

deserts wept freely over you

by Jerry Ratch

You had that quietness by nature (unusual in men) that I was attracted to. You were like some body of water, wide and more spiritual than anyone I knew. You could have taken me with you when you flew. I know you were more like a bird than any of the others, and flew near the ceiling, often. I know because my soul went up there to be near you.

You parted the fine quarters of the world, and I walked, I dreamed great awakened satisfaction, when I was with you. My sighs didn't know their own source. You hid yourself in known beauty, and deserts wept freely over you.

I remember you sat beside me once while I bathed. (Talk about pleasure!) You planted that desolate place in a satisfied state of being, allowing your eyes to feast on beauty, the way you did. I remember you giving me silver bracelets to put around my arms when I was naked. Not many, a few at the wrist. You gave me favor, assurance. Clothing above desire. You made me want to grieve for what was not yet lost.

You should know I was often sleepless, after that. Hot, and feverish. I was an unprepared, ignorant creature born of promise. You should know that when the thin starve, something, anything, walks away livid, green with envy. Food-cheated muscles recalling their sex.

I knew you were in fresh pursuit, in extravagant daylight, and that I was already in danger before we met. That I was openly attracted

by you, and purposely wore some diaphanous material over some parts of me, and things you liked made of silk.

And you should know that the sun is aware of flesh too.

