

Before Language

by Jerry Ratch

Living in the dark ages without language,
I think I've been dead long enough.
You can come out of the vast fields of night.
Come out of the vast galactic storm without light,
the darkened dreams
that speed past with their false and brightly lit interiors
that slow down for no one.
That take up no passengers
and pass them by with their dark laughter
pasted on beside their brains.

