

the leisure to walk about sweetly

by Jerry Ratch

You seemed to have that leisure to walk about sweetly when I was with you, honey-singing the reward for the intensity of emotion you lunged about in. Nothing seemed like it was going to hurt or harm anyone, even while I was going nuts between the legs.

I learned to chant, to sing at leisure, even as I idled away our brief day, cleansing the river-mouth after the old man came home like a tame bear and lay with his belly and his balls in the air.

So they sang about you without discourse or lecture, as you yourself sang sweetly, never raising a finger openly, for all that is beyond the sea. Citizen of the world, inhabitant, descendant that you were. Inheritor of the pearl alabaster stammering clear world. Words seemed to be handed down to you out of the bright upper air.

They should make provision for poets like you. Any little handle on leisure or ease, any feather or extra wing we could provide. We should empty our hearts, if its legends dissatisfy and lend a little ear to this man spelling out the interior, the temper and innate genius of nature. Let there be a thread, a city between rivers, mindful of word life, remembering the luxury of the uncaptive language alive in the stream, whose smooth muscled excitement needs you.

