

Lyn Lifshin

## “Montmartre”

Haven't you wanted, sometimes, to walk into some painting, start a new life? The quiet blues of Monet would soothe but I don't know how long I'd want to stay there. Today I'm in the mood for something more lively, say Lautrec's Demimonde. I want that glitter, heavy sequin nights. You take the yellow sunshine for tonight. I want the club scene that takes you out all night. Come on, wouldn't you, just for a night or two? Gaslights and absinthe, even the queasy night after dawn. Wouldn't you like to walk into Montmartre where everything you did or imagined doing was de rigueur, pre-Aids with the drinkers and artists and whores? Don't be so P.C., so righteous you'd tell me you haven't imagined this? Give me the Circus Fernando, streets where getting stoned was easy and dancing girls kick high. It's just the other side of the canvas, the thug life, a little lust. It was good enough for Van Gogh and Lautrec, Picasso. Can't you hear Satie on the piano? You won't be able to miss Toulouse, bulbous lips, drool. Could you turn down a night where glee and strangeness is wide open? Think of Bob Dylan leaving Hibbing. A little decadence can't hurt. I want the swirl of cloth under changing colored lights,

nothing square, nothing safe, want to  
can can thru Paris, parting animal  
nights, knees you can't wait  
to taste flashing

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