

you are the stem that rises

by Jerry Ratch

In my dream I am the showy leaf, and you are the stem, and you are the strength. I am the leaf turning colors, my face flushed, the fine hair at my neck, and there is the deep carnal twisting around your stem that sends me floating to the ceiling over and over again.

And those that buy the extravagant clothes in daylight, who are their daughters? When the red day comes to an end, our new breasts rise under loose silk. Who's to say we can't have them, when there is nothing left to pray for? Maybe satin loses the flesh it follows, when the breast rises of its own will. Maybe it doesn't.

Since you won't go away, completely, in my dreams, maybe this means you may never be completely drained from them. And why should you? That way I can have you any time I want, or need you. I can continue having the feeling of you between my dream muscles and my lack of sleep. Sometimes on a bluff or rise, overlooking a river, I will put my arm around your waist, and lean my head on your shoulder and feel us melting together throughout time. Wherever we may wander, I can continue to carry you inside me, in this way. And I won't feel the need to deliver anything. Anything! You will be like a permanent seed inside my dreamy veins. My blood of heaven.

