

# Birth

*by* Jerry Ratch

In the early days of the atmosphere there was less dirt, and the rain had trouble falling. There were no stoplights on earth, only rivers of white light. Early man and birds collided in the upper air, because everything was clear and light like a feather.

We could see right through each other. We could see our own thoughts, and love occurred naturally, without hesitation.

Clouds were pure white, no trace of thunder or lightning. They appeared without warning or wind.

Everyone was walking with angels. You couldn't cross a street without one. And man lived free from pain and terror, until someone fell through the thin ice of heaven, when someone made an error.

