

# Youngish Professor, or Grad Student TA

*by* Jerry Ratch

Natty looking  
in his 2-tone shoes  
and argyle socks  
blue blazer  
with 3 gold buttons  
on each cuff

pale yellow  
hemp or burlap  
necktie, of course  
with a blue shirt  
(never white!!)  
long mopish hair  
hanging on his forehead

and a lazy eye  
occasionally  
winging and zinging  
around the café  
when he fires off a  
few bon-mots  
on his laptop  
on his way to composing  
the next great novel  
relating to nothing  
that does not have to do  
intimately with  
the academic world

at large

his mouth hanging  
agape  
while his fingers  
hesitantly fly  
over the keys  
no wait  
erase that thought  
wait, wait  
ah, yes  
that's the exact  
right word  
ah  
ah

checking out his  
text messages  
Smiles only occasionally  
to himself  
knowingly  
in on his  
own jokes

square cut jaw  
handsome  
in a foppish way  
a wag  
in other words  
a lout

Now he's texting back  
while the soft rain  
like a soft refrain  
falls outside

texting  
texting  
to his future wife  
or student  
or mistress  
saying  
I have you  
have you  
have you  
right where I  
want you  
want you

