

the sleep of rain

by Jerry Ratch

Soon you too will lie down with the sleep of rain, telling them a thing or two, grown old by having lived through your youth, that is all. Lying from the side of your mouth so often that you take up lying on your side, to try getting an eyeful of the often slandered truth right beside you. Shunning or avoiding all known philosophies. I've been there myself.

This was how we were, that's all. In numerous beer halls, basements and bars, connected throughout time by words yet unknown, collected here, unnamed and silent. Now that you've come back, recollect the one who sends rain, your beloved.

The unfortunate, the unshaven, the childless. If it was war and war only that kept us apart, then say nothing, be silent, punctured and stung. Say it was the great star weakness common to all gods.

