soften the lazy honey

by Jerry Ratch

Pots of wine crowding the forehead until irrational thought crowds out the stubborn lizard of sanity and, God knows, my elegance. What else is left? As the young seeks change, so will I. Seeks the carmine lip, so the white bud seeking God, the unchanged, the rational.

Take off your sun dress, you said. I am always (at nighttime) feeding your lightness, like the moon, the goddess, with light blonde hair at my neck. My ruffles have dropped their perfume all around your feet as the air anoints your time on this earth.

I have always watched for your lightness (even from a distance) because I had big dreams about you and me. And big dreams are like a toy feeding this lightness. And I, and this is important, always knew my duty on this planet was to feed that unbearable lightness as much as I could, without fear.

But I would have sat for you, if you had asked, close to the temple of laughter. Knowing I couldn't keep my youth, and your eyes were like soft, quiet tigers, lucid, waiting for the right moment to spring. I thought to myself, far dawn was enough, but the mouth of one's spirit is flattery. And flattery carries too much currency to hold itself shut.

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