

# 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.

