

# otherwise, chaos!

*by* Jerry Ratch

The tongue touches the lip, looking inward, remembering. The head nodding yes. Staring directly at the memory like an animal, while the crowds pass by, and occasional phrases materialize out of the air. We live and love and create. Yes we do. Otherwise, chaos!

I go out into the world, and they are out there, often in pairs. (I almost said Paris!) Their features blending as they sit or stand or stroll side by side, as in paintings, or Reality. I came back to my senses when you smiled, and the animal was back in my body when I was with you. And I came down from your bedroom ceiling and enjoyed you on this earth, so many times. So many.

I got easily excited when you were with me. Parties every night. I got nervous and jumpy, excited. When winter drew near, they were the shortest days, and long sleepless nights. I wanted to hold things, be near you. But you were leaving and going away. Still, I was easily excited, nervous, and thrilled when you were inside me, like a long calming, stirring rod.

Even if you did not love me (which I do not believe,) my love goes out to you. Even now. And I remember how we proceeded as if we had nothing to lose. And we had to lie on our own flames too!

