## No One Is Listening

## by Jerry Ratch

Bum on a Parisian stoop begging with his big Jackson Pollack bare head in the rain The water running in streaks all over his brain reminding him of a painting he once thought of

Man standing outside a bar talking to his own reflection in the window when no one else is listening

They will always remember that picture of you in your bright blue summer dress, with your arms spread out, leaning against a wooden fence in Central Park Your thin body leaning back and long dark hair over bare arms like tattoos

They will remember how you took their heart in your red mouth like the hawk at the Met Museum and ate them entirely, soul and all, before the astonished faces of a whole class of children

You will never know how much it hurts

when someone else touches your face But they know how much you count on others to pull the slivers out of your heart

and that you were better at shaving your legs than you were at spreading your wings