TOPAZ, GOMEZ ET CIE.

The insouciance of the crowd made her tremble.

In faceted glasses champagne sparkled and flowed.

Garnets flashed in the dark, and fandangos

of light played with velvet gloves.

They were introduced, applauded.

 Topaz, Gomez et Cie.

She sang, she danced, he played.

The grin on his face was affixed with cement,

yet broken here and there in sweat and pimples.

The spotlight caught him, but it

could not arrest the trembling strings.

 Topaz, Gomez et Cie.

Turbot and crayfish, tortes piled on high.

Swirling voices, a song and then castanets,

breaking through the waterfall of polite conversation

Clicks on a parquet floor, chairs scraping

The crowd gathers, unwillingly.

 Topaz, Gomez et Cie.

The dancer sang of abandoned love,

of tents sprawled in the hot sun.

Her many-colored skirts rose in waves,

her back arched, in line with the stars.

Lost love, dangerous love, vendetta, and death.

 Topaz, Gomez et Cie.

Few heard her. No one saw him.

The elegant guests were there to coo

and admire the opulent spread,

To toast the bored bride,

to ask who was not yet dead.

The entertainment was bought

through an agency.

"Ah yes, they will be different.

They will provide fun, ambience,

a touch of the south.

Let us take them,

they're better than a dance band,

and a string quartet doesn't quite

fit the occasion.

How much? Oh, that's fine.

Laura will set a place for them in the kitchen."