

an exhibit of nature

by Jerry Ratch

I'll widen a wing out of myself, if you want. I'll wash out the more volatile salts of man's innate salt. I'll awaken the milky sense the night sky's made of, under Van Gogh's heaven. Use the same salt wind sailing over all origin, the rim of the cup and female splendor, bringing fulfillment.

You were like a festival, bringing water to the mouth. Few could have foretold what a fine stone intelligence you brought with you into the world. The birth waters exceedingly fine-shaped that one ordinarily sails to the moon for. To wet, to moisten between our limbs and be soaked over. You were that person or thing, the excitement being named over and over, hurling myself forward as I step forth into light, the life, the brightness.

The sea is our mortal keeper. Its undying music makes things said in passing seem trivial, star weakness travelling under the surface, unfortunate, unshaven, childless. Out of control our desires, our nerves, weeping, sighing, drawing ourselves near the flames. Seen completely from everywhere, from all sides. My body, like an exhibit of nature.

