

The Short Life Of Shapes On Sun-Kissed Eyelids

by Trevor Abes

She sees Connick Jr. now has a microphone. He is singing "All of Me" as if he meant her to take all of him. The other two players are sitting cross-legged, stage left, and their instruments are playing themselves. Harry drops to the floor and maintains a spontaneously splayed position, as does his microphone. The song continues.

"It was a perfect lip-sync," Harry bellows from the floor. "Those ain't in my nature, dahlin', but I did one for you."

She remembers that she is in hospital, dying, and prone to dementia. Her name is Mabel Woodhouse, 89, born in the month of May.

She forgets.

She thinks someone is listening.

She would like you, whoever you are, to know that she has learned diddlysquat during her 89 years on Earth. Why? Because moments of clarity like these are all she has to look forward to anymore, and they only come every few weeks. She may have seen too many retirement-home commercials, but she thinks she deserves better. At least basic motor skills.

She does not believe that you are God or any other high holy being, although your lack of kindness is not here supposed. She's simply trying to say that she remembers that she was talking to someone, but since she can't exactly see you, she's going to stop talking now.

Her room is off-white and smells like it's caked in ammonia. It is Christmas.

She turns on the TV and sees Harry Connick Jr. singing "Danny Boy" in a bright red turtleneck. She smiles and sighs at the serendipity.

