

Black Wheat, 6

by Jerry Ratch

The soul was in the eyes but (it) isn't
The animal is in the body and can't be hidden
One senses the density of the blood there
Occasionally the soul rises to the surface
Occasionally the animal comes into the eyes
They use people and throw them away

One can't live in Europe all the time
One senses the density of the blood there
One needs sugar in the afternoon

They sit in white light
They stop in the colonnade, and go on in light

