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## "Annie, Annie Are You Okay?"

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*David Moolten*

## "Annie, Annie Are You Okay?"

I could have yelled *Sous le pont Mirabeau*  
starting CPR. I might have knelt by the Seine  
where she lay like an opera glove  
in lost-and-found,

*L'Inconnue*, the stranger, whose mild, ingenious face  
became an *objet d'art*,  
then a plastic doll, once factories got infatuated,  
I felt like a dummy kissing

while people watched. Just another  
fished-out suicide left in a window  
for passing crowds to browse,  
she taught Apollinaire to sigh, and Celan,

so lonely in Paris after the camps,  
hung her death mask on his wall. He made a man  
for years out of the German tongue  
then toppled from a bridge

into the same romantic slough,  
saying poems for him  
like breathing for anyone else,  
doing mouth-to-mouth with the air.