

# L'amour en Paris

I died

I died on the floor of my baking apartment  
During the stifling summer heat of August  
2003

In 13<sup>th</sup> Arrondissement

Alone

Didn't they remove  
my lifeless body?

Those overworked lads of the city?

Didn't I come to the hospital?

So overcrowded, understaffed and chaotic!

Didn't I wish to be taken care of?

As I slipped into those

Stored coffins in the

General Funeral Services Warehouses

in the Parisian suburb of

St.-Maur-des-Fosses

Being laid with others

in this large refrigerated hall -

Cold at last - How good it feels!

Just waiting on those cots

Before (I left)

I died in the thousands

Some say 'five'

Some 'ten'

In the city of Anonymous love

O Paris

My Paris

Love me Forever

Oh, but all had gone!

Gone to their beautiful summer homes

Their wonderful beaches

on their August vacations

At 80,

my wrinkles would  
no longer stretch

my wrinkled mired visage  
would no longer smile new ones - no new  
ones

would you miss it?

No longer would I move my exhausted lonely body  
around!

Come life

Come

Let me grace you with my

Anonymous heart

My love

Paris

Sat Bhattacharya