

the duck discovered alive in a hut

by Jerry Ratch

So this has led again to my hunger over you, the lion of all people, the other I, pertaining to voice, speech, perception. I knew right away how you rose up inside me, how I could fly near your ceiling. Right away could feel the tide, rising and swollen, provoking sighs from within like the ghostly winds fanning off an old soul.

River lover, croaking of the opposite shore, calling to mind the initial fiery hunger deep in the vast insides, living in space. Hearts for others, may I draw out? May I elicit? May I entice? Of this the young sing, alone and real, blood muddy with the feeling of wealth, power. Break off evil in the middle, and let any sad star, song, or poem in to wash out the heart.

To you both, dear, the origin and the stem. To you, crooked over a ghost gobbling memories. Wetness is everything, louder, pure. It is the certainty, and the great doubt is being washed aside, washed over. It is like those old smoldering flames coming from twigs being rubbed together between the legs. It is greater than the knowledge of the whole planet. It is the duck discovered alive in a hut, at the end of my time with you.

