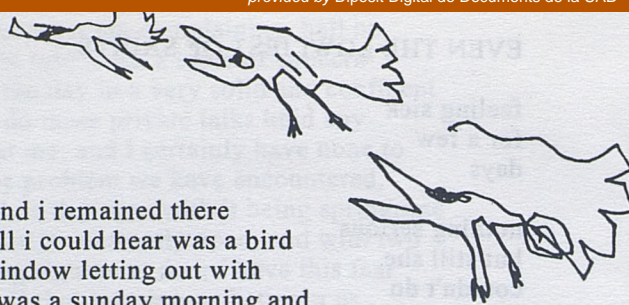


THE LAST APRIL



i put myself in her and i remained there
and for a moment all i could hear was a bird
outside the open window letting out with
a solitary cry. it was a sunday morning and
the last day in april, and for the most part
for me it had been a sleepless night after
a very lengthy dinner, a wild lovemaking
session and a walk downstairs alone
to take a peek at the end of a ball game
while sipping cognac. it was sunday morning,
as i said before, and i remained still,
actually listening closely to the bird,
wondering exactly what kind of bird it was,
suspecting that she knew i was wondering
what kind of bird it was. but
i also could not believe the quiet thrill
of lying there inside of her.
my penis was painfully rigid, and i
listened to the bird, the one of
a sunday morning, the morning of the last
day, the day that came at the final
moments of april. it wasn't
the crow outside, this much
i knew. the crow has its own sound
which i could not confuse with
another kind of sound.
it drove her out of her mind
with pleasure, my not moving.
we have this strong and silent
rapport which manifests itself
sometimes in such unhurried moments.
especially on a day
which was the last day,
of an april which was
the last april
of all known aprils.

—Ronald Baatz

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