

# 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."*

