When Words Were First Born

by Jerry Ratch

When words were first born They were like pure prayer I could see them in the sky And hear them whispering through your hair But now they're like dreams That only sorrow owns

We still need the sun We need to find Solace on the ground And open the chasm Shining up above

Even though the lid has already Been taken off The top of the world And the desire removed From the fire of the heart

When words were first born The dark crickets were Slowly rubbing the varnish Off the night

And with the dreamy Fallen branches of your Love I'm only missing a few

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Minor pieces of the sky