

Strange Sign At the Outskirts to Paradise

by Jerry Ratch

In an area of high winds
and strong convictions, I have
lived among the ever-changing crowd
that is always the same.

I must have died overnight,
and now my wings are
flapping in my own face.

I used to be an owl,
a night owl, to be sure. But I also
used to be an eagle, or a hawk.

Now I am more of an old pigeon,
shuffling along the pavement.
I prefer to walk if I can,
or hobble if I must.

And I myself am not the least
of my worries, either,
because I used to be
an angel, as well.
But now?
Not so much.

On the chart of universal
unbelievability this
takes the cake.
And if God won't have me,

I don't know who
will.

