

a girl's legs stirring the air

by Jerry Ratch

I dreamt my legs were stirring the air up behind your back, as you lay between my thighs. Stirring the air repetitively, like a sea anemone stirring the water to feed the soul, the hunger between the legs and arms, for new life.

Stirring up the salty waters, the currents and the silt between both worlds, which are stirred to produce the pearl and the egg. My legs stirring up the air behind you like I was treading water, desperately trying to get somewhere with or without you, trying to get back home inside, to my own territory, in love or alone, either way, just so I got there. Though I would go there in a heartbeat to be near you once more.

But a girl's legs are still stirring the air. And I remember it was like something was pulling an infinite noodle out of my center when I came. And that was how I found myself floating near the ceiling of your bedroom — like a kite on a string. Suddenly I was very light, like a moth, or a bird, or a goddess with light blonde hair at my neck.

