

you see?

by Jerry Ratch

The river is there inside, the liquid living inside like light, moving rapidly over unknown rocks, approaching, and intimate. As if the source of all is inside me. Someone, anyone, says the word *"available"* from 3 tables away, as if it's the only word over the whole café. Then the phrase *"I am not bothered"* floats over the crowd. Next the simple phrase: *"I want."* As if there are word balloons in Reality.

Urge and urge and urge. The paint falls out of the sky in squiggles. More light follows after people as they move in and out of the crowd now. It's the dance that leads to sex in the afternoon, in the night.

The logic of white blossoms and puffs of white cloud over the map of the land (in the painting) behind her, where one girl lies on her back in the bright sun with her rosy nipples in the air, the other leaning back on one arm, both nude. Myself included. We are all there inside your mind.

You half turning toward us out of the painting as if to say: You see?

