

Weltschmerz

by Jerry Ratch

I clearly see the squirrels of
negativity all around me
or at least I sense that
they are there,

filling in the blank spaces
as I read down the page
prior to arriving at
the meaning of everything.

The greenness of figs
before they ripen
means nothing at all
to them,

even if they feel a swelling
in their little bellies
while they lie in the open sunlight
stretched out on a limb,

wondering about that
sudden sinking feeling
because they could not,
could not wait for winter.

Keep going, my little panting squirrel,
as your mamas and papas are
falling from the telephone wires
over the street and lie there quietly

until the inquisitive crows

arrive to sweep the streets clean
before the meaning of everything
becomes clear.

