

Richard Jones

Baudelaire

“Before I compose a piece,” said Erik Satie,
“I walk around it several times,
accompanied by myself.”

Hemingway said he would cross the bridge
to the *Île de la Cité* and walk along the quais
when he was trying to think something out.

Aragon notes
how men love to linger
on the threshold of their imagination.

Baudelaire says he would take long strolls,
and find himself everywhere
at home.

Rimbaud said that one must be
a seer who reads signs
of wonder.

Leonardo wrote in his notebooks:
“Pay attention to the street towards evening,
when the weather is bad,

to how much grace
and sweetness can be seen
in the faces of the men and women.”



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“The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
petals on a wet, black bough,”
Pound said.

During his surrealist period
Giacometti sculpted only those objects
inspired by the “interior model.”

The fox says to the little prince,
“What is essential
is invisible to the eye.”

Yesterday, at the Hotel de Ville, I saw
children skating on the ice rink
even though spring is almost here and it's warm

and the ice beneath the children
was melting into clear pools
and it looked like they were skating on water.

And then tonight,
walking home from the cafes of the Bastille,
on a florist's windowglass that framed an enormous red flower,

I saw painted in fluid white cursive a line by Romain Gary,
“*N'ayons pas peur d'être heureux,
c'est juste un bon moment à passer....*”

Don't be afraid to be happy.
Even this sweet moment is passing....

