

is it a visible, or invisible thread?

by Jerry Ratch

In another dream I am you and I am giving birth and the pages you have written are flying out of me one after another and appearing like speckled moths near the ceiling of your bedroom, and they have my eyes and some of them have yours.

A soft singing accompanies them as they fly around noiselessly and sometimes they cling to your ceiling and seem to be waiting for one of us to wake up. Sometimes their wings move slowly, as if beating. It is close to dusk and we are the leaves of your books now and more of them, a dense flock, come flying out of me as I lie in your bed giving birth. It is dawn, and it is dusk. And that is how we go on living, forever.

