

the sweet lunar springs

by Jerry Ratch

Check the sweet lunar springs that we are still bathing in. The swelling in the genitals there. Check to make sure we are ripe, and in season. It's our way of being willing, strong under the sweet icy waters, with that fertility that is derived from yours.

You still sing of it, don't you? Sometimes in the mind I hear it, like residual wish fulfillment, if you ever wanted my blood to mix with yours. If you were willing, the entire flower sprang from your blood in mine. I was taken totally with your mark of identity, of the person, of many of the features of antiquity. The classical nose, the music of your limbs bringing thought into shape, of bearing another little flower like you.

I am the one that all who are common walk in. I am that goddess, that daughter, the fierce human bridge. The careful nose, the skin of her there, those careful hands of yours falling around the silent heart, how many, how often in the untalkative water. I have walked upon the lips of the ocean where rumor flamed, erect from your hot embrace. The belly full of will and violence, both, with my fertility part way opened, like a flowery blouse you could peek in any time.

