

Our Dreams Were Their Feathers

by Jerry Ratch

The blue moon is dangling
by a thread tonight.
I close my eyes
and listen to it undress.

Your halo fell around your ankles
and you became see-through,
but there's a vast gulf between being pretty,
and pretty dangerous.

Still, I've seen worse.
And you may have lived
that part of life I forgot to live already.

Just remember me
when the hard tower of good words fails you
and you're about to begin
sucking down the cream of someone else's heart.

Because when we were together,
various birds were all around us
and our dreams were their feathers.

They flew beside us for the warmth
of the wind from numerous ages
where we had lived before.

Finally I can see

what was in your head.
I see all the glass images
in your mind.
Our dreams were your feathers.

