

We're Pieces of God & We've Found Each Other

by Jerry Ratch

The gates going up
and down like
gigantic windshield wipers
to let the existent
boxcars pass.

We went across these real
bumpy railroad tracks into
a town so
small there
wasn't enough room
for the car,
so we got out and went ahead
on foot

and passed a miniature fire
engine with a blue
siren because
they never had
big fires
in this town.

In fact everything
was so small
I didn't think we could stop
in time.

And a man said, as we passed by,
*"You just don't want to
slow down, do you?"*

Things were
just grey enough
as the sun started down
on its way
down ,

and a couple of birds
lurched out into the air,
and waited.

I don't remember
what time it was but
I don't think the hour
ever occurred
before.

It was bad enough
we couldn't remember its
name
and stood before the thing
embarrassed
as human beings.

Were we there
just to listen for
things like that
after all?

Life must lead
somewhere
mustn't it?

So we took off our clothes
and walked out
of sight.

And either our clothes
kept getting bigger
as we disappeared
from their collective
viewpoints,

or the hospitable
distance
took us in,

or something odd
occurred
(it was a small
town, you know)

because one day
even that dot on everybody's
maps
disappeared,

leaving maybe only an
ink spot
here and there
on some man's shirt.

And his wife would ask
"What's that?"

And he'd answer
after a hard day

at the office:

*"Oh, that? That's
only a town,
a small
town, somewhere."*

