

the body that has the heat

by Jerry Ratch

Dream, swan, dream of your woman, whenever you get hold of her. Problem after problem lets up under the grip you have. And conquest without plan is what you've added to the world. So, share your songs under wild silk, won't you? I remember there was hell in the palace of your basement, and I and our friends were the Life.

The tawny eyes of all belligerent animals turned inward on the nights I spent with you, following the moon as it sank backwards, blooming, flowery, alone. The dual purpose of creation, looking backward in that natural looping swan-dive you put me through, to feel the plural arousal of the flesh. Cognizant of name, feature, and fulfillment. Of fire's liquid internal nature as it looks upon stone. The vessel of you containing abundance, with me placed in heaven near your ceiling, on fire with your touch.

And our god was like an alcohol flame out of a hand-held lamp in the purple velvet dusk. We see the faces of our heroes in this dim light under the volcano, only because of the blue line that outlines their bodies. They rise on a warm gust of air in the desert nearby. And we still love them, it is clear, because they are filled with laughter. And without laughter, there is only sanity.

