

# dancing in the theater of the soul

*by* Jerry Ratch

It's the audacious testicle dancing in its theater, isn't it? Carrying the legendary names. The bad blood, the jealousy the heart retains, living again under its skin, rarely enlivened by one of its own.

There was enough angel in you that we would go in search, we would hurry the singing that was necessary and give our guilt up to the pure stars, if necessary, already spare as they are, to get next to you, and be soaked to the limit, through and through.

The gods have always over-conquered. (Who were they before anyway?) The demand, the challenge. The cloud parts on the living tongue, and the fires begin. So audacious! Who can ever win with them? I want to know!

Our virginity, what a joke! What good is it now? Its history, with so much silk blown out, belonging to it, its moveable lust unfulfilled by touch. What sort, what kind of singers are singing now? Walking alike in shade as in shadow. Long hard sobbing, pulling back a lifetime, an age, drawing back its condition and memory, origin, birth, race, species, kind.

