

and I am not with you, anymore

by Jerry Ratch

Dancing at the pavilion leads to sex. A nectar builds up around the heart (damp curl of hair at the neck.) The heart does not know what it cannot have. It is dumb and does not know. But I, for one, hope that it never learns and becomes numb.

There is still some light left in the late Picasso, I am told. Enough to paint by in the caves. To represent animals and symbols. (Not having writing.)

I still see you in that painting by the river, with some of our old friends. There are only a few strokes of yellow and white to indicate a flute of wine, or champagne. You are leaning back in your chair, staring at nothing in particular. Maybe someone is celebrating something, who knows what? (Can't remember anything anymore.)

And you are relaxing now beside the river in the boating pavilion, after water-skiing. With a cigarette in one hand, the other arm draped casually along the back of the chair beside you, which is empty. And I am not with you, anymore!

