



Patrick Ryan Frank

Anti-depressant Commercial

Clear sky except a cloud much like a face
of a pretty girl who pretended to be sad
so long that now she's sad. Sad cloud, the sun

runs its fingers through everybody's curls
but pulls back when it gets to yours. Your rain
is falling nowhere else. No one likes

wet hair or umbrellas; no one likes
you. A meteorologist once lay flat
beneath you, open-mouthed, and that was sweet

but brief, and that was all, and that was that.
So what? Now what? The wind's died down and you
go nowhere, just stay awkwardly in your dark

part of the garden. Men with cameras talk
about you, saying it isn't all that hard,
just count to five, then turn, pretend to smile.

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