

Time Melts and Means Nothing

by Jerry Ratch

I remember sitting in your bedroom for hours just watching you while you wrote poetry. I was in awe of you, thinking you were going to be the next Dylan Thomas!

I had a dream I was reading a novel that you wrote. The novel was great. I don't remember a word of it, but I remember it was great!

Now I want to begin where it left off. Without a clue as to who done it or how or why. It was one of those books. It meandered all over the place, but while you were in it, you just knew it was great.

I think that time melts and means nothing in the landscape of a poem, or a great book. Think of it. Just melts! Honestly, I don't know how the nights can be so long when life is so short. Can you tell me that?

Everybody needs a soul.

I'll tell you what I think, if you tell me even one of your little secrets, okay? Here goes.

I think we love sex because it brings us so close to the heat of creation that we can see the smoldering flames and the light rising from twigs being rubbed together between the legs. Okay — your turn!

