Dinner Party

Alice Brand
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Cover Page Footnote
Art: "Fiesty Friend" by Polly Little

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if I told you that as soon as
I mentioned Ray Carver
you interrupted me
and went on about

knowing him. he and his daughter
stayed with you in Washington.
he was a fine writer. Tess
was not in the picture yet.

how sad about him. when I wanted
to say you interrupted me from saying
that I am always reading the wrong
book, Carver's picture on the back of one.

he looked like an uncle
who tried to undress me
when I was 14 and baby sitting
somewhere in Manhattan

when his wife was pregnant
with their second child.
when he stopped back the second night,
I pretended to be asleep,

using safety pins to fasten
my nightgown shut. he sat on a chair
in the small guest room and watched me
for a long time,

his hands pressed together.
a hair caught under the glass
scars his photo
hanging in my mother's bedroom

to remember her brother
where I forget forgetting that
when I told her, she only said that
she was sure he'd find his way.
but if I told you that

you would have stopped talking to me,
put me instead at the other end of the
table where the Turkish girl was
sitting with the Egyptian Jew from Harvard.

by Alice Brand