how to find the gold-capped ocean

by Jerry Ratch

I didn't know how to find the gold-capped ocean. How was I supposed to know where it was? I only knew you did not want or expect me to follow you there, where the orifice to everything withers, including my heart. Openings from the rivers drying in the desert that was Los Angeles. All noisy animals who are enthralled by the stars' explosive initials carved in cement alongside their famous handprints along Hollywood Boulevard.

Human relations, the love of French lace, appeared darkly at its shore, and I assumed you were never coming back to me, left stranded in the Midwest. The eager sugar in me usurped the light of the blonde hair at my neck, and I went inward somewhat. Something a little unusual for me, who always leaned brightly outward, filled with laughter.

I knew, or had heard, what gaudy flowers existed out there on the coast of that sea, whose waves were lit up and rose-tipped in the evening sun. And with what rough, obscene, and broken mouths the actors of life had spoken there. It was not a pretty play for pretty mouths like yours, that was all I knew. But you were far away, so far away, and what could I say that would have changed your mind anyway?

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