

A Day in Paris

On cobbled stones, the morning light will play,
the Seine recalls a dream that drifts away.

A smile escapes the café to the street,
in croissant air, the quiet pulses sweet.

The stairs to Sacré-Cœur draw up my soul,
my heartbeat finds a light and silent role.
At dusk, the view from Eiffel turns to gold,
the city melts in hush the twilight holds.

