

Fill In the Void

by Jerry Ratch

I'm not in the habit of just hanging out on the corner handing out "free stuff," you know. I figured it was going to cost you. But I was wrong. It cost me instead.

You can only float near the ceiling when you've become an emptied vessel. No hope or expectation, no moist damp fury. Just the empty, emptied, emptiness.

You made me quiver and quake and come (and that's not all!) A gang of motorcycles thrumming between my legs could not fill the void that you left inside me when you walked out my door.

I kept turning the world inside out, trying to find the unusual patterns inside the muscle of space. The same heart-pounding heat, the way the breath rushed through me when I found myself among the hot feathery points of the stars on your ceiling, for just those few moments. It was never the same. You were a hard act to follow, and I was there. I was there. I was there.

