

Maybe I Was Better At Shaving My Legs Than I Was At Spreading My Wings

by Jerry Ratch

That new rain smell in your backyard, specifically I remember that, with you. And lying in the grass in a park with you on the 4th of July, maybe in Lombard, watching the blue/grey smoke of the fireworks drifting overhead after they went off, and the smell of sulphur. You said it must be like that in hell. I said this must be what it's like in heaven, and you smiled and kissed my neck.

So, I just wanted to ask you one more thing: Was that you kissing me in my dreams? You shouldn't have told me I was beautiful. I believed you! They used to say a woman's secret weapon is love. That's how to melt a man's hard outer shield and get to his molten core. Now I'm not so sure.

And have you ever noticed how the words for *singing* and *singing* are the same? (I bet you have!) Though the one involves burning and flame, while the other involves only the air it takes to revolve around the throat of the universe. (Another fine piece shot full of memory.)

Oh, and about your puppets — you were at your best with strings attached. So I wouldn't over-worry it too much. I'm not sure that I would have tried changing you. You were racy and aggressive, and I liked it!

And then I was new at dreaming too, when we first met. I barely knew what I was doing, in that department, I mean. I knew what I was doing in every other department, or thought I did. Though, truth be known, maybe I was better at shaving my legs than I was at spreading my wings!

