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.