

## Exhausted. An attempt at a place in Paris.

Saint Sulpice Exhaustion.

The square, there is no square. Rush hour traffic beyond count.  
Only one bar in the square. Busy. Lurked until I got a ringside seat.  
The trees are there, but hidden by a plastic-tented inward-facing  
caravanserai of an antique and junk market.

Pigeons.

Mangy dogs.

It is hot. My ankles are tight. I am exhausted. Thirsty.

Noisy. Polluted. Smoking exhausts. I am overweight. I am hungry.

You couldn't write it down quickly enough to exhaust this place.

I would like to wear clothes. Clothes wear me.

Aperol spritz with ice and orange, Perrier with ice and lemon.

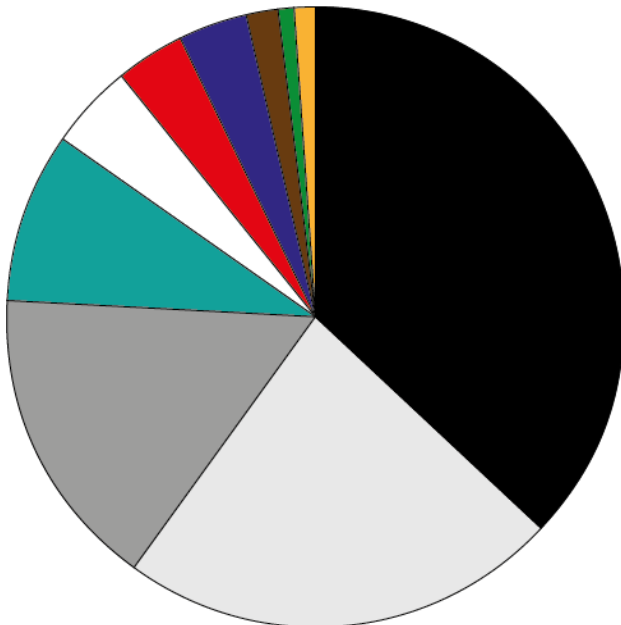
Drinks, and a fruit salad. No scurvy then.

I started to see the cars, and their colours

Most cars seemed black, grey or white.

I decided to count the colours.

From the point where I decided what I could count, to the last sips.



The cafe pavement was just behind a bus stop, each bus providing a little shade, though more heat, and a break from counting for sipping.

Actual counts were

Black 42

Silver 26

Grey 18

Turquoise 10 (eight buses)

White 5

Red 4

Blue 4

Brown 2

Green 1

Gold 1

Total 113

Mopeds, bikes and motorbikes like flying ants,  
too many to count at the same time as cars.

I realised when I was later waiting to cross the roads in Belleville  
that in fact it's more complicated and subtle.

There are silvery metallic blues, mauve, beiges

Bluey greys, greeny greys, dark blues, powder blues

I was sitting looking into the sun, and I counted what I saw.