

Dressed to Go Out

He offered his hand
I took it
shook it

he pretended to grimace
I smiled

he asked me
if I had seen Sammy
I told him
that I had not

when he was nineteen
he drove around the coast
circumnavigating Ireland
on a motorbike
it took a week
it rained
every day

Helen was in the bathroom
dressed to go out
she called to him
in the bedroom
to hurry up
a minute later
he found her on the floor

as if she had always
been dead

this is what he told me
the man
in the bed
in the ward
with my father