

George Bilgere

## CHET

When my wife told me she was having an affair  
I stormed out of the house  
And lived for a week in my office,

Too hurt and bewildered to go back home,  
Too cheap to pay for a hotel.

And on the seventh night  
As I lay on the floor, drunk and passed out  
Under my windbreaker, I heard Chet,  
The old black janitor, opening the door  
To empty my trash basket.

But I was in the middle of a strange dream  
About being caught by an indignant woman  
While peeing in the women's bathroom  
During an emergency in the public library,

So as the doorknob was turning  
And I was about to be discovered  
On the office floor in my underwear,  
I shouted in my confusion,

*Why don't you go pee in the men's room,  
See what it's like, and we'll call it even—*

And from the other side of the door  
I heard Chet, a fine and courteous man  
I have known for many years, say,  
*Ok, Professuh. Have yourself a good evening.*

But how could I.

