

sing your swan song

by Jerry Ratch

They had to dress normal, my other boyfriends, be beardless, hairless, everything torn away, plucked, shorn smooth, because it elicited moisture on the tongue (when I was with you.) But I grew bored as the day before I first saw you.

I was like a new moon again after you left, with its light fire still surviving the hold of the blue day, ship, riverbed and belly, like a classical living being. Impregnated, drifting forward with time, impartial to the firm law and plan, putting to bed all prior argument, covering all with a little forgetful flesh. And truth be known, I would have given up that whole show in a heartbeat, to be with you again.

So sing, sing your swan's song. Sing on, until time melts and means nothing. You can lean on my shoulder if you must. I will certainly lean my head on yours, and with my arm around your waist, we will watch the darkness fade away. It's too late to stop it now.

