

RISHMA DUNLOP

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
At 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.