

Bohemian eyes

by Jerry Ratch

I know I was hungry. I was hungry for what you had to offer, your fast cars, your dad's ski boat, your beautiful mouth and its pretty words, your Bohemian eyes and yes, for the joy you could give me between the legs.

But I was unprepared for the lift you gave my soul when I went drifting toward the ceiling of your bedroom, when I was coming. I was so unaware of the push and shove, how love could make you ache for more, and make you float solo and alone like God, like a bird, a speckled moth with short blonde hair at my neck. Seeing us both from above, the muscle and tension of your back, your powerful legs and that fine delicate ass going riding in the desert of my body.

How many times have I run this scene over and over in my mind, my imagination, my entire life? I guess I was not as over you as I had thought, or hoped (or feared!) I guess you never totally and completely recover from that kind of flight in life. Ever.

