

Man On A Balcony In His Bathrobe

by Jerry Ratch

Watering his pansies in their pots with his ridiculous
watering can. Sticking his finger in the soil to
test the dampness. Obviously nothing on beneath
the silk robe. It's almost fallen loose a dozen times

Balding. Maybe in his late forties. Somewhat of a
pot belly. Pale skin from not getting any
sun. Moving back and forth along a narrow balcony
on the sixth floor in Paris, in the Marais district

His life's either almost over, or just begun
I'm going to go out on a limb and say
he's entirely satisfied. Philosophy's
done. No rushing off to absurdist work

All he needs is to water his pansies in their
endless pots along the balcony. Time
means less to him than the moonlight
melting in the rising sun

