

dresses on a rat

by Jerry Ratch

I heard about you in advance. You were not going into a party looking for dresses on a rat. Nor shades of blue rubber, nor symbols of hot purity. I knew what you were after, so I put myself in front of you. You could not mistake me for anything other than what I was. And my life, and my frankness, lived upon me openly, in full bloom. I would let you rise naked above me, and I would be opened, an open vulva, to the earth's fluid.

So if dreaming ever comes over me again, that mist out of mountain halls, chill after chill will fall on the new grass for one more sunrise in your arms. Great fountains of air spill forever after, and speech that is laughter, and nothing more.

What would we have given birth to? Whatever it would have been, it would not have just personality. That is something. But what is out there in the world now is fake, and you were not fake, and neither was I. There are only brassy idols that lure the frank blood out of an all-silk virginity. The base call them bags of air, trial balloons, without conviction. You were never like that, thank God. And that is why I still live with you in my heart.

Though there was some foam on the small sea-girl that I was, memory, eternity, and breath do not change your name for me. Some things will not hinder the open heart. I was never indifferent. You should know that.

