

Nina Corwin

## Invitation

The girl in the bleachers tells the bashful athlete  
he should never  
wear a shirt.  
This makes his washboard muscles smile.  
He enters the memory  
into a matrix of gratefuls.

A stuttering child remarks,  
“You l-l-look hungry, Miss P-p-pigeon.”  
and scatters a handful of popcorn.  
Ten minutes later,  
a man in a coma wakes  
up and tells his nurses a joke.

Every time a car pulls over  
to offer a lift, it's a prince  
charming moment, a gift of  
I-love-you. Stick out your thumb,  
there's a plum on its way. Just  
when it seems as if summer forgot.

A moment of morning  
glories straining at their stakes, heads full  
of thirst. Water hydrants, untapped,  
wait to be needed. Look –  
incipient windows open to anything;  
curtains fluttering like, well, curtains.



From opposite sides of the street, two  
dogs yap and yap. Herds of traffic surge  
between. The animals  
tug at their leashes, tails wagging.  
How could the owners help  
but notice?

Imagine: snatches of piano  
in a major key –  
at least more major than minor.  
It's not so far a stretch:  
Hand out, smudged  
envelope, sunlight inside.

