

light youth

by Jerry Ratch

We entertained each other and stuck our fingers in each others' cakes and pies and pulled them out licking them while looking at each other. I was light with youth in a white summer dress, swinging my shoe as it dangled off the tip of my toes, rubbing my foot up and down the leg of the table and smiling at you. Screwing and unscrewing the lid of the salt shaker, looking around the room, restless and vibrant in my chair, my light youth that barely touched the ground. With hair like a pony's mane between my legs.

Thank God the young always walk around in the nude, or else in a white summer dress. It isn't like this anywhere else. It's our youth that keeps us this way. Full and flowing with love, lust, our notorious youth. The young things gathering up their clothing, the subtle, thin, fine trifling silks flouting the skin.

Underneath we were getting heated. A little muted singing and something begins steaming as the skin gets wet and the wet bark glistens all around us, and things almost outside the world begin to gather. Atoms belonging to the realm of pure fire, lose their random feelings of fear, and choose the specific flesh in which to enter again all thought of life.

