

living alone now

by Jerry Ratch

Oh, yeah, that's me, the girl in the blue dress, the girl with short blond hair. Slight smile occasionally passing over her face, sitting at the café table, waiting patiently for the semi-famous rock star to show and buy a house. Brown and sea-green eyes under heavy eyelids, the mouth that smiles easily, small curved lines at the corners of her mouth. She shakes her head, staring, looking inward, (living alone now) remembering.

What was it like once, in heaven? Yes, she probably has small breasts. The short blonde hair at her neck like that. If you lift a curl away from her neck that is like the neck of Helen, what is it like there, do you think? Go ahead, kiss her on the neck, and see if she will come alive again.

And in her dream they met again under the blue trees on the path (exactly as in a Gauguin painting,) and he looked at her with his hands in his pockets, while she turned her head away. The red sun already below the horizon where red clouds were being torn away, and he stood on the path with his hands in his pockets as if saying, *There was nothing he could do.* She looking away and down the other path, where the two roads met under tall leafless blue trees.

