

# I Can't Wait To Develop Patience, But

*by* Jerry Ratch

I already know  
how your wings are folded,  
and I start feeling a  
certain sea-sickness  
that won't leave me alone  
anymore.

And they let the angels out at twilight,  
the dark twins of bats, and  
their troubled undersides.

Never were the bats so disturbed.  
Never until now has true evil  
been so see-through, and clear.

And nostalgia isn't what it used to be  
either.  
But a good moth never goes bad.

I am over here  
taking my clothes off.  
I am on my back.  
It is you I want.  
I'm lying on this towel  
on my back in the grass  
in broad daylight.

I don't care

if anyone sees us.  
God, anyone,  
I don't care.  
Come inside me  
right now,  
right here.  
This could be the  
last time,  
and I don't care  
if anyone else  
knows or sees us.  
God, or anyone.

