

hot weather brings out the sexual

by Jerry Ratch

The blond hair lifts slightly on the skin of my arms. In my mind I am nodding, listening to you in your bedroom as you read to me from your poems. The veins along my arms standing up interestingly. I probably have small breasts, yes. I look up, searching along your ceiling for my soul. Hot weather brings out the sexual, and everything.

My breastbone, my neck and chin are well lit as I lift my head, waiting for you to lift another curl of blond hair and kiss my neck. My shoulders are bare. I remember how your voice rose, as if you were singing directly to my soul, and I was lifting off your covers.

Finally virginity has ended. Not the real, mundane virginity, but virginity of the soul, which has lifted like a veil off the inner life, so that I may float near your ceiling. And I can watch us both from above, like God, like a butterfly, a bird, a speckled moth, with short blonde hair at my neck. And I am lying there now, the toes of one foot crossed over the other, with a plucked flower in my hand.

