

# 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.

