

**Evelyn A. So**  
Markham Finalist

Invitation

Let's go and have coffee at a table  
by the window and order some fancy dessert,  
so the waiter goes away and we'll talk  
without stopping as blue notes fall.

Let's spy among the unknown faces  
and see who's wearing satin and crepe  
and laugh at revelers in neon slickers  
like firemen at the gate.

I know a place that sends you sliding home  
with java on your lips, spiced cider and pie  
all night, wheeling with the stars as they spin  
in the dark and pour out their salt.