

and I used to sing, too, after sex

by Jerry Ratch

Females exuding from the genitals, giving life meaning, shape, cleanness of line, purity of spirit. They may form man as the honey moans out its salt song, solitary, its epic shout of joy, the sweet science of the human form.

Then to give back in return some play, some dimension desiring touch, the obedience of the melting will. Burning to hear shame, flying the will by hand to its own memory and peace. But then the moon comes home from its cold, peaceful wars, praising the glory after rising from man's love goddess nearly every day of the month renewed, a vessel, a virgin of the soul.

Do you remember me telling you once, "My tits exist for the sole purpose of being sucked by you?" I bet you don't. But I remember what they said about me. "If she snores all night, that's one thing. If she fucks the lights out of the sky first, that's another."

And I used to sing, too, after sex. Doesn't everyone?

