



in
PARIS

five poems by
kate dawson



“I sing the joy of wandering
and the pleasure of
the wanderer’s death.”

apollinaire // *the musician of saint-merry*

“Patience is also a form of action.”

rodin // *attributed by leonard william doob*

IN PARIS

// IF I KEEP PUSHING FORWARD

// JUNE

// JULY

// SULLEN LIGHT

// SISTER CHRISTIAN

IF I KEEP PUSHING FORWARD

eyes dull,
senses duller

face glowing

dark cat's eyes
and pasty legs

bleeding from the ankle

I will arrive on time.

Constantly conscious of my womb
and womanhood

and stale breath.

I forgot my toothbrush.

16 oz of coffee,
29 minutes later

sniffing and sneezing

jerky first train car

pulling you all behind me.

JUNE

I've been standing on top
of many ladders lately
and I must say
I quite like the view,

and the sense of balance it gives,
or the sense that I have balance

and know how to use it.

Perhaps you felt my face glowing
from the other side of the drywall,
or skinny window
with foggy diamonds down the middle,

Pale but for a lacey array of imperfections
and a shadow cast by a good hat.

I'll keep singing as long as I don't know.

JULY

In Paris,
I've heard,
the wine is cheaper than water,
in Paris.

In Paris,
I'll write
a poem every day,
have my own table and chair,
in Paris.

In Paris,
I can get
a tattoo of something
in black ink
in permanent profundity,
in Paris.

In Paris,
I'll be me
but just a little different
a little better than
the me I am here,
in Paris.

SULLEN LIGHT

Grey night fall

flat, dull, smooth,
and sweet

just barely

fresh

all lusty eyelids
and swollen tongues

appeals to me

even the rocks under foot,
distant words,

my body's own
irksome discomforts

remind me of something

SISTER CHRISTIAN

Sister Christian speaks in hushed blue tones
And sits upon makeshift thrones,
Wielding her woeful hues and songs
From the hollowed place between her bones

The stardust perched upon her eyelids
Makes heavy the shades of reality.

She weeps for those who do not know
And prays for those who do

A tiny boat to Africa
Sails her mind's stormy seas;
Attempting always to solve life's impossibilities.

Waves crashing against her soul,
They are the foes of reality.

ABOUT THE AUTHOR // **KATE DAWSON** is an amateur musician and professional crayonologist. She dreams of becoming the next Robert Osborne or of being appointed U.S. ambassador to France. Interested parties can find her on Instagram @katherinehelen or connect with her by email, kdawson@temple.edu.



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