

# Black Wheat, 4

*by* Jerry Ratch

They like drugs

They are concerned with the self (alone)  
and they say they are  
in the world

. . .

Maybe they don't have this blood  
that calls out to them  
or they do not hear it

Ride in their convertibles  
unconcerned

Nothing is  
called up out of that blood  
There is no sex

. . .

Maybe there is no sex  
in the world  
No great need  
No surface either  
or reality

Nothing subjective ever  
in the objective world

