

# Strange Sign At the Outskirts to Paradise

*by* Jerry Ratch

In an area of high winds  
and strong convictions, I have  
lived among the ever-changing crowd  
that is always the same.

I must have died overnight,  
and now my wings are  
flapping in my own face.

I used to be an owl,  
a night owl, to be sure. But I also  
used to be an eagle, or a hawk.

Now I am more of an old pigeon,  
shuffling along the pavement.  
I prefer to walk if I can,  
or hobble if I must.

And I myself am not the least  
of my worries, either,  
because I used to be  
an angel, as well.  
But now?  
Not so much.

On the chart of universal  
unbelievability this  
takes the cake.  
And if God won't have me,

I don't know who  
will.

