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## SIGHTSEEING

The vortex of Sacré-Coeur was empty.  
*You went in that crazy rainstorm?*

I entered through an ancient doorframe.  
*Ancient is inappropriate here, don't you think?*

No.  
*What did you do?*

Stole candles, the lit ones burning prayers to heaven.  
*And the host?*

I ate him before the crack of doom, washed  
him down with a little drop of liquid.

*From the chalice?*  
Of course.

*Then what?*  
I left. Bought a sky blue pashmina,  
the color of Our Lady's mantle.

*Where?*  
From a French-speaking African woman  
on the street across from the cathedral.

*Was it that rough stuff from India?*  
Yes. I didn't care. It was cold. I used it to wrap my throat  
against the damp mist.

*(continued)*

(George, Sightseeing, page 2)

*Find anything else?*  
Day-old coffee and a stale croissant  
from a brown woman in the next stall.

*Is that where you bumped into the golden man from Pakistan?*  
No.

*No?*  
Yes, no. I re-entered the vortex after that,  
wrote that piece, you know the one...

*... where you mistook seaweed for a cheap French cigarette  
and wished you were back in the bar in Puerto Rico having a rum?*  
Wished I was at the hotel restaurant with a table by the windows...

*... or in Cannes, maybe...*  
Remember how the Dom Perignon flowed, for us, the winners?

*But we were too young to absorb anything that was happening.*  
Now it feels like a dream.

*I think I'm dreaming right now.*  
That's all we're doing here anyway. Dreaming  
connecting/dis-connecting, communicating

*pulling apart, dividing  
or dying*

We made equal distribution of the property.  
*You know he signed off just to be rid of you, don't you?*

And now he wants everything back as if it were all his.  
*As if you had nothing to do with its accumulation.*

I think my DNA has shifted course. Even my hair has changed texture.  
*Maybe it's just the weather.*

(continued)

*(George, Sightseeing, page 3, stanza continued)*

What would you have done, if over a bowl of Fritos and bean dip,  
your sister spilled an intimate detail about your lover's penis?

*I don't know.*

I cleaned out my already clean closet, scrubbed the bathroom,  
the kitchen floor, dusted baseboards, lights fixtures,

did my hand laundry. I ironed pillowcases + the first six inches  
of the top border of my top sheet so it would feel smooth  
against my shoulders. I aired my duvet, washed its cover.

I went to the store bought a bucket of mini Reese's Cups  
then stopped at Video Hut on the way home, rented  
THE OTHER BOLYEN GIRL, PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, and WUTHERING HEIGHTS.

*Did you find an answer?*

No, but at least my house was clean.