

## **The Weakerthans**

# **"Our Retired Explorer (Dines With Michel Folcault In Paris, 1961)"**

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Just one more drink and then I should be on my way home. I'm not entirely sure what you're talking about. I've had a really nice time, but my dogs need to be fed. I must say that in the right light you look like Shackleton. Comment allez-vous ce soir? Je suis comme ci comme ça. Yes, a penguin taught me French back in Antarctica. I could show you the way shadows colonize snow. Ice breaking up on the bay off the Lassiter coast. Light failing over the pole as every longitude leads up to your frost bitten feet. Oh, you're very sweet, thank you for the flowers and the book by Derrida, but I must be getting back to dear Antarctica. Say, do you have a ship and a dozen able men that maybe you could lend me?

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