

# 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 through out 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.