

Nancy's Party

When Nancy, my sister, and I were kids
Living with Mom and Dad,
She planned to throw them a party with
The little cash she had.

I can't recall her reason,
Perhaps an anniversary.
I remember her in secrecy
Sharing her plans with me.

Handmade crayoned invitations
Coke or Pepsi for libations
Store-bought cookies set on plate
A child's way to celebrate.

I doused her childlike naïveté
With my negativity.
She would not be dissuaded though
And carried on alone.

She walked all through the neighborhood
Spreading invitations.
I expected no response,
Certainly not ovations.

But one or more of her invitees,
Charmed by her sincerity,
Arranged with others on her list
A party for adults.

And on the day of her soirée
They came with a supply
Of alcoholic things to drink
That Nancy could not buy.

Amid the laughter and the cheer
The wet goods were consumed.
As they hailed my sister
I slunk off to my room.

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