A Small White Cloud

by Jerry Ratch

Has anyone reached inside your eyes lately? Has anyone searched for your soul as it floated near the ceiling of the past? Has anyone told you they needed you to touch them, to lie down beside them and breathe, just breathe, and live wherever it is that makes you happy? Has anyone kissed you for the first time as if it were the last? And can you still taste the past on your lips, as if the past wasn't even passed?

Has anyone told you how they lived all these years, how they just went on, as if they still had a heart beating inside them? Have you ever had the true laughter driven out of your body? Have you ever seen a small white cloud form within easy reach?

Well, I have. And I think I know how you did it, too. You were so racy and aggressive, and I liked it!

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