

a nice girl is like powder

by Jerry Ratch

I remember mad strong words out of a teenager, fresh from the shower without a blouse: First! He will be my age, period! He will be the first to walk me to my room as my fear crashes to earth, final, considered.

And I will be the first to milk the white horse, thunder within the castle and smooth out death, 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.

A nice girl is like powder, quick to anger, fresh, impudent, too quick to know that star cheese is white with death, or what expletives fate speaks. It was a cold year that year for trash and sheer silks. And yes, the fox was smoking. He could attract or irritate a nice girl with the same look, a woman haunted by hard naked memories, as he expresses himself of his fame and victories, yet playing dumb as he licks the feeble chicken off the spit, his paw draping over my breast. As he lifts the silk high, raises the leg a little, and prods under the pants to check, yes, and yes, where the dark mood still burns.

