

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

