## **Cultural Daily**

Independent Voices, New Perspectives

## Henry Denander: "Nursing" & "My Funny Valentine"

Henry Denander · Thursday, March 29th, 2012

For over 25 years Henry Denander has worked on the business side of the entertainment industry. He is also the editor of Kamini Press. His poetry and artwork can be viewed on his website. You may find "Nursing" and "My Funny Valentine" in his latest book of poetry, *Accidental Navigator*, Lummox Press, 2011.

\*\*\*\*

## **Nursing**

When I came back from the hospital I wanted to tell my son about what they had done to me; I'd suffered from a really painful kidney stone and I had rushed to the hospital to get it removed. I told him there'd been one doctor and two nurses present and I was about to tell how they had performed a cystoscopy; by inserting a long instrument through my very private parts they had removed the stone from my bladder. I told my 10-year old son the nurses had started by cleaning my "weenie". William interrupted me: - Did there really have to be two nurses to do that? he said It was a good question.

## **My Funny Valentine**

The first flat of my own in Stockholm was really small but in a nice area on one of the islands south of the old town.

My girlfriend often stayed with me, since her own flat was way out in the suburbs.

The two of us never rang the

doorbell but used

the squeaking mail slot in the door;

when it was opened slowly it made a sound that

could be heard in the flat

and made you rush to the door.

You knew who was there.

Years later, we have been

married for some time,

having dinner in our new flat

listening to a recording of

Miles Davis

playing at Philharmonic Hall in New York

in 1964.

My Funny Valentine

Suddenly, half way into the song,

we both look up and listen,

Miles Davis is improvising and

playing a

long

single

note

the exact

tone

of that

squeaking mail slot

We smile

and feel proud

to share

this small secret

with Miles.

This entry was posted on Thursday, March 29th, 2012 at 1:00 pm and is filed under Poetry You can follow any responses to this entry through the Comments (RSS) feed. You can leave a response, or trackback from your own site.