

The Endless Dream of Humanity

by Jerry Ratch

I may have walked across the sacred line
That separates me from the rest of mankind
But I already paid my dues
So, what club do I get into?

When I wake up
And the wild rain of dreaming
Ends
I discover that
Guilt is just another four-letter word
With extra baggage

And there are so many
Streets without a city out here
On a map without a name
That suddenly I'm on the inside
Of the Endless Dream of Humanity

And Cataclysm is a bustling city
Right across the river from Orgasm
Somewhere in Oregon
Until the shivers return

