

# drinking together

*by* Jerry Ratch

In fact we were all drinking together in banquet halls (on banquet ships) with an epic poet who invented things, made things up, while dying in thorough dissipation.

Washed to shore, our souls with our lives, our shadows. And storms swept them away again. I know you were at the borders of our lives, our souls, near the extremity of our pain and passion. It was at the end of the land, the known world.

Dearest flesh, singing your last little songs, don't come carrying your dead up the walls. They are not the ones who will bloom out of the hot land, the hot earth. Try surviving twilight, if the night spreads so much courage among you.

Live a little. Turn about the world, circular, round. The ear listens from the very first few letters let out, now rejoicing in wind, things worth delighting in, very intricately wound. Live a little again, with me, won't you?

