





Cher there April,

Almost paradise, I would say  
although you left us here at the bouche-du-Rhône  
the mouth of this very divisive river  
whom we hadn't been able to escape since leaving  
the Mississippi,  
but here at least we've actually avoided her mouth  
as she barfs out into the sea  
that's a little bit further Ouest,  
the cardinal direction nous évitons qui a le mal de mer,  
and now we are just at the sea portion,  
unsure how to walk without you and without a river to follow  
except the part that hugs the coast  
because in that case, there's only one direction to go  
into the hug

April, once you helped me translate the word  
hug  
because it wasn't really about people hugging,  
it was about a plastic hugging metal  
thanks to an adhesive  
auto-collant  
We decided to only wear navy blue collants  
in 2014  
something about mixing black and navy blue  
to recall Catholic School that we did not  
even close to  
attend  
but they shouldn't be the only girls who are allowed to  
wear that color scheme







We think it's 14 stairs up each floor  
to get to the new house  
104 stairs up to the top of Saint Charles  
about 4 and a half hours to march down St. Charles Avenue  
in a group of 100 people  
many of them carrying heavy drums, wind instruments, props  
playing House of the Rising Sun  
I spray painted your name on my street  
APRIL

I rubbed red chalk on the socle of one of the statues at the gare  
to write to you this letter  
What I wish I could do is operate the empty glass fog light  
that seems like a planetary Moonlight  
to get you to find your way back to paradise

Yours,



March