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Blasé

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The woman sits cross-legged on the bed and blathers on about her suicide attempt.

The doctor lifts a hand to his face to conceal a yawn. His mind wanders.

To what day of the week his birthday would fall on. When he last ate falafel.

Whether you can compost cheese.

How glue works.

Was his elementary school gym teacher still alive? What his wife's first lover looked like naked.

Do people stutter in sign language? He'd never read much haiku.

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"It was like they didn't care I existed," she says.

"We all have our concerns," he replies, rising to take his leave of her.

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