

A Word About Everything

by Jerry Ratch

I remember having a beer once
And feeling like a minor god
And I know in some lie you told
Your life began making sense
And I also know that the mind likes logic
But the heart loves chaos

I just hope flies land on the butter of your soul
And become butterflies
And I hope up to 8 hoboes
Attend your funeral

But oh, the way that barista looked at that girl
Wearing no bra, with this fine line between
Lust and hate, then looked abruptly away
But then took yet another
Smoldering glance

And I too saw the naked
Shadows inside her dress

