fastened together in silks in the Chicago night

by Jerry Ratch

I know our hearts were fastened together in silks in the Chicago night. In the great nurturing night, you were the (real) first. Yoked together, you were the first god to have complete leave of my body, for an hour, for all time, you were the first.

You were the first to create your small scar inside me, your small inch of use, prior to and before the others. So you touched me, and still do touch me, again and again, and changed in me the things requiring change.

Fermenting river banks. Breasts maybe, nipples, and the river waving in my hair. To laugh with me in your mouth now, with the milk there. To rejoice over whatever one praises, water, milk of the breasts spilling over — beauty that is unspeakable. Let the eyes lie silent on me. All of me.

I don't know which finger you laid on me first, and I don't really care to count anymore, how many there finally were when I woke up from my dreaming of you. You can't leave me in my own dreams any more than I can leave you. So let's try to go to sleep again without trying so hard this time, and let us fall toward each other more comfortably, so that we finally fit together like a hand in its glove, like a god floating near your ceiling on this plane of existence one more time. Just one more time, and I promise not to disturb anything that might need to be left in its own dust.

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