sing of my neck

by Jerry Ratch

You could have drawn us forth anytime on the beach, harping, begging to be let go from the grasp of your song. I needed you to sing of my neck, with its ropes teeming and filled. You only had to spread me open and loosen the shuddering country, anytime. (My image like a tow-headed statue!)

I know what they said. I heard the malice thrust about me. But you could rise like a sail, lord over and take me away, anytime. You should know that. Glitter might succeed in rousing a few, but not you. You were not empty, and you did not exult over the held-out heart. Though youth and its torch of promise may rage over the defeated earth, still, I would go there to be near you.

This much I know … in the desert that opens up, the young, and the hot, go riding. Riding.

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