

He Invented Carbon Dating for Seniors, and Couch Potato Chips

by Jerry Ratch

I saw an older writer in a slouched-down Fedora,
gray beard and long scraggly gray ponytail,
who had empty chairs pulled up all around him,
at the Loser Café,

maybe for his imaginary friends,
or maybe those who were already gone.
Still writing, but maybe only for them now.

