

I will miss you

by Jerry Ratch

I will miss you, sure, let it be known. The memory, and the dream, both. That familiar smell of Old Spice when someone wearing it comes near. And the smell of Coppertone Suntan Lotion on the beaches of our youth in Chicago. And the pressure of your fingertips travelling along the ridge of my narrow bikini, looking for the way in, which of course, you already knew.

I will miss you listening in on my soul, in all its weight, and the natural feathered lightness of my being. If you ever feel my head leaning on your shoulder in eternity, let me know. My arm encircling your waist, my legs crossed over yours as we watch the darkness growing in infinitesimal shades. I won't hold you back, if you need to go. I loved every minute of it, with you. Just so you know.

You will never grow old, inside me.

