

# cheap idol of possession

*by* Jerry Ratch

And how the stars in your eyes exploited you. And the pollen-bearing moon shows its sex, and the years open their cards and splay them out on the table for all to see. And you come home from all the nipples of your Trojan Wars like Ulysses, and lie down now like the wind's brother, like a god of love to a girl of song. It is unknown whether I was just the cheap idol of possession that I once seemed to be. I guess that was always up to me.

So, now, share your song under wild silk with me. If those of us under the new wind were unable to lure you from your ships to the barren riverbeds where we breed. Share your song in this forgetting air, the times, the seasons that brought you ashore.

The muses were my daughters, so I can stay here without suspicion. The muses were my daughters, and I can still hear their hard laughter, since I came here for what they were after long before them.

Splendor of my body that flowers outward. Splendor of my body that puts forth its flame and heals all youth on its breast. Splendor of all things spread out and flaming from my thighs. You were the only light to me, the only light for my eyes. So, now, share your song with the round and the oval, red mouths of heaven.

