

TED KOOSER

## Selecting a Reader

First, I would have her be beautiful,  
and walking carefully up on my poetry  
at the loneliest moment of an afternoon,  
her hair still damp at the neck  
from washing it. She should be wearing  
a raincoat, an old one, dirty  
from not having money enough for the cleaners.  
She will take out her glasses, and there  
in the bookstore, she will thumb  
over my poems, then put the book back  
up on its shelf. She will say to herself,  
"For that kind of money, I can get  
my raincoat cleaned." And she will.