Paris Massacre

by Colette-Yasi Naraghi

I
Limbs of two hundred
Collapsed into the autumnal
Calm of the River Seine

Their conscious consented to
Bullets and batons

This city’s innocence,
As ashen as its sky,
Lies in the Eiffel’s lights.

II
Paris is fiction

On black and white celluloid at Sunday dusk
Under withering coral covers and clove gust

A phantom city resurrected

For every camera lens
In every inked verse
With every brush stroke

III
The city lights dim
The city crimes ascending to the sky

The souls of the city limbs
Under the River Seine,
The October’s clandestine myeloma

IV
The city fades to black
With every rising eyelid

Thailand

by Francesca Davidson

Francesca Davidson is a senior majoring in Creative Writing and minoring in CHID, who has traveled throughout central Europe and Thailand, and lived in Hawaii. She loves backpacking, laughing, and writing and has a knack for finding her way even in the chaos of Rome.