

## Film Noir

At the Gare Centrale  
She fingers the blue  
Of her Canadian passport.

Wears the shoes she bought  
From the marché aux puces.

Crimson, strapped at her ankles  
They once belonged to a dancer  
With the Moulin Rouge.

At each city limit  
A border to be crossed.  
Every language a new currency.

At the hotel  
She befriends the night porter.  
Tells him secrets,  
Intimate stories of her life.

She is conscious of the weight  
Of inheritance.  
The heft of her mother's rubies  
Sewn into the hem  
Of her skirt.

Insured  
She knows there is always  
Someone willing to bargain for the past.

