

# The Dream to Build a City

*by* Jerry Ratch

I tried to drain the ocean  
But only got a waterfall  
I tried to drain the sky  
But only got a thunderstorm  
I got lightning  
I got rain

I had to build a city  
By blowing on the palm of my hand  
The sands rose up  
The dust blew away  
And all that was left  
Was a pillar of salt

I had a dream that I wasn't who I am  
Until I found the inner life of clouds  
After sunset  
And that was when the wild rain  
Of dreaming came to an end  
And Reality set in

