

man running from a bar

by Jerry Ratch

Epilogue:
(man running from a bar)

A man alone in his paid-for living room, with his hands folded behind his head.

A man running from a bar, a bald man seen from behind.
Someone who made a wide circle to avoid your laughter.

A man undressing at the side of the road saying: *"How you doing?"*

"Okay. How you doing?"

"Okay." And we look — both of us liars.

A tired man, eating pork chops. Someone who had to stop drinking

because the wine that strengthened the heart, weakened the veins.

Because the time wasn't right for acknowledging pain.

Someone who's watching the rain fall in rivulets, when it's possible for one's innards to wander off among those tiny columns of rain and become lost.

Of being so lost, while the rain continues to drizzle down.

A long strand of hair hanging over the back of a girl's chair at a reading.

A man sitting behind her, rubbing only the ends of it between his thumbs,

Available online at *«<http://fictionaut.com/stories/jerry-ratch/man-running-from-a-bar--2>»*

Copyright © 2011 Jerry Ratch. All rights reserved.

ready to let go.

Red dog, dog with big teeth.

Golden toes on a clown.

Running man.

Clown with yellow hat.

Clown with red lips.

A woman fleeing.

Of course all of this presumes we have enemies.

Woman with a rag doll, a pretty woman

with red straps over her feet.

Does she still cross herself before having sex?

And what are they singing now

on the way to the liquor store?

