

## TO THE READER

Of course, I am most certain that you,  
if I were to appear sitting before you  
as you are reading,  
would probingly poke your finger in my eye,  
slip perhaps a second finger in my mouth;  
count my teeth and, excited,  
would busy yourself turning my eye  
this way and that, this way and that,  
perhaps you would also—I'm certain—take  
my arms and force them into a long hug  
and then tie them in a knot over my face.  
With a well-aimed kick below the belt  
you snap my book shut and run out of the library.

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And I, the whole time, would have kept  
pointing to my poems with my index finger, later,  
perhaps with the optic beam of my whimpering eyes,  
at one, or then another, particularly successful  
—wouldn't you say?—line.