

meeting heather

I was
waiting for Heather.

she would be
arriving soon
as our
appointment
had been made
some weeks before
and she was
usually prompt

Heather
had not been well
you could
see it on her
in drawn expressions
and an empty
and tired account

“Hello, Ronald”
she will say
as she leans forward
with her brief
and contained greeting
“What have you been up to?”
she will ask
and then
cut me off quickly
explaining
her way over
and how difficult

it has been

What has been difficult

I wondered
was it the weather
and the rain?

“Oh, just everything
all of life

I guess”
she might say
and sip her tea
and look away

Two ravens came
and landed nearby
and began

stalking the parking lot
in ever widening concentric circles
Perhaps an omen

Heather might have said

“Let’s meet by the pond” she had said

“In the park
we will be near the museum
should we
want to go there”

but

it had been raining
on and off
and turned cold

I saw

a young girl

of about six or seven
push her sailboat
into the water
and then stand and watch
as though struck by a memory

“Yes
lets do that”
I had said
“We might see the Matisse
‘The Woman with the Hat’
we love so much
but there was no answer
I remember
she had changed the subject abruptly
and went on
to something else