

## 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