

The Fly On Our Pickle

by Jerry Ratch

I think I know that fly

That fly followed us from our apartment
on W. 11th St

When I opened the door he flew right in
and when we left, he flew right out again

Followed us on the subway to Times Square
Took the Shuttle apparently
Followed us all the way through the tunnels
up the escalator and into Grand Central Station

Then down to Juniors in the food court below
where he joined us for lunch
the best Chicken Caesar Salad on the planet
So famous, even the flies know about it
We asked the waitress for an additional chair
but he took a seat on our pickle instead

“Oh, don't worry,” we told her,
“we know him. He normally lives
“down in the Village”

The waitress eyed us suspiciously
“East or West?” she asked

“As if that mattered!” we said

