

# Black Wheat, 1

*by* Jerry Ratch

They left their great need  
behind  
when they were taken out of the country

They live without thought  
of that blood  
They do not respond to anything that  
calls to it

They are shallow  
They feed on image (alone)

Blood does not  
shake their hearts  
What does?

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

Do not know what they say

(They are really living)

