

Cockroaches From Heaven

by Jerry Ratch

Cockroaches may be falling through the holes
in the floorboards of heaven, but we will not be disturbed.
We are agents, free and clear, even if a little bit mean.

I want to quit worrying about money,
but the angels upstairs won't let me.

They keep singing, and treading the floorboards
of heaven, causing the cockroaches of some previous life
to descend unto us like the downloaded dust from a planet bigger
than ours. Some mega superstar where true inspiration
must come from lust, gluttony, greed, laziness, wrath, envy,
even pride. Yes, pride.

That last one must be like the dinosaur of all cockroaches,
hanging around the swimming pool on gigantic chaise lounges
at the cockroach motel, on the underbelly of life.
(Their home away from home.)

