



Kat de Jong

To my lover of the seven days

It was never Mondays that I despised. On Mondays, your skin would still remember the touch of my caress and the smell of my perfume, the one that you always liked, would be lingering on the tip of your nose. Mondays were our early Autumn, when our love remained warm from the Summer of the weekend, and free from the bitter cold Winter that was the week to come. No, I could never despise Mondays because on the Day of the Moon, your heart still knew you were in love with me.

It was on Tuesdays though, when the weekend seemed so very far away, that you would start to forget. As the week grew colder, so too would your memories of my pretty breasts and sweet face; of the love that you and I had shared. By Wednesdays, you had forgotten me completely. 'Claudine', your emotionless voice would tell me over the telephone, 'Claudine, I don't love you anymore and I want to be free'. How I despised Wednesday more than any of the other six days..and how I hated you on that damned day!

On Thursdays, as my heart was shattered from your recent *coup d'état*, yours was filled with happiness, emboldened by the idea of finding a new love on the following day to replace me, the lover whose love you could no longer remember. So on Fridays, in the evenings, you would haunt the bars and the

night clubs, eyes wide with anticipation as you searched among the crowds of women, looking for your next conquest. You were always defeated by the evening's end though, coming to the realisation that there was nobody but me whom you could love or could love you back.

And so, on Saturdays, you would return to me in the morning, rapping so hard on my wooden door that your hands would bruise in the few minutes it took me to answer it, although I must confess that sometimes I took longer than necessary, just to savour the sound of your knock! 'Claudine', you would tell me, as you swept me up in your arms, 'Claudine! *Mon coeur!* Please forgive me'. You would bring me flowers, sometimes lilies dressed up in pretty florist paper, or roses sourced from the local markets. Sometimes it would be gardenias, jasmines and forget-me-nots, cunningly plucked from the neighbours' gardens on the way to my doorstep, as though you were so impatient to win me back, and so terrified that I'd all ready be gone, that you didn't dare take the time to shop. It was always these flowers that I liked the best my love, *mon petit chou*.

It was on the Sundays that we would spend our love. We ate *pain au chocolat* and drank *café au lait* at the bohemian city cafés, with crumbling walls and paper napkins, served by waiters and waitresses who worked only to supplement their meagre earnings as starving artists, buskers, poets and street corner philosophers. We would have little picnics in the park among the geese, ducks and swans eating hard cheese and crusty bread whilst we lay on a soft rug in the sunshine, pretending we were the only two people in the world. In the morning we would always make love for hours, as you gave me one *petite mort* after another, and in the evening we would drink red wine and I would listen to you philosophise about whether 'love is quantitative or qualitative' before proclaiming how much you loved me. I would always pretend that I hadn't heard it all before, and that I wouldn't hear it all again next Sunday, after you left me again on the Wednesday.

As the weeks turned into years, I learned to no longer hate Wednesdays as I knew that you would always return on the Saturday. In fact, it soon became a little game to me! Some Wednesdays I would be your Scarlett O'Hara, calling you a 'conceited black hearted varmit' and vowing to hate and despise you until the day I die. Others, I was your little Cio-Cio San, your *Madama Butterfly*, stoically accepting your betrayal, but singing in operatic Italian that it was better to '*con onor muore!*' than to live without your love. However, as your hair became greyer, and your face became lined, your treacher-

ous telephone call would come later and later on the Wednesday until finally it did not come at all. Instead, you bought me a diamond ring that shone in twelve different directions and placed it on the ring finger of my left hand. 'Claudine', you told me, as you bent down on one knee, 'Claudine, I want you to be my love for all the seven days of the week'.

So now, everyday we chew on dried up pastries and swallow coffee at cafés that no longer seem quaint and bohemian, but just dirty and decrepit, staffed by waiters and waitresses with deluded egos and little artistic, musical or poetic talent. We picnic in parks that are covered in bird excrement, breaking our teeth on stale bread and cheese whilst trying to talk in between the wretched screams of the babies and children who use the park as a play ground. In the mornings, I have to fake my orgasms to stop you from touching me, since the feel of your hands, lips and genitals has long since begun to repulse me. But oh! The worst torture comes each night when I have to get myself drunk on red wine so I can endure your insufferable grand narratives about your theories of love and it takes all my willpower to cover my distaste when you proclaim how much you love me, oh god how much you love me!

So, *mon grand*, on the coming Monday, my skin will still be warm from the touch of your caress, and the smell of your cologne, the one I used to love, will be lingering on the tip of my nose. On Tuesday though, I will start to forget you and on Wednesday, I will be the one making the telephone call. 'Jacques', I will tell you as I pack my suitcases, 'Jacques, I don't love you and I want to be free'. On Thursday, whilst your heart is the one that shatters, mine will be filled with happiness and on the Friday I will haunt the night-clubs and bars and find myself somebody new.

However, unlike you, my dear Lover of The Seven Days, I will not come crawling back with flowers on the Saturday.

Kat de Jong is a new writer with a fondness for Dorothy Parker, cabaret music and anything Kraken related. In between studying for her Bachelor of Social Work at the University of Sydney, Kat can normally be found banging out vignettes on her computer, whom she fondly named Mackie Messer. 
