

The Bike Messenger on Lexington Avenue

by Jerry Ratch

Comes to rest
taking a moment
in the falling rain
slowly massaging the
veins at the top
of his bald head

Cracking his neck
while the yellow cabs start
honking behind him
Unwilling to move
from this spot

Unwilling to move

He looks like he's either
having a Zen attack
or re-aligning his inner
child

