

Your party invitation just arrived (guest poem by Carolyn Martin)

by Mathew Paust

Calligraphed, no less. A work of art.
Free-flowing ink. Handmade ecru.
Well-designed. Stylized. Personal.

If I replied with Sorry, out of town
or My partner needs surgery,
I'd demean myself, dishonor you.

So here's God-honest truth: I love
close friends, but hate my dress-up clothes
and noisy social scenes where gossip

masks as pleasantry. I despise
playing up to quasi-intellects
and playing down to ignorance.

I'd rather move a word around a page
than raise a glass or pass a plate
or work a room immune to poetry.

I might be tempted to announce
"Patience is a vice. A quiet mind
hears its soul. Beauty's felt before it's seen."

But furrowed brows would walk away
without remark or backward glance.

Available online at [«http://fictionaut.com/stories/mathew-paust/your-party-invitation-just-arrived-guest-poem-by-carolyn-martin»](http://fictionaut.com/stories/mathew-paust/your-party-invitation-just-arrived-guest-poem-by-carolyn-martin)
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I'd redeem myself by exiting.

Let me remind you I've become
a connoisseur of silent nights, quiet books,
and confidantes around a fire's heat.

I've discovered Time's in love with me
and she demands quick retreats
from restless chattering, abhors

one obligation more. So count me
among the shy who shun society.
My birthday gift arrives next week.

[from https://writinginawomansvoice.blogspot.com/2021/04/blog-post_10.html?sref=fb&fbclid=IwAR2c_vPsZiWwqT-I0mTOqK2ydVJeggKUhhhbZlgsagoL8YXlXraA1igCChE]

