



In the Luxembourg Gardens

The languid water of a fountain
rises to a steady height, collapses
upon itself, splashing

a stone bowl on a pedestal.
The elliptical pool ripples
in the afternoon's light air.

This is where people gather
to be alone or with others,
where children lend their

exuberance—festive—to
the otherwise tranquil scene.
We are in the midst of a plague,

but you wouldn't know it, just as
we don't know we won't exist
someday every day. Perhaps it is

because we never will die—but
that is at best a belief and more
likely a faith in benignity.

The plague gathers impetus and
victims, passing among us before
it, too, passes away. No death, no life.

— Paul Kane