

# Rejection Isn't Always Everything It's Racked Up To Be

*by* Jerry Ratch

I was so messed up  
when you left me,  
and I admit I went around  
searching the faces  
of the crowd  
for the man who  
filled your womb.

Yes, I pulled my own heart apart.  
Yes, I slipped up on Time itself  
in its own backyard, behind my memories,  
and scared the crap out of it.  
Not by yelling, but by sniffing at its neck,  
then tearing it apart with my teeth.

Wishing I had never told you  
that I loved you. Or that I'd said it  
more often than I did, so that  
you only believed in me,  
even if I  
never believed in myself.

Wanting you to  
kiss my open heart.  
Kiss my heart,  
kiss my heart,  
only you.

And I was so close to  
creation I could see the  
goose-bumps on your flesh  
from behind.

