

When Words Were First Born

by Jerry Ratch

When words were first born
They were like pure prayer
I could see them in the sky
And hear them whispering through your hair
But now they're like dreams
That only sorrow owns

We still need the sun
We need to find
Solace on the ground
And open the chasm
Shining up above

Even though the lid has already
Been taken off
The top of the world
And the desire removed
From the fire of the heart

When words were first born
The dark crickets were
Slowly rubbing the varnish
Off the night

And with the dreamy
Fallen branches of your
Love
I'm only missing a few

Minor pieces of the sky

