

renewal

by Jerry Ratch

A raininess envelops you already in the womb. The water that began in the mouth a generation before you, away from any explanation, reason, or need for speech, and now seeks out the same dear lovable blood in you as those who came before you — these are your hosts.

They will stay inside you for an uncomfortable long time. They are almost the same as you. Like ghosts they will stand around and pray (same as I have done,) murmuring over you while you sleep in the open. Even as you join them, looking down in surprise, seeing what you thought of as yourself. But you will see, like them, that it was not you all along. Only then will you rejoice with your actual freedom and your own true voice.

