

Communing

They came to Toronto to commune with the dead, or so I heard through the thin wall between us when for three mornings, they shuffled downstairs early to eat breakfast outside our room. They talked and laughed at the man's deep bass recalling his adventures in Italy, in Fiji, with a healer out west—were silent when he said he hears their voices often (the dead). I tried to sleep, but couldn't drown out his voice calling French toast the lost bread. They laughed, so he repeated—the lost bread. I never saw their faces. I slept and woke to their voices, a child under the table at a dinner party, staring at feet and making up stories about people's lives from their shoes, the size of their calves—we walked Toronto all day every day, ate Persian food, visited parks and restaurants, but I just kept wondering why the living aren't enough, what the dead have to tell.