

up to our hips

by Jerry Ratch

This is what we will remember of each other. Right here. Another night where we prepare ourselves, as the full moon rises through the murky blue and smoke-filled sky, where the rose mist simmers above the land. And you are out there, somewhere. Only our blood calls out to each other.

Some are slow to love. Not I! Some are concerned with the body, skiing. They are not concerned with culture. Image, maybe. Convertibles. They like drugs. They are concerned with the self, alone. And they say they are in the world.

Maybe they don't have this blood that calls out to them, like we did. Or they do not hear it. They ride in their convertibles, unconcerned. Maybe nothing is called up out of that blood. And there is no sex, either.

They live on the surface alone. They do not participate. Either they don't have this blood calling out to them, or they do not hear it, that's all. They live like shadows under fish.

Maybe there is no sex in the world. No great need. No surface either, or reality. Maybe love shouldn't exist. Where does it come from, this great need? If it is in the blood, how do they get it out? If not, where is it? If they do not allow thought of that blood, and it rises someday to the surface, can they walk off the animal in the yard? Are they that able?

