



Eileen Hennessy

Memorial Day

Throngs of blowfish-shaped women. Tufts of chest hair on round-bellied men who park their trucks around the main square where children play ball and a big-pawed ginger cat attends to tittering birds. Blooms of sunshine tumble through the treetops. The sunlight has been here for years. Under the close-fitting sky, thoughts flit among the houses. Fat mice jump from step to step down front stoops. The cat goes into a crouch and creep, springs. Crunch of bird-bones fine as feather shafts. The children not heard, not seen.

Eileen Hennessy, a resident for several years of Austria and France and currently of New York, began her professional writing career as a translator of books, principally in the history of art. Her work has appeared in such publications as *The Paris Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Confrontation*, *Rhino*, and *The New York Quarterly*.