THE PROSE POEM:
AN INTERNATIONAL JOURNAL

Volume 3 | 1994

Corkscrew

Louis Jenkins

© Providence College

The author(s) permits users to copy, distribute, display, and perform this work under the following conditions: (1) the original author(s) must be given proper attribution; (2) this work may not be used for commercial purposes; (3) the users may not alter, transform, or build upon this work; (4) users must make the license terms of this work clearly known for any reuse or distribution of this work. Upon request, as holder of this work's copyright, the author(s) may waive any or all of these conditions.

The Prose Poem: An International Journal is produced by
The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress)
for the Providence College Digital Commons.
http://digitalcommons.providence.edu/prosepoems/

Louis Jenkins

CORKSCREW

The woman next door comes over to return a corkscrew. "Thanks for letting us use this. I'm sorry you couldn't make it to the party." I don't remember being invited to a party. I just stand at the door with the thing in my hand as she goes. I look at it dumbly and don't recognize it. This isn't *my* corkscrew. Well, I don't really own this corkscrew or anything else, for that matter. That has become more apparent to me as time goes by. This is just another thing that came to my door of its own volition, out of some instinctual urge perhaps, the way bees swarm into a tree, piling up, forming what seems to be a single living shape; or came by accident, the way the wind makes a dust devil out of dirt and straw, whatever is at hand. It careens across the field, picks up a newspaper, picks up a college degree, picks up a driver's license.... "Margaret, I'd like you to meet Louis. He's not the guy I was telling you about." "Really? Who are you then?"