

On Fox River

by Jerry Ratch

We were at Fox River and I was in the dark water, swimming naked beside Rick DeMille, with my light skin glowing as we swam up behind you and Sharon in your dad's ski boat sitting silent in the water.

And I could hear her whimpering, "Oh, Jesus!" when you entered her for the first time as your new queen, and I was yelling out your name behind your back: "Pharaoh, Pharaoh," which was not your name. And she kept going, sitting on top of you in the seat, sighing, "Oh, my God. Oh, Jesus!" and I kept crying out your real name, knowing it was over between us.

And when I looked, I could see it on her face, the light blue light over her eyebrows, a dark electric blue near her temple that encircled her ear and zigzagged like an animal's energy. A light like life itself all over the surface of her face that night, her long hair hanging down over those generous breasts in the serious night.

And I knew that she too would be getting the fix of a lifetime that night, as I did once, with you. A night she would never forget, just like me.

I know I was hungry. Hungry for what you had to offer. Your fast car, your dad's ski boat, your prettiness, your beautiful mouth, your eyes, and yes for the joy you could give me between the legs. But I was unprepared for the lift, the way the soul would go drifting toward the ceiling of your bedroom when I was coming.

I was so unaware of the push and shove, how love could make you ache, make you float around solo and alone like a god, like a bird, a speckled moth with short blond hair at my neck. Seeing us both

from above, the muscles and tension along your back, your legs and fine ass going riding in the desert of my body.

How many times, O my God, have I seen it from within the soul, the mind running through this scene over and over, since our youth!

