

August 22, 2017

## Joining Jean, Julian, and Jocelyn

In the Chocolate Mint,  
at Igan's bequest,  
we join the circle,  
me with my hot chocolate,  
Sam with his Turkish coffee,  
and we are welcomed,  
enfolded into the heart of the group—  
not friends, exactly, yet,  
But not strangers.  
Possibilities, perhapses, maybes.

Little histories, local tales,  
seductive hints at other lives,  
lived rich and deep, still shaping  
a casual afternoon conversation.

Jean, the Queen of Burnham,  
packer of the new parish priest's  
welcome basket, hugs me,  
glowing like the golden flowers  
on her crinkly crepe skirt, and I bask  
in her acceptance.

Julian, softly speaks of banking,  
emigrating, working at The Hague—  
Let's slip Jean's wartime military service,  
drawing detailed blueprints  
in her precise perfect script.

Jocelyn asks of poetry and tells me  
of Dutch city poets who compose  
elegiac poems for the lonely dead,  
those who die unattended,  
unmourned by leftover family and friends.

I imagine myself walking  
through an emptied room,  
touching trinkets,  
staring into stranger eyes,  
trapped in faded photographs.  
Please, please, please,  
Let me do this.  
Let no one leave the world unremarked.

by Sandra Effinger

### "The Dutch City Poets Who Memorialize the Lonely Dead"

<http://blog.pshares.org/index.php/the-dutch-city-poets-who-memorialize-the-lonely-dead/>

