

# The Doorstop of Time

*by* Jerry Ratch

The woman in shorts chooses to  
remove her own clothes,  
even as the men at the café  
continue to watch her  
without hooting once,  
because they have learned  
how to contain themselves  
while smoldering.

Wait, I've got to  
write that down.  
Wait ... okay, now what?

You call this a pen?  
It barely writes at all.  
I can't get anything to come out  
when I really need it,  
when I'm desperate to get something  
down, when the meaning  
behind everything has finally  
made itself apparent.  
Then the pen lets me down  
and will not speak for me.  
Fucking piece of trash!  
I'll take a pencil any day!

And here's a picture of you  
at the end of the line  
to the great toilet of  
fiction, waiting to  
relieve yourself  
before the poetry gets to you.

Or worse, the actual poets.

And then there was a man pissing in 2 urinals,  
going back and forth between them,  
saying, "You know how they say  
2 heads are better than one?  
Well, *now* I get it!"

