

enchantment

by Jerry Ratch

I remember taking you to see all these sexy movies because it really built up the passion in you. I loved what you did to me when we got back home after those movies. That's when we were just trying out our dating wings.

I don't know if you knew how sensual it was to be touched by your fragile hands. It took awhile for me to understand what a thrill I was in for, because maybe you have to have a baby and feel that first gentle grasp of a baby's hands at your breast, to understand what it was I felt with you.

Yeah, we all look back in horror at our old pictures from high school. But you turned out enchanting — in so many ways! The eldest among us may lean on their innards and sip the chill fire of their own veins, but not you. You did not swindle, cheat, or curse your youth.

I know you. You did not cover the creases around your eyes with the false age of memory. You did not sleep on the beaches waiting for the return of your youth. You sailed outward over the boiling sea with those women singing from the rocks, stripped to the waist, wherever you wandered. Their bodies half submerged so they would not reveal the dangers that surrounded your heart.

