

# food-cheated muscles recalling their sex

*by* Jerry Ratch

What a world I imagined! Lacking organized armies, resting at noontime under a canopy made gentle by passing, natural creatures with large warm eyes, set afire by the influence of constant lust and destruction. Turned to marble by love. Who wouldn't want to live there? You would have loved it. Something final, spread out, perfumed, to pay back forever the dark fear of horrible nights in childbirth.

You could always work the slippery target. So simple once it happened. It begins to drizzle like lakes and streams of necessity, the natural clothing of the body. My breasts loaded and simple, bristling forth. If the interior is ill-pleased, the heart at its center is ill-pleased. My youth torch which still rages over the defeated earth.

Then to be left with a child some cold fucks begot? To spoil my soft empty interior? As if innocence was supposed to be so overwhelming as to do nothing on purpose, and not be carried away by sensation? Is delight supposed to be inwardly proper? Everything intricate, delicate? I don't think so!

And I remember you, above them all. You reached down into my clothes to that excellent flow, where an ebony wind fretted, and now my food-cheated muscles keep recalling their sex.

