

Real Life

Good-natured and self-assured and always stylizing mildly before her eyes the sour-sweet twilight, the eleventh hour of their marriage, her husband George.

But she is more drawn to books these days. A tumultuous magical night of words, a sunburst of delivering song, are entering the gateway of the country inside her. They roof the loneliness of days. They shape the sadness of her, better than George's hands.

"Real life, life at last laid bare and illuminated — the only life in consequence really lived — is literature," she read in Proust. Odette, Gilberte and Albertine went deeper than loss and grief.

But those French words that shaped her sadness are already hands, they would have lifted the heart had they remained a wind in the springtime on Proust's pages. She thinks that is why, in a French text, they gust with the sorrow over her faint love for George.

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