

# 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?

