

The Home

by Jerry Ratch

They take her cookies
they take her Coke
they take her Kleenex
the whole box
not the used ones
They take, they steal
everything

They'd take the brain
out of an ox
if they could
Diamonds they steal
bars of soap
as long as they're not
wet

They take the pens
she would write with
Now there's no more
communication
with the outside
Eh, what's the use?

Food they steal
tufts of wool
fallen off the lamb
They steal the shadow
from under stones
the cool breath
off the face of the sky
They take the time

right off the clocks
and don't ask
how or if or why

