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**Voyeur**  
Shane Book

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## Shane Book

### VOYEUR

At last, the restaurant is quiet. He is about to dig a spoon into the grapefruit when he sees the city of Ottawa. In the grapefruit half, he recognizes the spires of Parliament, the glass roof of the National Gallery, its tiny flags flapping. He cups his hands and blows. The flags are unaffected. The Gallery glass does not frost over. He looks for her in the stone foyer, on the bare front steps. He tells himself to remain calm, it is still possible she might look up and wave. But the streets are empty. It is Sunday, he thinks, then maybe the river. His eyes wander the length of the Rideau, studying the beaches, the trees along the river bank that looks like a moss from so far up. But there is no one. Then he comes to the airport. The tiny flies are already circling. Two land on the control tower. He thinks of the last days, then the roar of engines. One fly weaves toward him. He looks away. The restaurant has gone dark, the only light the bulb above the table. He grips the table with both hands and turns back to the city. *Steady*, he tells himself, *it must be night. Just try and remember her street.*