

# Poems I Wish I Had Written

*by* Jerry Ratch

Parsimony, Sage Advice, Alimony, and Time.

That would be one.

The Waste Land. The Hollow Men. The Red Wheelbarrow.

There are others,

But I have definite shoe anxiety dreams and can't get over them.

Do not Go Gently Into That Good Night. Alone, by Jack Gilbert.

How about: Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?

Thou art more temperate and like an oil baron.

Or: I thought I heard a fly buzz when I died,

and have long-lasting dreams of earthquakes in the night.

It is dazzling all around me if I awake.

And I eat cupcakes in the darkened park

across the street from the Magnolia Bakery.

And suddenly we are in New York

And I see the life there

And hear the screech of the brakes of busses.

Sudden rains fall from the sky

And I smell that iron summer smell

And all is right.

Although my hair's a fright

because there is so much static in heaven.

