

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.

