

the oracle withers, because it is so late

by Jerry Ratch

I remember some of the tight-fitting garments you wore, your looks seeping through them. The light blonde hairs at your neck and at your middle. Were we really expected to keep our hands off each other? It is foolish to think so. I know what I was thinking, and I know what you were thinking. We both looked at each other and thought, *"Very fuckable!"* Me in my hot-rod car, you standing in the middle of the street with your midriff exposed, your navel. I could see right through you to the near future.

It is said that the highways in eternity are filled with European blackbirds. Pitiful cries issue from their stupor as they stand around in their wrinkled red bathrobes and issue their simple song. They're like small gloomy napkins on the road and stand beside, in Paradise, the murderers they have fathered. Forget them! We had our fill of the fatness of heaven, and we can withstand them!

Where we were, a girl's name became a curl of hair at the neck, while the tongue sat in its small cage (like a bird, a god, a speckled moth) warbling memories to make us go on living (even if it takes up all the space in our dreams to do so!)

So we can lather over the young on the bottom that holds sensation, like a showy flower, a blasphemous rose. We can tell our stories of water and youth and scatter the past across the brain, and across the daughters of Aphrodite. We can tell them over and over again, until the oracle withers because it is so late.

