## The Invitation

by Gary Percesepe

The poet could not speak of himself but only of the gradations leading toward him and away. ~ Mark Strand

I'm having trouble coming up with titles to these new poems,

I told her. That's easy she said. Call the first Dr.

And the second? Reverend, she replied, as I shot my cuffs,

re-tightened my tie. And the third and fourth? I asked.

Your Honor, for the third, she said, clearly enjoying this.

I didn't wait for the fourth. If she were real, I'd never have invited her to this garden.

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