

# inflamed flower of your youth

*by* Jerry Ratch

What was it about you that so inflamed the flower of our youth? That you could touch lightly that which illuminates all splendor and simplicity? That you could reach beyond mere flesh directly into the gates of heaven, and put me there, floating within 2 feet of the surface of a star?

I could come in your bed. I could come in your car. I could come on a boat on Fox River, or even in the river. Or in your back yard, with heat lightning coming from the west. Or on a mattress in your basement, with your parents directly above our heads, maybe hearing me moaning a little, or whimpering, or crying out, because I had discovered heaven.

May the flower eater forget his own hard tower of good words, exchanged in a language still living. May the gods be interchanged with our bodies. May they exist in one place for a change.

Places, towns, unique, solitary, farewell! Glory I have completed, farewell! May the hot animal endure more than the hot sun!

