

## William

So it's from William is it? The William we know and remember so well?  
William, darling William. That man with the face of a boy . . . with a heart of steel?  
Is it him? Dear William – the one who left, not bothering to write for a year?

Well, the name is the same and the same address,  
and the same little swirl on the cross of the "t"  
and the "m" is the same and -- oh! I see "Madeleine: doesn't end with an "e" here, does it?  
How quaint!

Yes, the hand is the same, that suave and sculptured hand I know so well ...  
And the paper is the same, and the color of the ink,  
And that old familiar smell of William ... darling William.

The man who could swear he'd be leaving his wife,  
And a pair of the loveliest, sweet little girls that you've seen in your life  
Just as soon as the holiday season was done...  
Oh yes, I remember that one. Sure I do.

The tall, sort of a medium height just an inch above my head when I'm wearing heels,  
Oh I remember William.  
The pores in his cheek and a pockmark on his forehead,  
And his hair was a sandy blond, or brown, depending on the season.

I remember the shiny brown of his shoes and the scuff marks on the toes,  
and the mud on the bottom of the soles when he met me out in the rain,  
And the way he would look me up and down when I walked out the door  
and I saw he was there,  
And the way he took my sleeve and loosed my scarf and stroked my hair,  
The way he took my sleeve and loosed my scarf and stroked my hair and then he'd whisper:  
"Madeleine, Madeleine, Madelena ... take me tonight! Madeleine, Madelena ..."

That's right ... that's right.

Good old Bill, the boy who could steal you away from the woes of the world with a word or a  
glance or a dance in the street or a smile that could sweetly disarm you yet.

Old Billy Boy, with a chuckle that could tickle up the fancy in the pants of a matron aunt,  
With a laugh that could melt all the pain from the heart of a woman who can't forget:

Bill ... with a thrill in his voice and a gleam in his eye and a scheme in his head as he's  
treating you kindly to dinner and finally into your bed.

Willy, the one with a clever retort, with a manner that's charming, "A Whole Lot of Fun!"

He's the sort of a guy who appears to be shy when you meet him, and then you find out he is anything but, and by then it's too late and he's there in your room and you're starting to sweat and you show him the door and you pray that he'll leave and you think that you're finally safe, when he turns in the light of the hall, foot in the door ... calling your name ... calling your name ...

I can recall the nights we would meet in the light of the streetlamp ... we would sit, and we'd chatter and cackle as if we had nothing of loving in mind.

And I find it amusing to think you were using a good conversation to hasten the walk to my room, for as soon as you got me alone, you would grab me and waltz me across to the bed, And you said you were falling, and isn't it lovely, and then you were leaping and laughing and calling me: "Wonderful, marvelous Madelena!"

Say it again! "Beautiful, brilliant, beloved, magnificent! My Madeleine!

Madeleine take me! Madeleine wait! Madeleine say you'll wake me at eight!"

Oh William! Could I forget you? William ... William ...

Good old Bill, the boy with a thrill in his voice and a mark on his cheek  
and the mud on his shoe ...

Yes, I remember you.