

Why Can't God Send Us Some New Kind of Animal?

by Jerry Ratch

We're too busy fighting, ourselves.
And all the traffic has finally gone home.
About the only thing left on the highway
now, is a smashed rabbit
with one ear pricked up,
listening to itself.

In some book in the future they will
howl about us. But today, just for today,
why can't God send us an animal,
some new kind of pet that looks so sad
people can't fight anymore?

But in the meantime, on the branch,
rows of butterflies dry themselves with sunlight.
They're taking pictures of our shadows,
and print them on their wings.
You should see what that looks like
from here.

But you only have that
nitrogen-freshened lucent skin.
And you have the one barren singing syllable
that holds the soul like a faint candle
in front of it.

I guess the ultimate, penultimate failure

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would be to write a love poem that
turned on everybody but you.

