

and they are really living!

by Jerry Ratch

These people, what is it with them? Is this who we've become?

They left their great need behind when they were taken out of the country. They seem to live without thought of that blood. They do not respond to anything that calls to it. They seem shallow. They feed on image alone. Blood does not shake their hearts. What does?

These people, is that who we are?

They imitate nature. They wear costume jewelry. Feathers. This is all for show. They are shallow, insincere. When they smile, they take your soul. They lie without cause. Say things they don't mean. Don't know what they say. They are really living, they say things they don't mean.

They take the path without heart, seeing the image. Do not know what they say. The moon rises above them, it does not move their blood. Nothing calls out to their blood. Something calls out, but they do not hear it. They have chosen the path without heart. They ski in the mountains, they toboggan through woods, and they are really living!

