Smack

by Jerry Ratch

They shoot up through the soles of their feet
once the veins in their arms are all used up.

They shoot up in their necks
like cows on the African Savannah
whose blood from a slit in the neck vein
is used to feed whole tribes,
mixed with the milk from the same cow.
It's supposed to taste more or less
like a strawberry shake.
And they are feeding the frenzy of the poppy
inside the ice of life.

They shoot up, and they shoot up and shoot up
as the camera in God's eye
watches and sighs.

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