

mythical son

by Jerry Ratch

I would have given your son to you. I would have had him in a heartbeat. And I would have showed him your inner beauty, even though you were absent. I would have hidden nothing from his nature. I would have given him everything and anything he needed, so that he would know he was conceived in love and because of that, his heart was good.

Fifty daughters have their fifty men. Empire founder, leader. God beginning to beat in the blood of a girl in animal heat. But when they are maddened by love, at least be a witness, a door. Yes it is bad, but still you must, with the necessary peace, stroke, touch, softly pat with the palm of the hand. Even if you are placed there against your own youth, open and notorious, pretty, pleasant, and singing.

Frequently fueling the stream, the blood god living upon a thing, seeking an unknown blood, two to ten thousand mercenaries of the whole people in full bloom, in full retreat from the classical world where we have come from — seeking what? Learning what? Desiring what?

