

# the inflammation of a god for the world

*by* Jerry Ratch

How I managed to find you, out of all the meaningless places on earth, in a place like Villa Park, among cornfields yet! And to have spent with you an age, a lifetime of nights, to empty out a little our emptiness. And all the hand can conceal, whether snow can exist away from space, whether the corn can be rich but unchanging in bloom, all that youth can produce and procreate, which has upon it the inflammation of a god or goddess for the world.

I was near enough to your visible soul to see its inner truth. I came near enough to witness my own soul on your ceiling as I fluttered above you. I saw the strength in you coming into me. I was that close!

The bull that comes out of original dark, the stars moaning its twin name, permanence enduring permanence, while enduring the extremity of agitation and the singular beauty of the swallow.

If I fell open around you and came undone, it was not by accident. You were savage in speech, but with sweet ferocity bringing forth its own sweetness.

