

Still Pretty

by Jerry Ratch

I saw this woman on a date at Denny's
Friday night
With her 8-year-old son
No ring, vacant stare
Still pretty

But wolfing down a stack of pancakes,
Looking around the restaurant
Occasionally
At a party of kids from some church

When you're not young enough
To know everything anymore
There's a limit to details
At the end of the cloud

I've been a little like her myself
Because of what you did
You were all around us once
This is all I know

You could see our names from the inside
And the love in me was slow
And sweet, and thick
And came oozing from me
The whole time I was with you

That's the nature of honey
A milk white substance leaked from my parts
I opened my heart
And a warmth blew out I did not know

It's true I've pulled my own heart apart
But I've gotten better
I've got this built-in funny-bone inside my heart
That keeps me laughing at myself now
And you can't touch that
Anymore

