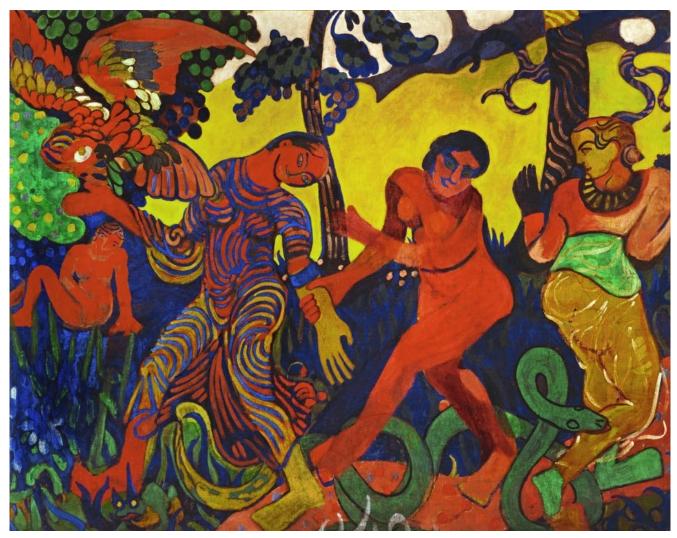
Happened Happens

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.

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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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