

icing on the cake

by Jerry Ratch

The sexuality comes over us in waves. We need to hold things, someone. The women, the men, side by side, our features blending together. We notice the small curved lines at the corners of the mouth. We notice everything. And the animal is still inside me, eating me from inside, mating. How we mark the world!

You were like the icing on the cake to me. You gave me my own birth, even if you did not know it. Words seldom touch reality, you know. But writing is its own reality, that you give birth to. And so, I am the icing on the cake now.

You had an irreducible and candid way of looking at the world, like an animal. I would be just like you, if I could live on nerve and imagination alone. I would eat nothing. Relax the jaw, and eat nothing at all. But people need cake. They love icing.

