

# 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

