They are standing close to each other in the dark, near to where the pink roses are, and dusk is beginning to settle over their relationship. Someone, perhaps it was the gardener, had gone over the grass with a scythe and the scent of fresh cut grass hangs in the air, the grass slowly going yellow. She is wildly wiping the tears from her eyes, holding, in one hand, something gone limp. Of course what she is holding is some part of herself—some part of how she sees herself. His hands are in his pockets, he paces back and forth, moving between her and the other woman waiting, breathless, on the verandah. The more she reaches for him, the more self-assured he becomes. I want to reach over and whisper to this woman: Let him go! Let him go! You cannot force a body to stay. I want to tell this woman, and the woman in the hazy distance, both women that I have been, that in the meantime life goes on. In the meantime the clean blue air forces itself under the door at dusk and crawls up and over the window at dawn. Birds are, again, heading South, and the apple tree, in the orchard, has showered white blossoms, which will harden and darken into fruit. Was it only last night that I watched, amazed as my two black cats, began, again, to sniff each other? I want to tell this woman, now alone, head bent, that the heart that is broken can be mended; When it heals, it yields its own special power.