The Bièvre River
It was because of that river that we bought the
house in Antony. The Bièvre cut across the garden
in a straight line. With the soil from that river
we planted geraniums, masses of peonies,
and beds of asparagus. There were hawthorns,
pink and white, and purple tamarisk.
and trees of cherries. Pears and apples
grew on espaliers on the stone wall
There were boxwoods. And honeysuckle
that smelled so sweet in the rain.