

Chills On My Opposite Hip

by Jerry Ratch

You gave me chills on my opposite hip whenever you touched me from behind, when we spooned under the rough woolen blanket in your basement. Whenever your essence touched my life like that. Just like when you said, *"You came, that's all."*

That's all? *That's all!* You may have been the source of the original knock-knock joke, that's all I've got to say. It's funny how I could feel it from one hip to the other.

Where do we go when we're coming? That's what I want to know. I became God, a bird, a butterfly. I became a speckled moth, a pretty moth with short blond hair at my neck. I flew up around the ceiling of your bedroom. Apparently it was a very long flight, because maybe I am still there, (a little bit of me.) If I wanted that kind of experience again, where would I have to go to sign up?

