

fabulous birds

by Jerry Ratch

Fabulous birds perched nearby, where we were. In their memory there goes the little god, original, in the midst of it all, happiness like anything near the river-mouth. Letting yourself dabble in the femaleness of it. In the lower world or on the playing fields equally at home, feeling the arousal of the flesh and its quiet out-cry to create new flesh.

I would have held you longer. But in this world, the flower that turns toward the sun names the gods. So let there be that self-moving thing, a sweet girl mentioned by innocence in an off moment because of her skin, because of the way rain beads up on it.

The beauty was too great to leave here. For a time there was a god by my side, (I know that,) wrapped in the dearest flesh with his tail up (is this a god?) in emptiness, hot, sharp. Twice borne out of the shade, out of form, shade, and color.

This may not so easily be swept or brushed aside. I only know this: eternal fecundity is the stepfather of glass, producing much of the inhabited world with its rich textures of blood in-swirled. The one fireplace and viable hearth likely to survive a good dance in the night.

