

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!"

