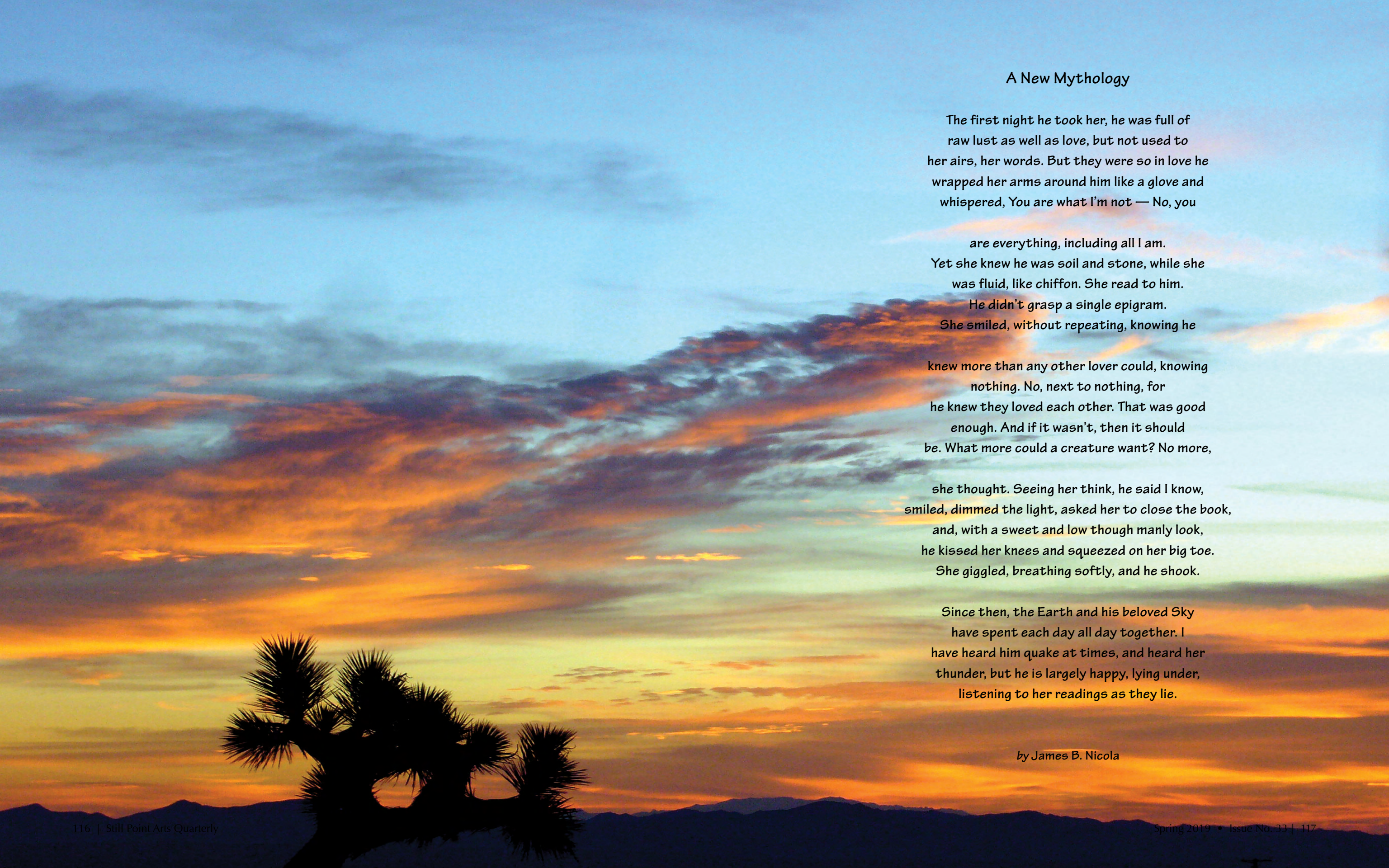




A New Mythology

The first night he took her, he was full of
raw lust as well as love, but not used to
her airs, her words. But they were so in love he
wrapped her arms around him like a glove and
whispered, You are what I'm not — No, you

are everything, including all I am.

Yet she knew he was soil and stone, while she
was fluid, like chiffon. She read to him.

He didn't grasp a single epigram.

She smiled, without repeating, knowing he

knew more than any other lover could, knowing
nothing. No, next to nothing, for
he knew they loved each other. That was good
enough. And if it wasn't, then it should
be. What more could a creature want? No more,

she thought. Seeing her think, he said I know,
smiled, dimmed the light, asked her to close the book,
and, with a sweet and low though manly look,
he kissed her knees and squeezed on her big toe.
She giggled, breathing softly, and he shook.

Since then, the Earth and his beloved Sky
have spent each day all day together. I
have heard him quake at times, and heard her
thunder, but he is largely happy, lying under,
listening to her readings as they lie.

by James B. Nicola