

# Map of the World to Come

*by* Jerry Ratch

The middle finger talks of many things  
How I killed the moon  
But still drank the moonshine  
And how getting over her took  
Some bleeding from the soul

Maybe it's the Inner Face of Outer Space  
That worries me the most  
But what about the Frozen Carcass  
In the Basement of Mankind?

I'm not exactly living in the Garden of Evil  
I'm just staying there with a friend  
Who's recuperating from a brush with Goodness  
That wafted out of the Garden of Eden  
Once

I heard that  
When the trees there first heard music  
They began to sway  
And still do to this day

All I know is this  
In the beginning there was Salt  
God licked the Salt and said it was  
Good. Then there was Light  
Then Chocolate

Oh, and then Fireflies  
Fireflies with Due Dates  
Flew out of the Slice of Life

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