WINONA, SARTRE, AND DE GAULLE

It is probably a huge idea, she thinks,
biking home from the dentist’s office,
receiving images of the Paris that must be,
listening for the dog in the yard with forsythia
who sometimes barks frantically,
or the book reviewer would not have quoted it,
passing the house her mother hates,
where, if she lived there,
she would understand almost everything,
but she sees just why de Gaulle wrote to Sartre
that all justice belongs to the state,

thinking she can feel summer coming
and another person returning in her veins,
thinking how curious it would be
to wake up some morning French,

wondering, however, what Sartre could have done
to provoke the General’s hostile remark,
you will not be the one to teach me so,
thinking whatever, whatever,
their contest of egos exactly proved the idea,

asking when nature ends and nurture begins,
kicking off her pink sneakers in the garage,
thinking how her brain runs away with her.