

# 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

