

The Silence of the Library

by Jerry Ratch

Age is pain,
The old warrior said.
And settling, and giving in.
Age is a bitter pill at best.

The robberies and gun violence keep getting closer around here,
While my neighbor with the Great Danes
Is mowing her knee-high dog-turd grass
With a machine that's the equivalent of a swamp boat.

One can only guess where all those Great Dane turds
Go flying, but I'd advise the criminals to
Keep their distance, or suffer the consequences.
I'm not saying I'm armed myself, but she is, that's for sure.

And my wife is a Reality TV slut
And proud of it.
She'll bust the windows
Out your damned expensive car.

I don't mind the Silence of the Lambs
so much.
It's the silence of the library
That bothers me.

