

Poetry Porch: Poetry

A statue at the party

By Marge Piercy

Poets are at most semi-famous, even
quasi-famous. Like the best fly
fisherman in the country or the guy
who makes the best lutes. Finally

it's mostly your peers or people
who've actually read you or at least
attended a reading who recognize.
But there are always people who

are intrigued by anyone they've kind
of heard of and want to meet me.
Maybe they invite me over, maybe
briefly trap me in a corner at parties.

But if I accept their invitation, they've
never read anything, have no real
interest in getting to know, becoming
friends. I'm a centerpiece you notice

for a moment when you go to the table
then it's pushed away. I sit, bored, no
interaction beyond plates of overcooked
sole placed in front me as talk surrounds

me of people I don't know, real to them
as I'll never be. The hours sidle by. I
check my watch under the table. Wasted
evening. Cats are much better companions.