

roses, a dozen

by Jerry Ratch

I know I shouldn't brag, but you bought me roses, a dozen. I felt I could balance anywhere, when I was with you. I could achieve poise on the head of a pin. There was no need to hide anything, and I heard night music wherever we went. I sat with lovers, others. I was at peace with everyone. But when you walked out my door, you took everything with you, and you did not know it. And all I said was, *"I guess I'm finally over you."*

All I know is we have about 13 seconds to have a drink, turn around, and fly away, in life. (That's how accelerated things are.) Then they blow wind up and down your spine. How the mind hardens into a kind of knot, while the day drags on! (And dreams are of no avail, as the poet wrote.) The first particles of sleep drifting in. Bad moments of unending clarity.

But if asked, I would do it all again. I wouldn't have missed a minute of it, with you. You were racy and aggressive, and I liked it!

