

Reel

by Jerry Ratch

They left their great need behind
When they were taken out of the country.
They seem to live without thought of that blood.
They do not respond to anything that calls to it.

They seem 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. Don't know what they say.
They are really living, they say things they don't mean.

They take the path without heart, seeing the image.
Do not know what they say. The moon rises above them,
It does not move their blood. Nothing calls out to their
Blood. Something calls out, but they do not hear it.

They have chosen the path without heart. They ski
In the mountains, they are really living. It
Looks out at the world from behind a film. It
Does not participate. It is slow to love.

There is the image. And they say they are in
The world. Blood does not shake their hearts.
They lie and take your soul when they smile. They
imitate nature. They walk off the animal in the yard.

They live without thought of that blood that is in them.
They are concerned with the body. Skiing. They are not

Involved with culture. Image, maybe. Convertibles.
They like drugs. They are concerned with the self alone.

Maybe they don't have this blood that calls out to them,
Or 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. Maybe love shouldn't exist.
If we follow this notion, there is no great need.
Where does it come from, this great need?

If it is in the blood, how do they get it out? If not,
Where is it? If they do not allow thought of that blood,
And it rises someday to the surface, can they walk off
The animal in the yard? Are they that able?

If that blood is in them, can they live with it when it
Calls out to them? They pretend not to hear it.
Occasionally the soul rises to the surface.
Occasionally the animal comes into the eyes.

They use people, then throw them away.
They are after the image. There is a desperation
To it. They behave as if they must have it.
It must be a drug to them. Are they that able?

They bring it over here, and then all they want is image?
Shining against each other as in paintings, or reality.
And all they want is image? There is always the image.
Not only the image, but also the image. Always the image.

They are poised naked. They are being filmed by the director.
They are naked with their hair plastered down as though they are

Statues. They are living though. Poised as they are poised.
Now they are on film. They continue to live as the image.

