

“An Exchange of Gifts”--Alden Nowlan

As long as you read this poem  
I will be writing it.  
I am writing it here and now  
Before your eyes,  
Although you can't see me.  
Perhaps you'll dismiss this  
As a verbal trick,  
The joke is you're wrong;  
The real trick  
Is your pretending  
This is something  
Fixed and solid  
External to us both.  
I tell you better:  
I will keep on  
Writing this poem for you  
Even after I'm dead.