

We'll Always Have Nice

In Paris we stood atop the world,
And looked down at the city streets.
 People living day to day,
 Right beneath our very feet.

I did not want to leave your side,
 You were so beautiful up there.
As you looked down from the tower,
The wind blowing through your hair.

 The next day in Versailles,
In those cramped and crowded halls.
 You could have passed as royalty,
 As we walked inside those walls.

The Louvre was where we were left alone,
 And we talked more than we should.
 But the way you smiled at me,
 Made me think that things were good.

 We went to the French Riviera,
 To Monaco then to Nice.
 We spent the day together,
 Mediterranean washed our feet.

 That night we laid together,
 Though that was not our intent.
External forces blurred our minds,
 But I imagine how it went.

When morning came you left the room,
 Almost without a word.
From that moment you made me feel,
 Like I was beneath your worth.

 After Nice was Pisa,
When you pushed yourself away.
 You left me all alone to walk,
 While you were gone all day.

 Next we went to Florence,

My favorite city in the world.
There you stayed beside me,
Which threw me for a whirl.

You kept sending me mixed signals,
But my heart doesn't read Morse code.
Or maybe you were as lost as me,
Two lovelorn losers a la mode.

It was there in Florence I tried,
To tell you exactly how I feel.
Describing everything I felt,
You claimed could not be real.

You told me there was no chance,
That every word was a lie.
That every man could only want,
A way to get inside.

But I could not explain in words,
The way some often do.
Instead I drank myself half to death,
All because of you.

In Assisi you were mad with me,
Because I got us lost.
But it got you talking to me once again,
So I'll accept the cost.

Lastly we ended up in Rome,
We mostly talked all day.
You seemed a bit more cheerful,
Animosity swept away.

That eve we went to the Trevi Fountain,
To wish for hopes and dreams.
We closed our eyes and flipped our coins,
But my wish was not for me.

Though I did not wish for you,
It was your happiness at least.
No matter what ill may befall me,
We will always have Nice.

—Camden Brooks