

show the soul its own beauty

by Jerry Ratch

Go ahead, show the soul its own beauty. But also tell me again about my own, so I may know I lived, and loved you. The one who shows the soul its own touching beauty gets to keep her. Who shows her the golden nightly song that's given us life, is like the word the voice brings so we may listen to her breathing beneath our own skin.

May we be endowed with that same strange-turning autumn light. May the visibility of a thing new to our senses, like our souls, pure of nature, of the world, be like a trinket, a beard, a fabulous bird.

Yes, I think the sea has learned its sound from the same one who walks among us singing, even now. And it is you, even so. Her song solidifies what was once thought of as night, into pure ceremony. Though it's possible that gods on fire are quite used to this, or to the stars for which they are named, even as they are turning into one of them over you. As I have myself have done.

