

You Were At Your Best with Strings Attached

by Jerry Ratch

You were like a delicate lace
that barely mentions the wrist.
But you were also at your best
with strings attached.

Let me say this. If innocence
is supposed to be so overwhelming
as to do nothing on purpose,
not carried away by sensation,
godlike in appearance,
godlike in behavior,

then the very person causing such thirst
must not know how to quench it either.
Must not know the shadow and the doubt
behind the erotic.
Must not know how to shout in bedrooms
where such love is created.

But we weren't like that.
You were probably better at shaving your legs
than you were at spreading your wings.
And I was like that fabulous laughing bird
that whitens with age, like the little pilot light
of the living that goes out after smelling the moon.

