

our notorious youth

by Jerry Ratch

Be aware the dog is king, radiant, emitting many beams, renewed by and restored by his fullness, his satiety. In many ways underlying all our hearts and minds, out of our notorious youth, ever the flower of our flesh on fire like a little reed next to the dried river, or the flute with wind.

Be aware the Sun alone is a stranger, and you were a voyeur or epic poet whose heart was like a sponge brushing up against all that disturbed man. Aware of more than the normal heart, ordinarily borne, carried, conveyed, and lifted up by a sole word.

Our flower, our flesh, carried back to beautiful youth. God, sky, day — holy, holy, holy! A smell that one remembers suddenly, (like your Old Spice aftershave!) very much just now, plainly, clearly.

Like shortcomings of the flesh, some deficiencies appeal to the vast, the deep and profound muscle in the middle of us all, as the will crumbles into small pieces in the late night of after-acquired knowledge.

So far mistaken through long use that a cloud mass covers the heart, mist, vapor, fog, covering all including the muscle. I was burning, and thou shalt be, secretly, with the human equipment swathed in its apparel.

Some creatures still sit at the world's gate, the great port of the netherworld, holding to burn as they saw great souls burn in lake or bog, stream of pure fire, pit. Not this one! I jumped in immediately. I swam to the other side, like a god, a butterfly, a speckled moth, with the fine hairs at my neck.

