

# the furrows running with milk light

*by* Jerry Ratch

I remember the first time you made love to me. It appears I was one of the lucky ones ... it wasn't in a car, it wasn't in your Dad's boat, underwater, or any other weird place you've written about. It was actually in your bedroom ... in a bed!

And how often in the fields around Lombard and Villa Park, the furrows running with milk light half the night. The warm man-made ponds ringed with ragweed, and we made love sitting up in the back seat, or in the front seat of your car, and I remember how my patient body floated once above your sleeping head as I looked down upon our souls twisting together in a double-helix of flames and Coppertone Sun Lotion and lilac perfume, and the thin sheen of love sweat and oil as we danced for our lives there in the halls of memory.

And once in your back yard, with the heat lightning coming from the West, sitting down in the wet grass with the dew rising through my thin panties. And how your eyes were burning bright in the light falling from the sky, and just kissing you was an open pleasure.

