To The Reader

Natalie Vestin
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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.

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.