

THE PRINCESS



the wind disturbed
the branches
of the tree
and he studied
their movements
only to avoid
her
intense gaze
he had nothing to say
thinking back
she was someone
he could not
remember
very well

they came and went
 these women
 few were friends

He had
 written this letter
to her
because
of what he was reading then
in Proust
about a letter
he writes
over and over
 but never sends
It was
beginning to rain.

“What’s so
interesting out there”
she wanted to know?

“just the weather”
 he said
“it looks like
 it might storm”

She had
 long auburn hair
 and large dark eyes
and a
 regal bearing
 as though
she might have
 once been a princess
and he

made such a comment
but
paid no attention
to her response
the way
the wind
was suddenly gusting
and how
the rain
spattered against the glass

he could see
the doorman
down there
on the
opposite side
blowing his whistle
and holding
onto his hat

a woman
walking her dog
stopped
to talk to him
“when is
the past the present
and the present the future”
she asked

and he thought
for a moment
it was the women
down below
who had spoken
but it was
the princess

and
he looked into her
dark eyes
and tried to remember

there were
sunflowers
in an urn
that stood by the door
and he put
his attention there
and tried to concentrate

“How
are you
getting along
with your mother” he asked?
“Alright,” she said
“And your job? How is that going?”

the urn
was ornamentally colored
with the sunflowers
reaching
almost to the ceiling
and stood beside
a small
black lacquered table
that held his mail

what had he
put in the letter
that he had written
and had
prompted her return?

“we’re almost
out of time....”

he said

“Do you remember
the letter I wrote?”
and he could see right away
her panic
and confusion

“never mind

we’ll

take it up next time”

he said