

Whose Music Is Written On the Sky

by Jerry Ratch

You walked into the dream world
That divides us from each other
And removed your clothes
And there was no specific language
For orgasm there
It was all multilingual

They were white and fluffy like new clouds
Like notes written on the bars of the sky
Which were straight white vapor trails
It was all multilingual
So, whose music was written on the sky
Like that?

You were holding yourself in your own arms
You were so fresh
No thunder had ever spoken your name
No lightning lit up your veins
Everywhere there was thirst and want
And so, was that the feather, or
The father of all fallen dreams
I heard tumbling down around you?

You were in such great need of being held
That I rushed to your side to do it
But you wouldn't let me hold you
So, whose music was written on the sky
For you?

Your quiet beauty may be what carries you
While the sky's on fire with existence
And you may bend over and
Kiss my soul goodbye
While you look me in the eye

What was it exactly that
Saturated the air between us
Beyond all forms, beyond believing
No tongue has soiled it, and no word
Has ever reached it so far

We all knew the music was written on the sky for you
Whose music was it?

