

1998

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Recommended Citation

Natt, Rochelle. "A Day of Happenstance." *The Iowa Review* 28.1 (1998): 193-194. Web.
Available at: <https://doi.org/10.17077/0021-065X.4979>

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Rochelle Natt

A DAY OF HAPPENSTANCE

I wear a hooded raincoat
and tote a dark parasol
on my way to Tribeca.
A homeless man
taps me on the shoulder.
“It ain’t raining,” he says.

On Franklin Street, I run into Jill.
She says, “When I saw you in that get-up,
I was going to run the other way.”
She tells me Madonna bought her daughter’s
novel for a movie and takes People Mag
from her backpack to show me a photo
of Jennifer, a clone of herself, a madonna.
“Brava!”

Uptown I find Wendy sitting on the steps
of the 42nd St. library. “Hah, I can’t believe it,”
she says, kissing me.
I ruffle her gray curls. “Every time
we try to meet,” I say, “something comes up.”
Just this morning, I thought,
for Halloween, I’d UPS her
the plaster cast of my teeth.
Her deceased father was a dentist.

The man she’s waiting for shows up.
He’s tall, long haired, long-chinned, wears a ten gallon hat.
“This is Mike from the Columbia radio station.
He’s going to interview me on magic realism,
my specialty.”

Near the Bryant Grill, a model being photographed
brings to mind my willowy daughter,
Heather, spell-caster,
billowing autumn-colored curls, Dresden skin,
Czarina neck, a hint of a Mongol invader
in the upturned corners of her eyes.

And there she is, suddenly, in person,
strutting towards me with her runway walk.
“I just landed a bit part in a movie,” she tells me.
We celebrate with tea and chocolate brownies
smothered in low fat whipped cream.
The waiter brings me the check.
“Are you an actress?” he asks her.