

When the Germans Were On the Roof of the World

by Jerry Ratch

Miss pink and blue, in a pink coat
and olive drab cargo pants,
chain-smoking cigarettes and drinking
Starbucks coffee non-stop.

Hand shaking as she drinks from her cup,
talking non-stop on her cell phone.
Blue eyes, dirty blonde pigtails tied up with blue ribbons,
pink polka dot shoulder bag,
old pock-marks along her cheeks.

Having long discussions over the phone
with maybe her analyst's phone machine.
"Okay," she ends with. "I'm going to go now."

Or else she's talking to whoever is
on the other side of her split personality,
and the drugs are making her do it.

