

Fall Guy

by Jerry Ratch

Friends of the bride
feeling out of place
like a church key
at a wedding

standing around
looking for action
like the bride
looking for a broom
instead of a groom

Searching the faces
of the crowd
for the man who
filled her womb

Yes, I had pulled my own heart apart
Yes, I slipped up on Time itself
in its own backyard, behind my memories
and scared the crap out of it
Not by yelling, but by sniffing at its neck
Then tearing it apart with my teeth

Wishing I had never told you
that I loved you. Or that I'd said it
more often than I did, so that
you only believed in me
even if I
never believed in myself

Wanting you to
kiss my heart

Kiss my heart
Kiss my heart
Only you

Now I am homeless,
heart free and shouting
with the aimless crowd
Don't pay rent!
Sleep in a tent!

And I go out with someone named
Katie McButterdip
or something similar
and I am so close to
creation I can see the
goose-bumps on her flesh

The truth is
we may have somewhat of a
grinding fetish
between us

Somewhat of a grinding fetish
here
and I'm so close to creation
I can see the
goose-bumps on her flesh

