

the musk and the drama

by Jerry Ratch

Shame must search the soul, broken, original, with its primitive juices stirred. Moved until now only by the musk, only the stroll you lived with, the worry, the sorrow, the drama — may I never conceal or recover from it!

Yes, I might beg or steal the wicked offer (from their daughter!) And yes, you allowed it. What an affair, what an offer your flesh had in store for us! It glimmered at the edge of mountains. The mere curvature of your breast was enough!

And yes, I heard the reports, you were cooing like a dove, then yipping like a puppy.

And what touch was left after that good touch? After its shadow flew across the face of man and easily away, toward the entrance of the end of all things living? The end.

It was so like that fabled city, left in little heaps, distinct from the plain only by the smoldering left behind by God after He flattened it, after moving over the landscape, removing order and arrangement, because there were not ten good men left.

So like the cities that you lived in. The flaming branch that said things in passion after having conversation with birds, having almost named the wind. To burst into flame, saying: I am here for God.

Light bringer, morning star: I am here for you. Silent rise at the opening: I am here for you. Children of marbled cities: I am here for you, to cause autumn, always, ever.

