

the dreamer of eggs

by Jerry Ratch

How much sucking, faithlessly, can there be? The body being a night thing off which steam rises, that attracts like a magnet or loadstone, whose curls attract, whose ringlets or tufts of touched hair between the legs glory up the nightly watched miracle, utterly, and fall in love with the wicked, the loved?

Why else are we here, except to participate in beauty, share the visual affection after youth gets deflowered? Good for youth, that it had its moment! Shaking its curls, lifting up its thin skirt, showing itself forth, perpetually boiling up, foaming, fermenting. Good also that it ended.

To animate again the nightmare belonging to the flat plain of fact, to give flesh its satisfaction, its celebrated pleasure, its holy first certain fact of the egg, the dreamer of eggs appearing wary out of smoke, out of man and woman's deep sea sleep of raw youth.

