Black Wheat, 2

by Jerry Ratch

They are really living (they) say things they don't mean
Do not know what they say Take the path without heart, seeing the image
The moon rises above them It does not move their blood
Nothing calls out to their blood
Something calls out to their blood, or they do not hear it
They have chosen the path without heart

They ski in the mountains

They are really living (they) go from store to store in new, cheap clothing

on a search for the gaiety of life

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