

On Learning a Lover Died a Suicide

by Con Chapman

I got the news that you had died as I was
eating American chop suey, watching the Celtics.
This was, I recalled, an issue for you, that I knew
when every game would be on TV, but hadn't



enough time for you. Also that I was such a
peasant that I would rather eat such stuff than
take you to *Le Bocage*. We had our times, but
you were not made for my world, nor I for yours.

The caller said you'd checked yourself out of
the dementia ward; they thought you were taking
a bus into Middletown. Instead, you left a note
behind that you intended to do yourself harm,

a stilted phrase, formal, just the sort of thing you'd say
when you were in an uprising against the world.
Apparently no one found it until several days later,
touching off a search of the deep river, where



they found you. I found you on-line in motley, a tie-dyed
t-shirt, staring into the camera, one nostril smaller than
the other, that being the side you slept on, next to me,
as we listened to Enescu that night, our bodies humming
for once in tune with each other.

