

we were not deer

by Jerry Ratch

The crescent moon lies with anyone (in case you wanted to know.) And the rain — as cheaply! I don't think anyone knows this, when they are young. When you are young, very young, you want to be included in everything.

“The young that the sea took, kissing their lips, catching them up in its arms, hiding them from each other — truly — listen to its elevated, fleeting thoughts near death, when she carries out her men” (as the poet wrote.) Were you thinking of me, at all, then? I was so young. You were like my Ulysses and I was your Helen. You were my wandering soul. You reached down into my clothes, to that excellent flow where an ebony wind fretted. Youth, shore. Noise, courage, boldness. We were all those things.

It was essential to act vulnerable in those days, even if we did dress a little like a hooker, with our midriff showing. (It was like a foretaste of heaven!) We carried our purses low, hanging from its strap, wearing the shortest skirt we could get away with. And we would glide with an even, measured gait, slowly, so as not to startle, like a deer. Because we were not deer. No, deer we were not.

