

a girl's mane

by Jerry Ratch

Wild bore the wind down on me, coming out of the heavens that turned around the stars of the evening. 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. Hail and farewell the egg, most holy, unconcerned, sobbing.

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.

At times at night I fly into lightning or heavy thunder facing that which is to be carried away, to burn up in complete utteration, sitting in front of the twice clitoris laughter. Unclaimed gifts of a god not known, streams of gifts on to the progeny of the world at will, while that same god sails along beside her, striking with a little lightning in order to pluck out the superfluous from woman, child, or man.

