

Summertime, NYC

by Jerry Ratch

We would walk to the gallery opening along the Highline, looking in all the windows in the evening, hoping to see life as it's lived in the moment, the flesh, the mystery, with all the clothes of unreason removed, hoping to see the exposed nipple and the creation of life, the actual moment of conception.

Or outside along the way, in their summer dresses, their hot weather clothes, flesh hanging out, the flash and depth of the navel, material clinging to the V between their legs.

I only know one thing, when she is around: it's like silence never happened. She looks like a girl you would want to fuck as much as possible, often, many times. And we all watch dumbfounded, as hunger annihilates morality.

It's the little miracle of milk leaking from the skin, isn't it? The miracle of two mouths attached at the lips. Or maybe the miracle of inhaling another's essence at the onset of remembrance, and the extensive, naturally-occurring miracle of seeing someone again in your dreams, as if in reality.

Don't talk to me about abstraction. There are no shadows in abstraction. That's what's wrong with it — too flat, no shadows. It's not like life. This, in the evening windows here, is the life.

