LOUISE GLÜCK

# LETTER FROM PROVENCE

Beside the bridge’s photogen-
ic lapse into air you’ll
Find more interesting material.
In July the sun
Flatters your Popes’ delicate
City as always, turning granite
Gold. The slum’s at standstill then,
Choking with droppings. Still
Its children are not entirely hostile;
Proffer smiles
At intervals most charmingly. I gave
Them chocolate, softened in the heat,
Which they would not
Go near. We heard they live on love.