The Cool and The Scared

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Paris in May is 75 and cool. Toursiits wait in line: a pool, of rustling feet. They gawk at each cool, disinterested Parisian they long to meet, holding begets, smoking cigarettes. The pool becomes anxious, restless To flood the cathedral floors.

A plane shoots by, high in the cool Parisian sky, unattuned to the plight of man, scratching at the doors with singular plan. The tsunami crashes, showing the policeman their passes into the damp, dark cathedral.

The cool city is left outside its walls. Crossing the threshold, an important man stalls. The ocean of sacred history, of quiet, engulfs Each Insignificant Water Drop.