

wolf of my soul

by Jerry Ratch

Happiness is the twin disobedience, to hear, to burn, to fret, desiring union. They shall touch flesh, bluish even, that elicited the happy city's sin. Why be silent? The untouchable nothing?

Let there be that place, a little swelling therein, which they shall touch. Take your choice, or else they come, flying, willing, or they come in fountains, jets, streams, they come, heavy-laden, laden of belly, balls.

Moon in cool flame, maiden flame, suffering experience, fore-fuck, praise, glory, fame, that day of the month common to all, root meaning: to burn. You got the wild virgin. You got the honey and the fruit. You got the memoried song, and the idea biting the fly's wing, both.

You brought it home to me, and I gave it birth. You sing, make whole, heal, repair, refresh. You sing and make my flesh whole, repair my soul! Take my chastity, return it sound, complete — so you can take me out of you, and awaken with my chastity in your teeth, like a wolf of the soul.

