

running naked through your dreams

by Jerry Ratch

How can you stop a man from running naked through your dreams? I want to know. This ought to be taught, somewhere. In schools, or somewhere. I could never stop you from doing what you wanted with me, and didn't want to either. You had complete leave of me, my body, my soul. My will went limp in your arms. Your kisses surrounded me and I gave in.

If it has to be named, it's the frank lustful heart lifting up out of unnatural serenity, looking for its own removal, annulling all emotions. The satisfied state, the juice, the sap making its lawless approach, staking out the undignified in terror.

Lord, let the evil out of the jar just one day and its little cheek, its little mouth, its habit of leaning on its elbow all day in a shadow with uncovered shoulder, its bare upper arms, its truth-measuring tiger's mouth, eats up all five senses. No longer possible the touch of freedom, the touch of near perfection. No longer the open port on coming home, the ship, the sailor, the sea declined. And I am in it fully and completely, up to the hips and sinking still, even as I throw my arms around your neck in memory.

