

# Every Morning There's the Breast

*by* Jerry Ratch

Every morning there's her breast  
and the nipples of ecstasy

It is not the spider's fault  
that it is mesmerized by the web  
Blame nature, blame God

Doesn't the alley cat  
automatically know how to howl?

Don't blame me  
if I am addicted to nipples  
It was one of God's most  
perfect creations

The perfect target  
extending from the heart

