

# 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

