

Déjà Vu Sur l'Herbe

by Jerry Ratch

While watching the ever-present crowds
passing by on my insides, I noticed,
by accident, a man smiling
who might have been me, not sure.

Maybe I'm eating soap
for the first time, because I am
either frothing or foaming
at the mouth.
And a smile like the Bhuddha,
sometimes, after a great belch.

And a big soap bubble too.
So I might be quite
happy, it's hard to tell.

The girl or woman leaning forward
on the beach blanket in the woods
is stripped to the waist,
one breast bulging out from
under her arm,
and looking out at us as we gaze
solemnly over our shoulder
at the recent past. And the mess
of history. And the future.

