

# 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

