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Marvyn Petrucci

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Marvyn Petrucci

Paris, 1978

It wasn't post-war tragedy
in black-and-white,
but Paris was cheap.

Hidden wine came up
from the cellars. The bells
of St. Surplice rang the hour

of each day we had left—
one hundred of them.

We weren't *Jules & Jim*:
we could fly
at any time.

The life ahead of us caught
the one we lived,
steaming with warm bread,
green bottles of wine.