



Volume 11
Issue 3
2017

Because I Did Not See

Deirdre Hennings

*On s'est connus au café des trois colombes
au rendez-vous des amours sans abri...*

*We met at the Café of the Three Doves
the rendezvous of lovers without refuge...*

Joe Dassin's lyrical melody washes over me
recalling our joyous summer in Montreal,
compelling my limbs to
lift and linger in the evening air
timeless again
dancing for him as I used to
warm and sweet, sensual and smiling.
We kiss tenderly
before I paddle off to make toast.

But before I sense anything
he barks that it's burning.

I pop up the bread—
untoasted, I see nothing amiss—but it's too late.

His over-chemo'd body slumps
as he holds his stomach,
pain clouding his face.
“Why do you always do this?” he cries.
But I did nothing
except fail to notice an errant
drip of soup waiting on the toaster top to burn.

Now he is nauseous again and the evening is ruined
because I did not anticipate
because I did not see.

Deirdre Hennings is a
poet in Los Angeles
whose husband's
health has improved
since his bone marrow
transplant. Email:
deirdrehennings
@gmail.com