

Not Even

by Jerry Ratch

That's not just a
trinket on her finger,
that's a rock, a fortress,
a castle. No one
can scale those walls
except Joe Sixpack,
slumped beside her
at the airport.
They're not a match.
I give it
5 years, max.
Not even.

Joe wearing shades,
knocked out
by all the sex,
and snoring,
with his muscles
bulging out of his tee-shirt.

Mrs. Hockeymom-to-be,
skinny as a stick,
concentrating hard
on her Glamour
and People magazines
with the worry lines
already creasing
her forehead,

and little Billy,
not born yet,

hasn't even lost
his first soccer
match.

