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Opportunity

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END OF A DAY

wine and relaxed while drinking.

Quite early the next morning, a maid arrived to clean Monsieur Dupee's room. She tried the door; he usually left it unlocked for her, but it would not move. Perhaps he was yet asleep. She knocked, but still no answer. Angrily, she went down the stairs to find the owner of the building and his keys.

The owner was an old man and objected to any extra work. He laboriously climbed the stairs and unlocked the door. Inside, Monsieur Dupee sat in his chair, an empty wine glass in one hand; his unblinking eyes were fixed on the now opened door, but he looked not at the landlord, rather through him. A wind blew in from the street. It ruffled the landlord's hair, passed around him and filled the room. Then Monsieur Dupee's jaw dropped, as though he were ready for speech, but instead it looked more like a smile of derision. The landlord left the room to call an undertaker.

OPPORTUNITY

I am passing swiftly by,
On the deathless wings of fate;
Catch me mortal, catch me now,
Before it is too late.

I am passing swiftly by,
I will help to make you great.
Use me mortal, make me yours,
And glory's in your wake.

I am passing swiftly by,
I, the thing for which you wait.
Catch me mortal, hold me fast,
Or else I will escape.

Barbara Fiedorek