

A Nice Girl Is Like Powder

by Jerry Ratch

A nice girl is like powder, quick to anger, fresh, impudent, too quick to know what expletives fate speaks. It was a cold year for trash talk and sheer silk. And yes, the fox was smoking, who could attract or irritate a nice girl with the same look, a woman haunted by hard naked memories, as he expressed himself of victories and fame, yet playing dumb as he licked the feeble chicken off the spit, his paw draping over my breast. As he lifted the silk high, raised the leg a little, prodding the underpants to check, yes, is this where the dark mood burns? Still?

I remember mad strong words out of the teenager in me, fresh from the shower without a blouse: He will be the first to walk me to my room as the fear crashes to earth, final, considered. And I will be the first to milk the white horse, the muscles in him crowded, pretty. Past being attracted to him, I am irritated, mad and extremely skinny, gnawing myself to the bone. The mood, the whim of the oyster bankrupt, my love no longer an opinion, but this low delight, flowing everywhere over the crowded river. The longing and the appetite at work in the body, all tickling to open a girl's mane, gaping, health-giving crossroads to the body.

I was your dear lovable goddess of sexual love, well-made, fine and good, who has shaken the little world. I would drive you to the pasture at will, and please the world. I have given up the suffering, the hunger of the capable world.

When you were here the sunlight fell directly on my skin. I laid around in paintings on the pink sand, with the rose and lavender highlights on my nipples as if the light were passing right through them. The land so pink beneath me that it seemed heated. My clothes removed, a bright red patterned skirt thrown off that you sat on, while I lay sprawled out on my back with my breast thrust

Available online at «<http://fictionaut.com/stories/jerry-ratch/a-nice-girl-is-like-powder--2>»

Copyright © 2013 Jerry Ratch. All rights reserved.

*upward into the sunlight and the light curls of my hair spread out
upon the pink land.*

