

What Made Them This Way

by Jerry Ratch

Flags engulfed in beautiful nighttime alcohol flames
that will end all nightmares of country of origin.
The release of souls from the captivity of flames
like see-through doves in the clear light
at the backside of the see-through universe.

When will they ever see again? They lie there and take flight
like children of the flames, the lightweight mothers of the night
at the world's other end, with their belly futures neatly wrapped
up.

They were living in the dark ages without language,
but now they can come out of the vast fields of night.
Come out of the vast galactic storm, and the darkened dreams
that speed past with their false and brightly lit interiors,
slowing down for no one, like double-decker busses

that take up no passengers,
passing them by with dark laughter
pasted on beside their brains.

