

the rib is a fiction

by Jerry Ratch

You made the space between time and vastness depart. Others may erect a little kingdom around themselves, but not you. You did not exult over the held-out heart. Your mind that seemed as if it was formed between two sweet, altered red lips. I always knew how you were driven, shaken, impelled to be bold and daring, hearing how some steered by the stars.

And how those two sweet altered red lips made their notorious mark on your forehead, as on the viable neck of your Helen (myself) many lamentations, many wailings ago, blue, green, yellow. Even so, the rib is a fiction, if you must know. As if I could have been so easily and painlessly plucked from your side!

Clay and earth moved while you were away, my Ulysses, you for whom the stars seem to have waited, as if the golden fact of your birth unearthed them. Though you may have frequented the breast or nipple as often as possible, the rib is a fiction, even so. Just so you know.

