

we engendered song

by Jerry Ratch

Ever the chance we were given, with luck always, fate. At least we engendered the song and the drink. Having sailed from the goddess of sensual love, having the best throw that beauty allowed, now you can call it will, though some will call it hate.

Now you release us from your pleasure gardens, and as with all things torn away from the goddess, a small amount of nectar drips from the heart, not subject to normal passions or emotions, unbuckled, negligent and apart.

Explaining away an angel is prosaic. The victory is to the mouth-watering goddess, well-made, fine and good, who had shaken the little world for you once.

