

ice on the bottom of the moon

by Jerry Ratch

I saw ice on the bottom of the moon last night, and I always thought I knew what it meant to go without, but this is something else again. To be without you this long is exhausting, it could wither the soul to go on like this. There's this head hanging, head shaking loneliness that keeps draping a long woolen scarf over everything inside, when all I need is the lift you once gave me, from the inside, so that I can shake free once more and float around the room like a feather, like a god, like a speckled moth with blonde hair at my neck.

I always wondered what it would have been like to sleep the whole night beside you, and to wake up at the dawn and feel your hardness against my thigh and roll over on top of you and begin a whole new life with you inside me.

So many others have tried to fill your place, but they were not made of the same godlike material, somehow. I don't know what was missing, exactly. Some quality, some essence beyond nature. You were like an existence off by itself, living outside the self. It was subtle, out of reach, out of anyone's control or command. By you I was dominated, yet floating quite free. I could be myself inside, waiting for another little trickle of you to come along and make me fly again.

