

Happened Happens

by [Allan Lake](#) (August 2024)



The Dance, (André Derain, 1906)

People must wonder why I dance
by myself when I hear "Easy Lover"
by the once-famous 2 Phils.
Doesn't matter where I happen to be;
I pull out my best moves and
go nuts till song's end because
it's got a hold on me. Believe it!

Last Century: Bus Depot Cafe

Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada:
I await the arrival of my mother
who is coming to visit her son
and grandkids. Bus on time
and she walks toward me carrying
her tired powder-blue suitcase.
At that moment, the juke box
starts pumping out *Easy Lover*
and naturally I start dancing toward
my Mom who instantly drops her
case and dances for all she's worth
toward me. And we dance till that
dancy song ends then pick up her
case and depart the stage amid
applause. Mum's dead most days
but still dances back to life
when that song plays.

[Table of Contents](#)

Allan Lake is a migrant poet from Allover, Canada who now lives in Allover, Australia. Coincidence. He has published poems in 20 countries. His latest chapbook of poems, *My Photos of Sicily*, was published by Ginninderra Press. It contains no photos, only poems.

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