

How Many Remain

by A. Pseudonym

On one of the days
when green things are so full of light
they seem suns and stars for themselves
a man and a woman come into my park
and sit

They are old. She keeps a cane.

The woman walks briefly
following the cement path
in front of my picnic table
she covers three yards and turns back
to where her lover waits for her

This woman sits down
with her cane between her knees
resting her hands on its hilt
and they are quiet, I think
(their backs are to my face now)

Once in a while
she or he points out
something in the woods
and they look at it
together

Now they get up to leave
he gives her the crook of his arm
and I wonder
how long she or he
has to live
and how many lighted days

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