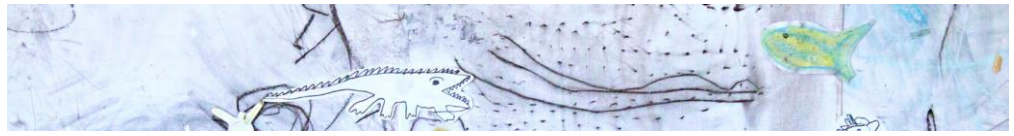


The Waffle Couple

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The Waffle Couple

A 50's diner in 2021. Poster-full walls, chessboard floors, cozy couch seats.

A GIGANTIC waffle on a table.

Whip cream – one pound,

syrup – one pound,

chocolate sauce – one more.

GIGANTIC! Two-inch-high!

Two forks

Two napkins

Two plastic cups filled with water

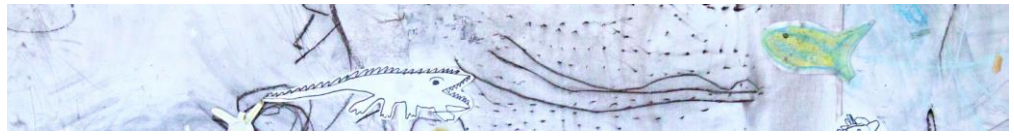
Two coffees steaming from two cups belonging to two different centuries.

ONE PLATE.

ONE WAFFLE.

Silence and chatter somehow coexisting in harmony like the beginnings of a symphony.

What an interesting ceiling! So colorful, so dated! How did I get here? What times are these? Oh well, let me be more introspective and look at myself first. I am feeling proud of my curves and crevasses, and my beautifully aligned sides! I love myself and all the sweet additions that make up my makeup: The silky whip cream scarf is hugging my body in the right places; my features are elevated by the shine of the syrup soaking my body graciously; the chocolate mascara is my favourite because it completes my image and self-image of a confident and sensual waffle! What a role I am playing! What a meaningful life I live! How complete I feel right now!



CRUNCH

I say 'Hi' to the fork... I know my destiny; I know my enemy; but I don't know how to face the pain of being incomplete! Nobody taught me how to accept myself disappearing, how to bear the diminishments, how to survive the rhythmical ruptures of my body and soul!

I do love myself, and part of this self, lives to be given to others. My pieces bring joy to humans, they sweeten their moments, they paint an immediate smile in their eyes. I induce a waterfall of dopamine into their physiology! I make their hearts bounce!

CRUNCH

My other side is touched by another fork: a stronger fork... a muscled fork. Its movement does not hesitate. The piece of me is removed with surgical precision. What a different approach this is!

I look up, curious to see my guests, my terminators. I am not upset, and I am not protesting my fate; I am just curious! I start staring at the handler of the first fork: deep blue eyes, lips that bear the traces of my delicious makeup, wavy dark hair. The human is slowly chewing my corner piece. They enjoy the taste. I can read this in the hidden smile of the deep blue eyes. Everything seems so perfect, so peaceful. Then, I look to the other side of the table, to the strong fork handler: dark spiky hair, long tattooed arms, and deep green eyes. This human is also taking their time chewing a piece of my core. The sounds of the crunchy chews are getting lost in the chatter symphony of the diner.

My geometrically complete shape becomes now irregular. I still love myself; I am still perfect. All the makeup starts to become heavy while soaking all my body in the delicious sugary cocktail. I am fighting the sense of incompleteness. I look up again trying to take my mind away from the pain inside. The humans are breaking me apart, piece by piece, in the rhythm of an alert chess play, or a slow drum, or a sleeping heartbeat...This is still me! I am still complete... even if my pieces take distance. The memory of my perfect shape acts like a magnet. The distance becomes a link, a connection.



The only sounds around me are the crunchy fork approaches, the diner’s chatter symphony, and a distant coffee machine. The silence of the two humans is telling me so much! All dialogue is transferred into the silent sharing of my pieces. They speak, laugh, cry, feel, shout, hurt....

Artist Bio

Annabella is a professor in Early Childhood Education at Capilano University, North Vancouver, Canada. Poetry and short story writing are her hidden passions. Her known passions are everything-education, inclusive practices, pedagogies that “unswaddle”, and sharing her experiences and lived stories with her students. She has been an educator since 1993 to students of all ages, from young children to mature Master’s students. She learns to notice her surroundings more... this is how this story came about.