

Searching for Samuel Beckett

by Kathy Fish

At the Cimitiere Montparnasse he offers the girl his raincoat. I'm searching for Samuel Beckett, he says, and holds an umbrella over her as she consults her map. We're close, she says, pointing. I'll go with you. Then we can visit Simone de Beauvoir. My name is Scarlet. She closes her eyes. And I have been widowed twice. He thinks she looks too young for that. After, he says, we can grab a pint. The sleeves of his coat hang black and wet, to her knees. She smells like candy cigarettes. They stand in front of Beckett's grave. A three-legged cat shivers raindrops off its back. Scarlet flaps her wings and flies away.

