

Dear Guy Sitting Next to Me
Juanita Rey

A hand emerges from
its own shadow,
pirouettes like a dancer's legs,
inches from my fingers.
A nerve has broken loose
from all those others
coiled inside your muscled body,
set out on its own.
I'm fondling the martini glass.
It's a shape unknown
to any geometry class
but a reasonable facsimile
of the straight line,
the sudden curve,
of my feelings.
The bartender looks away.
Pickups are nothing new to him.
I'm sure he's seen more destinies forged
than God.
Of course, it's not just me
seated on this barstool.
There's pride and resolve.
Oh yes, plus apprehension.
Not forgetting self-respect,
guilt, ego, hope and bluster.
So yes, you can buy us a drink.

Juanita Rey is a Dominican poet who has been in this country for five years. Her work has been published in *Pennsylvania English*, *Opiate Journal*, *Petrichor Machine*, and *Porter Gulch Review*.