

Sunlight Falling Directly On Her Body

by Jerry Ratch

The fine blond hairs lift slightly along the skin of your arms
As you nod, listening to him. The veins
On your arms standing up as well
I was caught in an off moment because of your skin
Because of the way moisture beads up on it
The youthful fingers, long and thin
As the shadow cuts across your hand in sunlight at the café

Skinny in your tight black dress
Your narrow bony hands, the shadows
Playing between the fingers
Black hair damp around your ears
Keys on the table
Drinking coffee from a glass
The flesh seems to get brighter at your breast
Where it turns away the light
Traveling down the muscle
That outlines the heart

Couples strolling along the avenue outside
I see their faces as they blend into the future
Or sitting beside each other
In cafes. I can see how their bones
Might go together. Their broad features

Or else...
Or else this one's alone now
A girl in a blue dress at the cafe table
With black hair, staring ahead

Slight smile occasionally passing over her face
And she shakes her head, staring, looking inward
Living alone now. Remembering

Maybe she had a pleasant college experience
And the house where she is staying reminds her
Of her physical relationship, having sex in her room
It having the same kind of light

Midday sun coming through the windows above her bed
And across the room, so that she can
Look out into the trees, at the same time
Having sunlight falling directly on her body
Directly on her body

