

Woman Outside Funeral Home Lighting Up

by Jerry Ratch

If you ever find yourself outside a funeral home lighting up
contemplating the future of the unknown, contemplate this
Maybe the cigarette's wet on your lip and you are wondering why

Or in the middle of the night you are lying awake
and try saying all of your other lovers' names combined
into one long marvelous, voluptuous name

which goes crawling all over your brain like a giant caterpillar
reminding you of who you were, and when, and why
Or if you were ever lonely, or at least alone, at all. Ever

