

Lori Desrosiers

GOLD WAKE PRESS, 2009

Water Lust

Monet – Cap Marten Near Menton

Liar with a cap
that Marten

mentons, let us lie
s'il vous plaît, braids

plaited three strands
she cries don't go near

him not that liar don't
think he won't cap you

offer you Monet
bury you under a

painted field of
oil on canvas.

Flower Bells at Bedhead
(Monet – Flower beds at Betheuil)

somnolent blossoms
die every winter rebirth

in spring to fill our yard
and the neighbor's with

the ringing of leaf & petal
the smell of dirt & essence

each year smells
more pungent than the last

Monet- Meadow with Haystacks near Giverny

There is a small child
with hair as white as hay

hiding behind the haystack in
M. Monet's tres belle peinture

he is peeing in the hay
but you can't see him

or his zizi, or hear
his mother calling

him in to souper she is
très fâché avec lui

he is too clever at hiding
later he will get la ceinture.

Monet – Water Lilies

Monet on the bridge
the one you can't see

dans la peinture,
watching the lilies float

below his feet
someone would have

brought him
un carafe de vin

or perhaps un citron pressé
to stave the thirst unquenched

watching water day after day
le grand peintre a un soif

terrible et cruèle apporte-lui
encore de l'eau to quench his water lust.

Monet – The Cliff Walk, Pourville

After the umbrella flew
out of her hands

it was carried away
by le vent maritime

Alors, le Grand Peintre
painted it right back again

leaving her and her friend
up on that cliff

with hats on and
parapluie intact forever.