tremendous thousand years' charisma

by Jerry Ratch

Okay, I'll admit it, the earth was shaken on the world's underside, when you left for California. And I sometimes slept on the shores of Lake Michigan and Fox River for your tremendous thousand years' charisma. To say I cried out in pain would be letting you off easy. I would have been your wife also, wife of pleasure, of desire, longing and fancy, who'd receive your long sex, parting my legs for you, my legendary man, who drove me daily toward those shores with longing.

You so contaminated my body and my soul with the red kisses of your pretty mouth. I was so restless that the sea sat up with me, and my great need spoke my heart. Myth, friend, legend, take off your coat and stay awhile, leaving behind as large a thirst for wandering as you can. The one man for whom I'd abandoned all hope, all tears, cries of rage, anguish. That beautiful blood of yours the sun has caressed. In my dreams I have held broken bones of you in my arms, trying to breathe life back into your beauty.

Die, old heart, if you mention your fears. Give us your ear, your sight. Give us the same terror-trained soul living skin — as long as I don't have to die within.

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