

In the Back Lot at Hillview Manor

Mary Ann Losee

On any given Thursday,
Papa adjusts the strap
And plucks out a phrase or two

Of the Tennessee Waltz. The woman in blue—
Flowered flannel gestures for absolute
Silence. Lifting her cane from the tarmac,

She offers a quavering *A*. And then they swing
Into *Calloon* and the maid on the porch sweeps faster.
We'll do anything you remember. The slippers keep

Excellent time. Mrs. McGeary turns her good ear,
Leans into the arms of her walker. The red shawl
Slips from her shoulders. She asks for another waltz.

And it's goodnight, goodnight Irene,
Past the moon and the smell of dinner.
He'll play till the nurses come calling,

Their voices a little sharp.

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