

# Beside Dripping Glaciers

*by* Jerry Ratch

We slept beside dripping glaciers  
people like us  
We were never meant to be housed  
contained, kept, petted, cleaned  
We could only be gutted  
You used us one time  
and threw us out  
people like us

We sprouted the wings of desire  
by watching birds gain theirs  
and waft away on the warm gust  
We flew south, we flew west  
nobody ever went east in recent memory  
we moved north with the herd  
and slept on the ground  
beside dripping glaciers  
and got wet with our enemy's blood

People like us never held a sickle  
we never saw a pasture or a flock  
The word for sheep had not been heard  
or thought of or desired  
When rivers rose, we left and fled  
and never went backward  
We never experienced an oven  
Everything dripped blood around the fire

Cloth — who needed it?  
Clothing, furs, rings, shoes?  
These were for thieves, murderers

Politicians!  
We were never forced to listen to one  
our entire lives — think of it!  
Because we were free  
We were free at first light  
and free at last

