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## MARY

i was making iced tea  
and raving on (as usual)  
about my summer

you were making cut-outs from a discarded  
simpson's catalogue  
to put into a letter box  
(tuesday kindergarten begins)  
and the flimsy newsprint  
mannikinned ladies  
were lying there  
exposed

that much i know

the question is  
did i see you  
before the tears

and the answer is  
that i did not

for as much as i think i know of Death  
i cannot feel that steel  
edge at the depth of you  
and when i see it cut  
into the flesh behind your eyes  
i cannot hold you close enough

(so the question becomes)  
having put you into my letter box  
can you forgive me

Jan Mcmillin  
Toronto

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