

there's a light moving toward me in the sky

by Jerry Ratch

There's a light moving toward me in the sky. How often at the edges of reason, the howling desire has taken me. Howling desire! How often it has taken me in its mouth, naked, and shaken me. And now there's a light moving toward me in the sky.

There's a light moving toward me in the sky. The burning and the flame, and the air it takes to revolve around the throat of the universe, are one and the same as it is for singing out your name!

How often I have said I would stand again naked in the shadow of your flame. How often I have come back in my mind to that first time, floating near your ceiling, looking down at our souls twisting together in your sheets. The light sheen on your backside like the light off the pure candle of memory.

The power of those legs, as my own soul lifted off the passion between us. I have seen the other side of lightness, and it is beautiful. I have seen the blood on the moon. I have known the stirring of my soft down under your fingertips. So good! So, good.

Come back into my mind, if you will. Never leave me. Come close and relieve me of this absence. Hover around the corner, at the top of the banks overlooking the river. And allow me to rest my head again on your shoulder. Let our bodies melt into each other. Let our twin hearts beat again as one, and I will remember enough for us both, and hold your breath up for the world, forever, and for all time, shouting *Amen!*

