

Air Plant

by Jerry Ratch

Their son doesn't eat anything. They can't see how he keeps growing.

He's like an air plant, living on air alone, all the while knowing they themselves will never live on air alone again.

They sewed their wild oats. They lived their universal life. She was the girl with the pearl earring, after putting every unhappiness aside.

That is why they wanted to live there. Wanting to live there because you're never 20 years old again.

It was worth telling a new story during the birth of self-worth. We were like go-betweens in an atmosphere of natural occurrences.

Ours was a brush with love, breathed upon by necessity, on the neck.

