

the heart would have unnatural reverence

by Jerry Ratch

The heart would have unnatural reverence, exalted, bursting with evil, rolling in sloth, if it did not at once reveal its innocence. I saw you again, on the morning of the sun. It was you, or your double, or a son you might have had. Your beautiful blood that the knowledgeable sun has caressed.

The white moon is dangling by a thread tonight, and I close my eyes and listen to it undress, and the full images flow over you from the past with their own white shades of paleness.

I understand that greatness is obtained from random living, and arises from such star sweetness, the wetness coming down, dropping to the ground in utter dark under the starlit temptation night-planned life. In the manner of a lion you looked around you. In the manner of a wolf. I understood how you were from the very beginning, and how the western wind caressed you, playing across your lips, your eyes, your hair.

