

# Their Nipples

*by* Jerry Ratch

The soft twin winds  
of peace and harmony  
flow through your nipples

It is not milk  
that gives such flow  
but the whiff of life's  
spirit, the wind  
of poetry

the renewal  
and the silence  
of the love  
you give me

I suck like a newborn  
bee at a blossom  
I suck like a  
stopped hummingbird  
in mid-air

and am born  
am reborn time and  
again when I see  
them offered out  
into the rosy light  
of this world

And it's like pulling  
an infinite noodle  
out of your center  
when you come

