

Girl Running Up Cherry Street, Looking For the Past

by Jerry Ratch

Girl running up Cherry St.,
looking for the past.

I know I was hungry, she says
to herself, maybe.

I was hungry for what
you had to offer. Your
fast car, your dad's
ski boat, your prettiness,
your beautiful mouth,
your eyes, and yes for
the joy you could give me
between the legs.

But I was unprepared
for the lift, the way
the soul would go
drifting toward the
ceiling of your bedroom
when I was coming.

I was so unaware of
the push and shove,
how love could make
you ache, make you
float around solo
and alone like a god,

like a bird, a speckled
moth with short blond
hair at my neck,

seeing us both from
above, the muscles
and tension along your back,
your legs and fine ass
going riding in the desert
of my body. How many
times, o my God, have
I seen it from within
the soul, the mind
running through this scene
over and over since
our youth?

