tower

Hello Eiffel Tower here you are
poking out of that tree
peeking round the corner of that street
always playing hide-and-seek you are

never where I think you are
never where I expect to see you
never the size you should be
never the right angle. Tell me

how do you lift that steely A of yours
so swiftly from nowhere to me,
when I wasn't thinking of you,
wasn't feeling playful. Till now.

Now I'm ready for another game
trickster tower jungle gym for clouds
tourist monkey puzzle cheeky queen
count to ten and you'll be gone again





Baguette: The Rules

If you buy the baguette
the rule is you get
to eat just a bit
just the tip
on the way home.

The rule is the baguette
will never make it home
with its head still on.
It would be wrong
very wrong.

The rule is you walk
out of the bakery
and whatever sticks out
of the warm paper sleeve
is yours to eat.

so break it.
and eat it.
it's yours.
you've earned it.

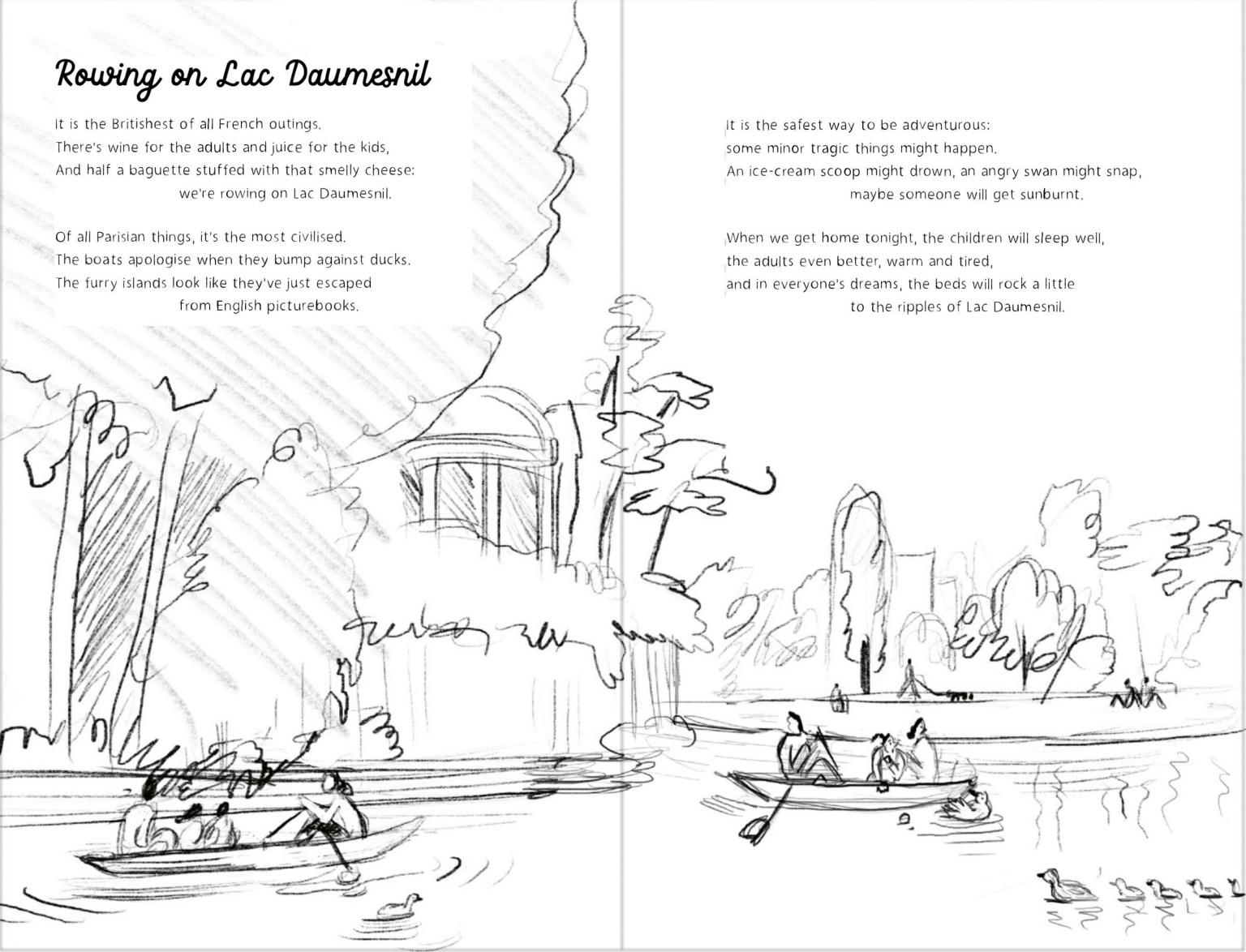
Rowing on Lac Daumesnil

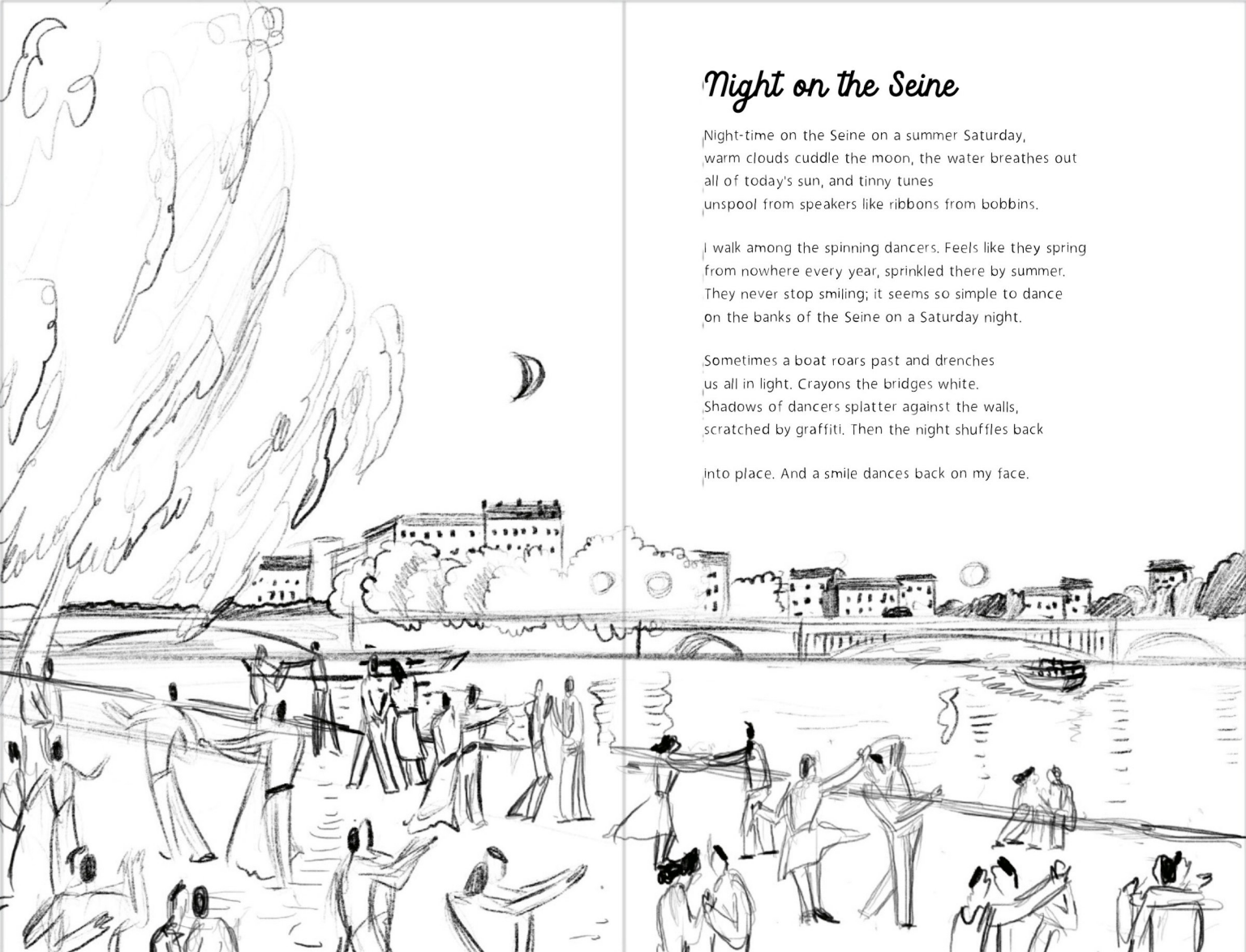
It is the Britishest of all French outings.
There's wine for the adults and juice for the kids,
And half a baguette stuffed with that smelly cheese:
we're rowing on Lac Daumesnil.

Of all Parisian things, it's the most civilised.
The boats apologise when they bump against ducks.
The furry islands look like they've just escaped
from English picturebooks.

It is the safest way to be adventurous:
some minor tragic things might happen.
An ice-cream scoop might drown, an angry swan might snap,
maybe someone will get sunburnt.

When we get home tonight, the children will sleep well,
the adults even better, warm and tired,
and in everyone's dreams, the beds will rock a little
to the ripples of Lac Daumesnil.





Night on the Seine

Night-time on the Seine on a summer Saturday,
warm clouds cuddle the moon, the water breathes out
all of today's sun, and tinny tunes
unspool from speakers like ribbons from bobbins.

I walk among the spinning dancers. Feels like they spring
from nowhere every year, sprinkled there by summer.
They never stop smiling; it seems so simple to dance
on the banks of the Seine on a Saturday night.

Sometimes a boat roars past and drenches
us all in light. Crayons the bridges white.
Shadows of dancers splatter against the walls,
scratched by graffiti. Then the night shuffles back
into place. And a smile dances back on my face.