

JESSICA ROSA [COCO CHANEL IN PARIS: 1940]
SECOND PLACE, WALLACE STEVENS POETRY CONTEST

A Ritz Hotel in Paris hides her,
As bombs explode miles from her window;
The vibrations leave ripples in her tea.

The heavy drapes drawn tight
Block the dull daylight and army eyes
Brimmed with suspicion and paranoia.

Sketches strewn across the floor of Chiffon —
Skirts, stitch patterns, and clips, one hand fingering
Thread as the other draws in a worn leather journal.

Her soldier returns in the evening and she shields her vision
From his war full of swastikas to take in his unwavering gaze
Until the tapestries of their hotel room glow with the morning light.