

Live a Little Again, With Me

by Jerry Ratch

Soon you too will lie down with the sleep of rain,
grown old by having lived through your youth, that is all.
Lying from the side of your mouth so often that you take up
lying on your side, to try getting an eyeful of
the often slandered truth right beside you.

After a day like this one, to walk out along the sidewalks smoking
a cigarette

is the smallest, and yet greatest pleasure.

After the wind has swept through all day long, bringing rain,
the sky breaking in the West at last. Late evening,
one bright star coming through the turmoil of clouds, grey and
blue.

With the late rain on the steps, near the streetlight,
I thought I saw you, quite young still, surveying great beauty.

I can still hear the sharp voices of youth
shouting in the nearby fields of random pleasure,
and we can lather over the young on the bottom that holds
sensation,

like a showy flower, a blasphemous rose.

We can always tell our stories of water and youth
and scatter the past across the brain.

But it's the small candle that's in front of the soul
that will help you see me.

So, live a little again, with me, won't you?

Live a little, again.

