

suggestive lipstick

by Jerry Ratch

Maybe in some lie you told, your life began making sense. Not mine. But your quiet beauty may be what carries you. We have to both quit eating Couch Potato Chips, and read the book *Tender Is the Squid*, instead. Your ghosts — they're so soft and sensitive. You cover their shadows, I bet, with suggestive lipstick.

You may be watching through the kitchen window, as one of them stares into the dark yard behind her house through the sliding glass door, that golden hair in the kitchen light, with her arms folded in front of her, looking through her own dark reflection.

Over the phone, the weak cry of the animal. And maybe in some lie she told, that blood may have risen up in her, for a moment, as she stood sucking down the cream of your heart. Sucking down the cream of your heart.

