



Volume 23 Article 26 Issue 1 Fall/Winter

11-15-2003

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Don Russ

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## Recommended Citation

Russ, Don (2003) "In the French Quarter," Westview: Vol. 23: Iss. 1, Article 26. Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/westview/vol23/iss1/26

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## In the French Quarter

by Don Russ

## for Brent and Angela

We were talking about the stench of the underworld—piss and ancient drains, spilled beer—when we passed a wall spilling yellow roses.

We'd just stepped down to cross the street and we came back. It was a rose we couldn't name: little yellow clusters clean against the sky.

That evening we had our drinks in the courtyard, and white-winged moths came out for the whiteness of the moon.