

walk off the animal

by Jerry Ratch

I don't know how some can do it. Can they just walk off the animal in the yard or something, and forget about love altogether? Some have that built-in coldness of the soul, I guess. I don't get it. The blood does not seem to shake their hearts. Are they like a dried-up chamber in there? They seem to be able to go about their lives, concerned with the body only. Skiing. They are not involved with culture. Image, maybe. Convertibles.

If you have the answer, let me in on it, will you? It's disturbing, how calculating they can be. Maybe there is no sex in the world. No great need. No surface either, or reality. At least I know how it is with me. Occasionally the soul rises to the surface. Occasionally the animal comes into the eyes.

And occasionally I see them as they are, somewhere in the future. They are poised naked. They are naked with their hair plastered down, as though they are statues. Maybe in a garden. Maybe not. Maybe they are posing as in a film that is still falling over their own eyes.

