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## The New Yorker is Publishing My Poem!

David Kramer Keuka College Penn Yan, New York

I who wrote one poem in college thirty years ago,

Walked into a cemetery,

Lit my first cigarette in ten years,

And wrote a poem in my mind.

Lacking pen, I found a Starbucks,

Scrap paper and a black Sharpie.

Within fifteen minutes, finis.

The images and dreams

Taken from another person.

But who cares?

Then the letter.

To be published in an upcoming issue.

A complete novice.

Absolutely unprecedented and unimaginable.

The luminaries who grace the pages

Of The New Yorker!

Friends and family for the rest of their lives

To be speechless.

The Department of English

In which I serve as an adjunct

To be dumfounded.

I who never play the lottery,

Won the lottery.

The woman

Whose life I borrowed,

Who left me,

Will come back.