

# Our Dreams Were Their Feathers

*by* Jerry Ratch

The blue moon is dangling  
by a thread tonight.  
I close my eyes  
and listen to it undress.

Your halo fell around your ankles  
and you became see-through,  
but there's a vast gulf between being pretty,  
and pretty dangerous.

Still, I've seen worse.  
And you may have lived  
that part of life I forgot to live already.

Just remember me  
when the hard tower of good words fails you  
and you're about to begin  
sucking down the cream of someone else's heart.

Because when we were together,  
various birds were all around us  
and our dreams were their feathers.

They flew beside us for the warmth  
of the wind from numerous ages  
where we had lived before.

Finally I can see

what was in your head.  
I see all the glass images  
in your mind.  
Our dreams were your feathers.

