

More Visions of Astounding Beauty

by Jerry Ratch

I remember saying, *I'll tell you what I think, if you tell me even one of your little secrets, okay?* Whoa! A little too much information there, Wolfie, or Pharaoh, or whatever your name is now.

I remember you with the same beard (just a different color!) and slightly longer hair. I remember so many things ... do you remember who *I am* yet? I attached pictures to jog your memory, including the house on Euclid where I lived.

I think that time melts and means nothing in the landscape of a poem, or a great book. Think of it. Just melts! Honestly, I don't know how the nights can be so long when life is so short.

Maybe we've had enough of dredging up old memories. Nobody but us seems to care. Or maybe it's nobody but us seems to matter! Do you think that's it? Maybe we'd better get out of this before we get rudely interrupted by more visions of astounding beauty.

