

# putting our bones together

*by* Jerry Ratch

I can still see us sitting, somewhere (was it in a café?) imagining what it would be like if our mutual faces blended into the future (the waiters posing as in a Manet painting.) Putting our bones together, our broad features, Bohemia and Sweden.

Youthful fingers, long, thin (as the shadow cuts across my hand in sunlight.) Skinny in a short black dress, with my blonde hair glowing at my neck where you have just kissed me, sending this eternal shiver running up my whole length inside (the narrow, bony hands with the shadows playing between my fingers.) The blonde hair damp behind my ears. Keys on the table. Drinking coffee from a glass. A glass of red wine in your hand.

And you are speaking the utmost poetry to me, as I swing from one moment to the next in this life. And I am not ready to leave this table, and refuse to come down from that ceiling of yours where I have drifted, with my soul and yours intertwined.

