

our ragged wits, ragged minds

by Jerry Ratch

Our ragged wits, ragged minds, after acting out all, imitating all honey-like tunes, air song, excellence of song, true flower of the world. So the sun has some of its honey wintered away, to bring it into contact with such a human voice as yours.

It will inhabit, it will contaminate howsoever many it shall soak, luxuriating in its honey. It shall cause to rejoice, it shall touch my cloth, ragged in the shape of the letter delta, ragged as to all harsh need.

You had some heart, wrapped in feathers there! Some shade, some shadow mixed in with it, where the appeal and the challenge live together with abandon, with the broken, living moment.

A gift, milk, wherever man wept human spirit, wit, birth, descent, class. Time, flowers, animals, these they practice to imitate. To do, to waste, to eat up, forever the same, with a little hen dangling from the mouth, still clucking. With the impossible criminal thing done, sinful and lustful, all prophecies fulfilled. Sweet, sweetly the human form running forward, away from the city as in it, female in the uninjured night, unharmed by long use.

