

the swan gliding before death

by Jerry Ratch

When you awaken on the other side, you will see, I was like the swan gliding before death, and the animating power of her is willing and unavoidable. And you are itching, feeling an inextinguishable sexual desire, its nightmare ink burnt in your head, nameless and without pain, facing the end.

You may be desiring in all your parts the fiery light, and the stones will come alive with moisture around you and place a little burning alongside your parts, little plums under the favored world.

When suddenly but slowly the human voices rise, stirring inside us, turbulent and alive, and we will lust again after the inhabited world. Then you will do it for all time with the gliding goddess, whatever is permitted, there on her shores. My shores. And you will be alive again with me, in the awakened light of your ceiling.

