

on Fox River

by Jerry Ratch

We were on Fox River and I'm in the dark water swimming naked beside Rick DeMille with my white skin glowing as we come up behind you and Sharon in your dad's ski boat sitting silent in the water, and I hear Sharon whimpering, "Oh, Jesus!" as you enter her for the first time, your new queen, and I'm yelling out your name, "Pharaoh ... Pharaoh," from the water.

And Sharon keeps going, sitting on top of you in the seat, sighing, "Oh, my God! Jesus!" and I'm crying out your name, knowing it's over between us. And when I look, I can see it on her face — the light blue light over her eyebrows, a dark electric blue near her temple that encircles her ear and zigzags like an animal's energy — a light like life itself over the surface of her face.

Her long hair hanging down over those serious but generous breasts, in the serious and generous night, and I know right then she's getting the thrill of a lifetime tonight.

