

The Sweet Need to Dream

by Jerry Ratch

We all ache for the
Purple storm that's said to
Smear its finger in the one
True place our soul resides
On the road to delicate love
Rising in the summer blood

And the raw shadows
Behind lust make a woman
Heave in the Garden
While listening intently to
All that's been told her
About the end of the world

Just don't crush the
Sweet need to dream
About diamonds
If you've never even felt
The enormous shadow of one
On your finger

