

Rejection Isn't Always Everything It's Racked Up To Be

by Jerry Ratch

I was so messed up
when you left me,
and I admit I went around
searching the faces
of the crowd
for the man who
filled your womb.

Yes, I pulled my own heart apart.
Yes, I slipped up on Time itself
in its own backyard, behind my memories,
and scared the crap out of it.
Not by yelling, but by sniffing at its neck,
then tearing it apart with my teeth.

Wishing I had never told you
that I loved you. Or that I'd said it
more often than I did, so that
you only believed in me,
even if I
never believed in myself.

Wanting you to
kiss my open heart.
Kiss my heart,
kiss my heart,
only you.

And I was so close to
creation I could see the
goose-bumps on your flesh
from behind.

