

the longing

by Jerry Ratch

It's the longing from another life inside that pulls me along by the fine hairs below my navel (at the exposed midriff) and by the short blonde hair at my neck, and by the dense bunch between my legs, if you can imagine. It's the longing of the love I've had imbedded in my life for you. And it's the longing inside that has stayed with me over these years, that has kept me coming and going, both.

I found myself floating 2 ft above the surface of a star. I leaned my young body (with the sound of wind in it) against your desk, then your bed. Out over the fields surrounding our town I remember floating, letting you come until we were both exhausted, down on all fours in the dark, in the grass, my young simple breasts still forming in silence. And the dew rose in everybody's lawns like a thin new ocean.

And I remember whispering 3 songs to a weed: *I do not belong, I do not belong, I do not belong*. Somehow being able to see the dark side of the moon, the dark and fading stars. Understanding, even then when I was so young, that if it's heaven we're after, you can't get there by ladder or taxi.

