a grown up party

Seth Cable

The people are finally arriving. We can see from down cellar, through the window behind the flowerbed by the front door. By the count of their shoes, we know they’re all here.

I cannot wait to meet them, and greet them, and tell them my name. I already know all of theirs, of course. Martha has been singing them all week, in a soft cycle to himself.

I wonder which one is Dr. Michael? Everyone has been speaking of Dr. Michael all month. He’s the one who found the cure, bless his heart.

I know from the cane which is Reverend Michael. His face has been in all those magazines we mustn’t touch, mustn’t ever touch. He’s the one who found the box, damn his heart.

Mistress Michael wears the habit, in protest and open mockery of the traditions we hold dear. We’ll each get a chance to speak with her at the end.

And there are so very many others. Their names we cannot guess without knowing their hidden upper halves, the halves that contain their eyes, and their ears, and their mouths. Those mouths, working ceaselessly.

Once they are assembled, and the chord is struck, we will arise and take our place. If the mood is conducive, I might even sing the song I had written for Martha so long ago.

There’s a thing in the brook; I don’t think that it can look  
There’s a thing in the stream; I don’t think that it can dream  
There’s a thing in the creek; I don’t think that it can speak  
There’s a thing in the river; I don’t think that it can shiver  
There’s a thing in the pond; I don’t think that it is fond of you!

I really do look forward to this evening. My eyes are spinning.

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