Winter 1957

Pour Attendre

Diane Peacock
Western Michigan University

Follow this and additional works at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope
Part of the Creative Writing Commons

Recommended Citation
Peacock, Diane (1957) "Pour Attendre," Calliope: Vol. 4 : Iss. 1 , Article 23.
Available at: http://scholarworks.wmich.edu/calliope/vol4/iss1/23
"My name's Mabel, what's yours?"

"Harry."

Harry caught the waiter's eye and held up two fingers.

"Where do you get all your money, Harry?"

"Why?"

"I mean it costs money to drink like you do."

"I've got a rich uncle."

"Oh that's nice what's his name?"

"Sam."

"Gee, I've got an uncle named Sam, he's a contractor, you know builds houses. Ha ha."

"Mine's in government."

Harry finished his drink and ordered two more.

"Did you ever do anything before—"

"Before I started living off my uncle."

"I didn't mean to—"

"Yeah I used to be a writer before the war."

"What happened after the war?"

"I started drinking."

"Why?"

"I don't know," he said, "There's just nothing else."

"Don't you do anything, now?"

"I try damn hard to forget and you're not helping any." He had said it hard with an ugly twist to his face and it scared her.

"I'm sorry, Harry I . . . guess I . . . better go now."

It had stopped snowing when he stepped on to the street and everything was covered under a blanket of snow. He walked under the street lamp leaving a crooked trail of footsteps and disappeared into the great nothingness called night. It started snowing again.

Pour Attendre . . .

Sous la neige la douce fleur,
Sans danger ru froid de l'hiver,
Se blottit, comme fait mon coeur,
Contre la terre.

Avec allegresse, j'ai concu
Mon attente, finie toujours,
Cor printemps, pour moi, est venu
Avec Amour

... Diane Peacock