

# End of the Cloud

*by* Jerry Ratch

Somewhere between the bleating of sheep  
And the laying of eggs  
Comes the licking of frosting  
And the eating of the cake

We're not young enough  
To know everything anymore  
And you may think there's no rush  
But I know this  
There's a limit to details  
At the end of the cloud  
End of the cloud  
End of the cloud  
Like an echo

