

washing in the dawn

by Jerry Ratch

Here and there a few bits of beauty, with the highest respect, reverence, erect with pride. Almost twice a thousand dawns, ten thousand in intimacy, the breasts, the nipples, means of the world to nourish itself, by the intimate bay.

It's almost punishment to neglect them, almost blood penalty to be reborn for the sake of form, a maid, a virgin, washing in the dawn at the shore, praised by many as the drinking bowl of youth, both father and mother.

To go about burning up a pasture with red cows in it, to lead out the screaming, the bawling crying aloud, out of the first movable fissure where the spirit first saw its own breath. That is where I first found you. Whole and entirely you. And wanted you from the very first dawn of my youth.

