

underwater with their thumbs

by Jerry Ratch

And your daughter, Mrs. P, and your daughter Mrs. Q, underwater, underwater in the old swimming hole, in the backyard swimming pool. *"They've all got children there."* La la.

Yet when I'm naked, when I enter with my own body the mirror, the small shadows on my chest, and that soft dark splash of hair — that unused nakedness, that newness of skin, so soft, so thin you can see right through it to my soul — and that long taste of breastlessness beginning to be gone, I'm thinking where's my heart, where's my heart anymore?

And who cares if it was a waiter who brought the finger in? Who cares whether it was you or Louie Weezer who was the first? Because it was really you who was the first to make me float above the world, near your ceiling. The first to make me remember what it was like when everything turned and I became a god, a goddess, a speckled moth with short blonde hair at my neck. To make me see everything from the other dimension — you were the first!

