

no one answered

by Jerry Ratch

I knocked on all the windows, on all the doors. No one answered. The television was glowing. I went around behind your house and saw it through the curtains, blowing in. (I knew you were hurting.) Knocked and tried the sliding glass door, the flimsy screen. No one answered. I tried everything. No one answered.

And yet when I came back home from school, you were so full of energy, so excited about life, and it was wonderful to see you. You weren't so moody anymore (I learned you'd been in a mirror since October 22) and I asked about your other boyfriend, and you said, "Oh, he's a nice guy, but ... (he's not you!)" And I just nodded my head, because I was already fucking Sharon, and you knew it, of course, because you were there swimming in the dark water that first night on Fox River as I was entering the new queen, and you were yelling out, "Pharaoh ... Pharaoh." (Which was not my name.)

