

sweet beast of idle speculation

by Jerry Ratch

So, the sweet beast of idle speculation may be calling my name by memory, because I am capable of feeling, or suffering. I may be a conduit to such, because the rational soul provides the bridge. Some wild ass summoning your name, clean, uncovered, disclosed, and revealed.

I think there must be some connection between the unbroken laughter of the willing, flying, clothed in white, and the defeated weight of the unwilling. A sleepy, heavy unfading that winds up on the soul, not easily overcome, inconsolable, desolate.

Of these, of these bearing anything like it, sometimes nightly I watch, and give that upward push, the bottom piece of land already settled, through which you may sing of the unspoken to redeem them.

I knew you in the infancy of your soul, though you'd already been brought back to life by living too near the infinite fires. (I don't know how the nights can be so long when life is so short.) And in the long fires of the infinite night I continue to hold you, still, in my arms, and put my arm around your waist, and lean my head on your shoulder. Still. On a hill somewhere, overlooking whatever is left of our lives.

