

vast dance of the darling soul

by Jerry Ratch

Was it only for the vast dance of the darling soul, that you were born? Not to give up your genetics? Made for the use of the future, were you? I should have known. I heard the wind that swirled within you, even then, when we were so young.

You were picked out by all things nameless, our daughters, our sons. The one light-carrying thing having to do with the gift of light. Only, when you get there, let there be some star drip between us. Yes, that light. Only look back and remember, for I was there under your wing once, like angelic bread struck with peace.

I lived through twice the kisses you should have to live through, and now the undisturbed, tranquil, calm winter days, your immovable soul welded to your frame, sigh-provoking, yes, but available to no one.

Birds pertaining to the world you came home from, or sails off a ship you knew, compact, firmed by the wind, your men with their eyes turned inward, still lashed to the masts. Savoring the self for the self, often prying open desire by hand. Still, I carried the sea in my hand, your blonde goddess who was in possession of the female. I once, myself.

