

Excuse Me, I'm Writing a Poem Here?

by Jerry Ratch

I'm up to my kneecaps
in mockery and swill, and ...

Excuse Me,
I'm Writing a Poem here?
Thank you. Sheesh!

As I was saying,
I'm up to my kneecaps in mockery and swill.
And I meet someone who
names all his fish after
people he doesn't like,
because if they die
he won't feel bad.

And they're all named
Bob.
And I thought *I*
was special.

Also, he's in love
with this Barcalounger
that's been ripped up
by the Wolfman.

And ... Excuse Me,
I'm Writing a Poem here?
Excuse me? Hello?

So, anyway,
I see a man standing outside a bar in Paris
talking to his own reflection
in the window
when no one else
is listening.

And you know that isn't good.
But you know it's not that bad
either, because so what if he
doesn't own a mirror?
He still wants to see if he's
still there, right?

Or is he watching someone
in the future, or the past?
I know we all thought the future
was behind us, at the time.

