

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

