

black crescent curved under

by Jerry Ratch

I hope my blonde down still beats in your heart, and the black crescent curved under, you will remember, and I would move toward your window where my own heart lay in a dish, with the thick valley lifting.

Remember, I crossed and uncrossed my legs for you there. I turned from the apple (to let you eat it) without my clothes on, my silk in tatters on the ground. I sat and posed for you as you leaned over my face, and composed your great songs. So, once again lean if you will, over my face, and allow me breath. Allow the glass to silver over, and show me again what I was then.

I remember what you wrote. *"The day broke up, and then there were stars, and then nothing..."* I know. I was there. *"They need it. They gotta have it done..."* Oh, yeah!

